POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AUGUST 22-AUGUST 29 · 1964 25c

VIETNAM: WHY REDS KEEP GAINING

TRAGEDY OF APPALACHIA

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

PREVIEW OF

THE AMERICA'S CUP RACE

The swift ships, the proud men,
in spectacular color photos

Let's abolish alimony / Minister who preaches hate / Oswald's other victims

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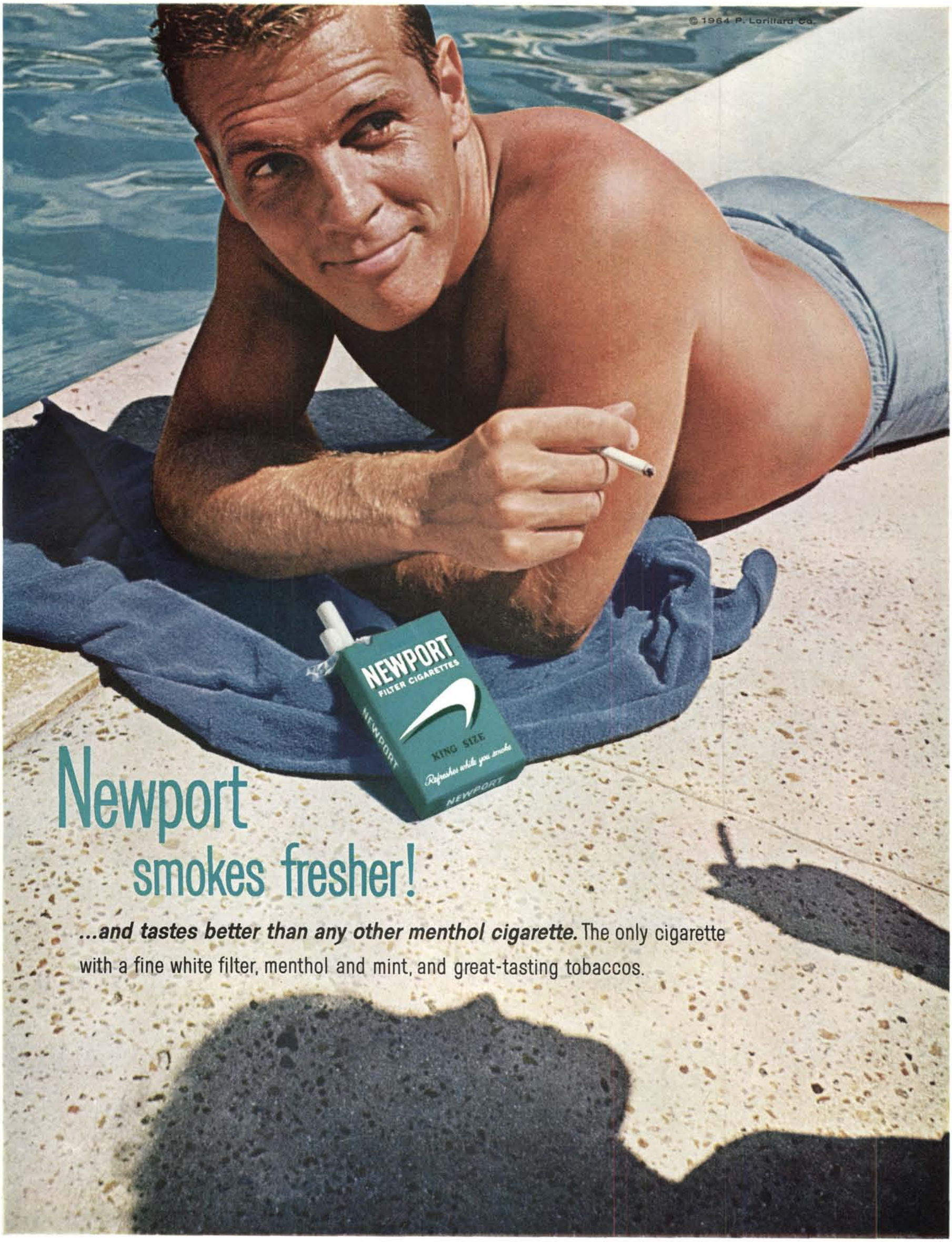

Newport smokes fresher!

...and tastes better than any other menthol cigarette. The only cigarette with a fine white filter, menthol and mint, and great-tasting tobaccos.

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"Bobby's in a suitcase and can't get out"

A very young, very frightened boy dialed San Diego telephone operator Kit Farlinger. He couldn't give his telephone number or address. Between sobs, he said his name was Eddie and his brother Robert was locked in a "suitcase."

Miss Farlinger turned the call over to her supervisor, Mrs. Twila McClelland. She learned that Eddie was four years old, his brother in the "suitcase" was six, and the only other person at home was a baby sister. She could hear muffled cries in the background—growing fainter.

While telephone men were hastily tracing the call, Mrs. McClelland tried to calm the boy. She didn't want him to panic and hang up. She asked him to tell his brother to lie very still. She got him to count in the hope he would remember his number or address.

Just as the background cries died away, Mrs. McClelland heard a doorbell ring. Seconds later, police forced open the "suitcase"—a heavy footlocker—and lifted out a barely breathing Robert. Five minutes more, they said, would have been fatal.

Not all the emergencies telephone people handle have such a happy ending. But many of them do, thanks to the instinct for service that is part of the Bell System. You may protect your own family against distress someday by training them to "Dial Operator" when they really need help.

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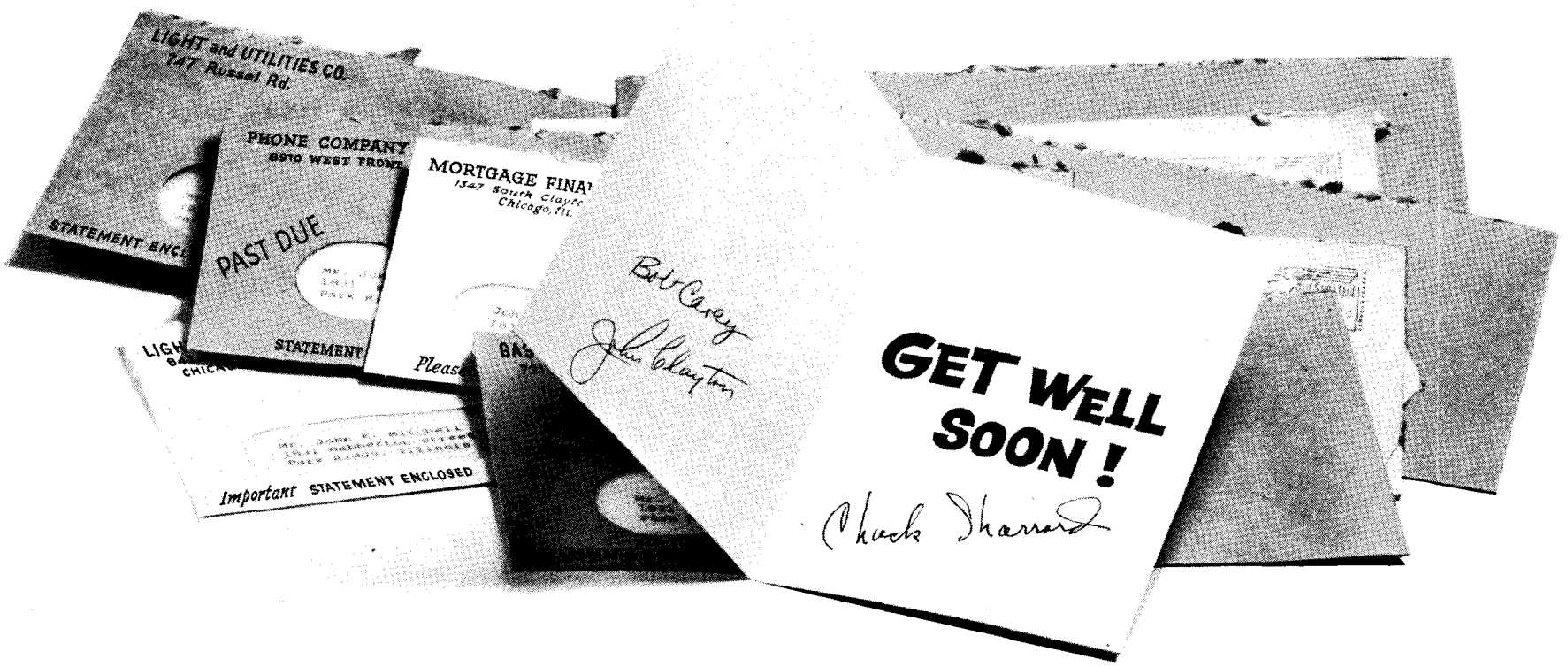

It's mighty tough when you can't work.
Sooner or later, your paychecks stop. Bills pile up.
You're practically helpless.
Your hospital insurance won't pay the mortgage.
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Where will the money come from?

Now collect Allstate "Sick Pay"

Allstate "Sick Pay" is tax-free cash. It comes in regularly as clockwork when you're laid up and can't work. Money to help keep your family going. Money to spend any way you want to.

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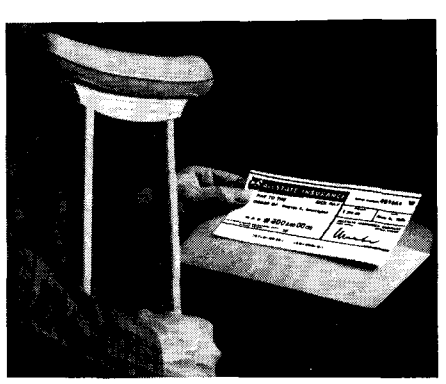

Collect as much as $500 a month. How much "Sick Pay" do you need? $200 a month . . . $300 . . . $400? You may qualify for as much as $500 a month in tax-free "Sick Pay."

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POST

AUGUST 22–AUGUST 29, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 29

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This is our enemy . . . . . *Stanley Karnow* **19**

The big excitement in Southeast Asia has been U.S. retaliation against the North Vietnamese torpedo-boat bases. But the major concern must continue to be South Vietnam, where Communist guerrillas are killing thousands of government troops and scores of American advisers. Here *The Post* examines the Vietcong and tells why this enemy, outnumbered and ill-equipped, continues to win.

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The authors. For Far Eastern correspondent **Stanley Karnow,** the story of the Vietcong guerrillas is his third major article on Vietnam to appear in *The Post* within the past year. . . . While covering the elimination races for the America's Cup, contributing writer **Lewis H. Lapham** got soaked to the skin the first day, suffered a mild case of sunstroke the second and became seasick the third, but now he counts himself a seasoned sailor. . . . **Richard Armstrong** spent a month traveling 2,500 miles through tragic Appalachia to get a closer look at how poverty has taken over a once great industrial area of the country. . . . **Frank X. Tolbert,** who reports on the fate of the widow of slain policeman J. D. Tippit, is a columnist for the Dallas *News* and has had several books published, among them *Day of San Jacinto* and *An Informal History of Texas*. . . . Seeing his political dreams evaporate after he lost the Republican presidential nomination (see *The Post,* July 11–18), writer **Marvin Kitman** has decided to try his hand at becoming a big-time capitalist. . . . On a visit to the set of *Good-bye, Charlie,* Debbie Reynolds' latest film, contributing writer **Richard Warren Lewis** was mistaken for an extra in a party scene and had to talk his way out of a minor role in the movie.

The cover. The aerial photograph of *American Eagle*, one of the 12-meter yachts competing for the chance to defend the coveted America's Cup for the United States, was taken by **John Zimmerman.**

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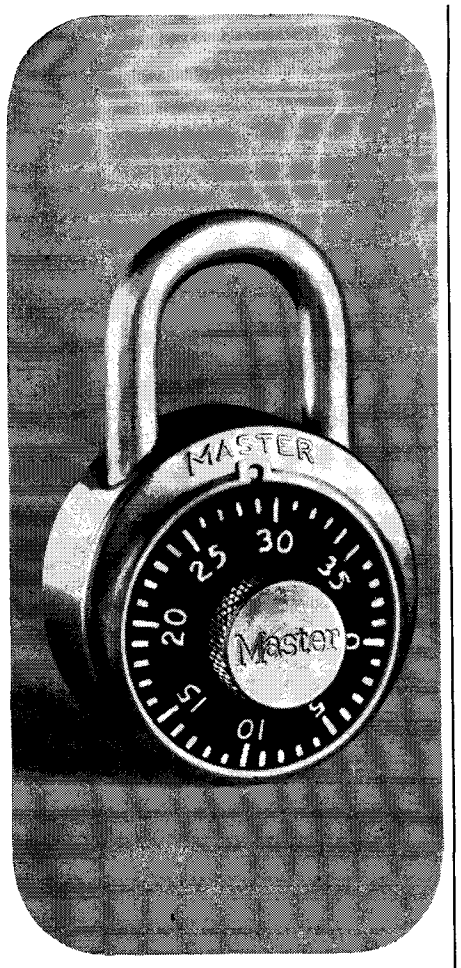

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LETTERS

Civil-rights dispute

NOW THAT THE BILL HAS PASSED [July 11–July 18] is one of the finest editorials I've read. We have a pretty good President in Washington with common sense as well as sincerity. Let's not trade him for one who appears to have neither. I'm a Republican, but not this time, brother, not this time!

CABELL CARRINGTON
Redwood City, Calif.

• Your editorial states that passage of the bill was a matter of elementary justice. In my opinion it was also a matter of elementary injustice. The bill, you must admit, takes much of the "private" out of private enterprise.

PAUL K. MOORE
Tucker, Ga.

• Our Southern senators who work for *our* rights and who worked to stop that illegal bill from being passed brought *no* embarrassment to our state! We were proud of them. Thank God for Governors Barnett and Wallace and others who are willing to continue to fight.

MRS. CHARLES LAMBERT
Natchez, Miss.

• Congratulations on your editorials in the July 11–July 18 issue. They are complementary and prophetic. The first shows the trend and the second [ART FOR THE PARTY'S SAKE] shows the end.

T. J. ALLEN
Atlanta, Ga.

• In order for us to have equal rights in a restaurant there must be three dining rooms: one marked COLORED SEGREGATED, for Negroes who wish to eat only with their own kind; one marked WHITE SEGREGATED, for whites who wish to eat only with their own kind; and one marked INTEGRATED, for Negroes and whites who wish to mix the races.

RAYMOND TATUM
Paducah, Ky.

Uncivil dispute

What does Bill Veeck [THEY'VE WRECKED THE AMERICAN LEAGUE, July 11–July 18] think they ought to do, start a civil-rights campaign in the American League? The only race dispute in baseball, in either League, is the race to first base.

MIKE TAYLOR
Mexico, Mo.

Take cover!

Man, that's what I call a cover [July 11-July 18]! Positively hypnotizing!

A RICHARD BURTON FAN

• How dare you hold up such a character as him for the boys of America to pattern after?

MRS. D. L. MILLER
Ruston, La.

• Wow! What a sexy photo of Richard Burton. I don't blame Mrs. B. for watchdogging him.

BARBARA GALUPPO
Elizabeth, N.J.

• The picture is so frightening that I hardly took time to read the magazine, so eager was I to dispose of it.

MRS. JAMES VAVRUSKA
Naperville, Ill.

• Please! How can I have this greasy face gracing (?) my living-room table?

MRS. BERT JODY
Sewickley, Pa.

• The picture of sweaty, disheveled Richard Burton shows a side of him we Americans have already seen too much of!

MRS. MARVIN SODERBERG
Minneapolis, Minn.

• That cover of July 11–July 18 *Saturday Evening Post*—a completely evil face. Who is it?

R. A. CLARK
Milwaukee, Wis.

On location

In spite of the fact that movieland's denizens turn my stomach, I enjoyed the "Iguana" journal [THE DRAMA THE CAMERAS MISSED by Thelda Victor with Muriel Davidson, July 11–July 18].

ALBERT J. FLATTERY
New Orleans, La.

• Miss Victor cannot be much of a secretary if she hasn't learned the first rule of the profession: discretion at all times. Heaven help the businessmen of America if such a secretary were in their employ!

PATRICIA KRATZ
Oakland, Calif.

• Believe me, we couldn't care less how many bottles of booze he consumes of an evening or how many tacos she devours in her bikini with the rolls of fat peeping over the waistband.

F. K. SMITH
Rockport, Maine

• I cannot help but speculate about the original manuscript for this article; was it written in the rather scratchy script one might expect from a cat's paw dipped in ink?

WARREN R. COTHRAN
Ithaca, N.Y.

• Perhaps the saddest thing I've read in months was the statement that Liz wore flowers of human hair, but her bikini exposed big rolls of fat. For years now Elizabeth Taylor has been the world's glamour queen, but everyone knows that her life has been one mistake after another. The same world that idolized her will now make her its laughingstock. I wish all our publications would, quietly but firmly, drop all mention of her.

MRS. JAY A. WALTERS
Carlsbad, N. Mex.

• Thelda Victor showed poor taste in writing it, the *Post* showed poor taste in printing it, and I showed very poor taste in reading it.

TRUDE BURKE
Oakland, Calif.

• One of the most magnificent stories concerned with the picture is totally ignored by Miss Victor. The community of Puerto Vallarta and the villagers of Mismaloya built the entire *Night of the Iguana* set in only 90 days, and this during the rainy season.

JIM BISHOP
Malibu Beach, Calif.

FEET HURT?

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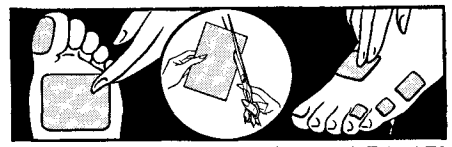

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Robert Schaffield talks it over with Stan Koller, CLU

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"So Stan worked out a MONY plan to give me *now* the kind of protection diamonds couldn't. A guaranteed income for Jen if I died, money for the kids' education . . . that kind of thing.

"Later, Stan helped me use my insurance as collateral to expand my business.

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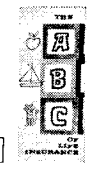

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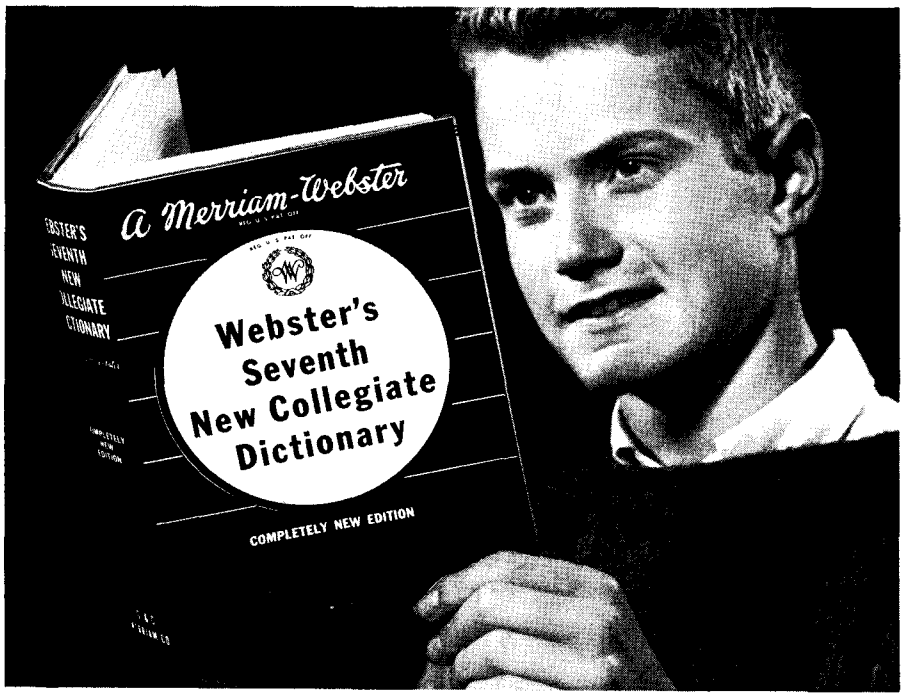

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LETTERS

U.R.O.C.

In the May 30, 1964, *Saturday Evening Post*, your writers Rowland Evans and Robert Novak stated that members of the John Birch Society had "used" the United Republicans of California [U.R.O.C.] as a "front group" for penetrating the Republican Party of California

On behalf of the 12,000 members of U.R.O.C., I want you to know that we consider this statement and its implications to be unfounded and unwarranted.

United Republicans is an official volunteer arm of the G.O.P. in California. No one and no group is using it as a front.

RUS WALTON
Executive Director, U.R.O.C.
Los Altos, Calif.

The Post *did not intend to imply that U.R.O.C. was affiliated with the John Birch Society or controlled by its members.—ED.*

The G.O.P. candidate

The only Crisis at the Cow Palace [by Stewart Alsop, July 11–July18] was for the leftists, Communists and pacifists in this country.

DIANE KOHN
Muskegon, Mich.

• Out here in the hinterland (defined as everywhere but New York City), this great country of ours has grown up in the last 30 years. We don't want a "Great White Father in Washington" anymore. We are determined to run our own affairs and spend our own money. For us, Barry Goldwater is the symbol of free choice, our choice.

MRS. WALTER O. LASZ
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• For every starry-eyed Goldwaterite in Texas, I'll wager there are 10 cars bearing the following hand-printed sign:

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R. L. HARRISON
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ALEXANDER SCHACHTER
Toronto, Ont.

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EUGENIA SAPP
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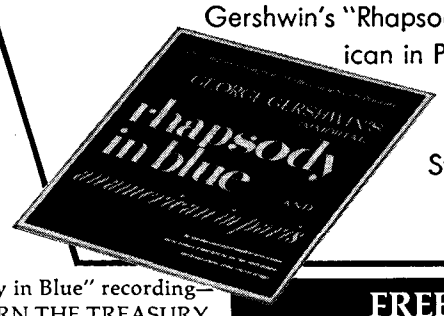

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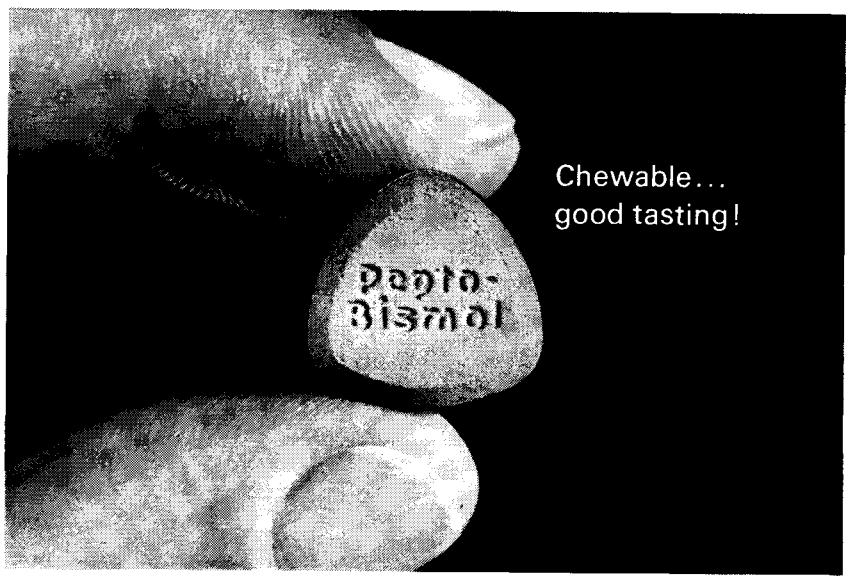

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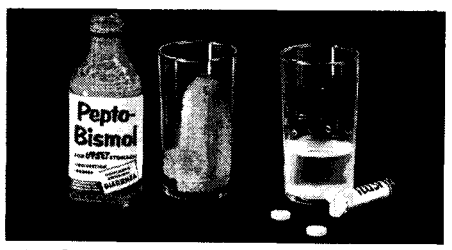

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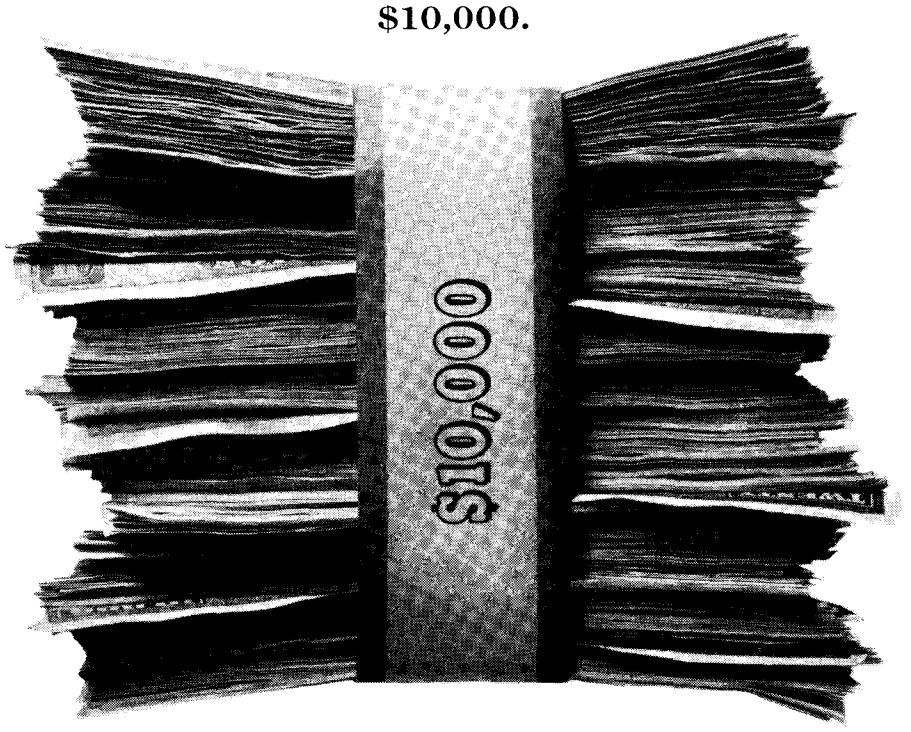

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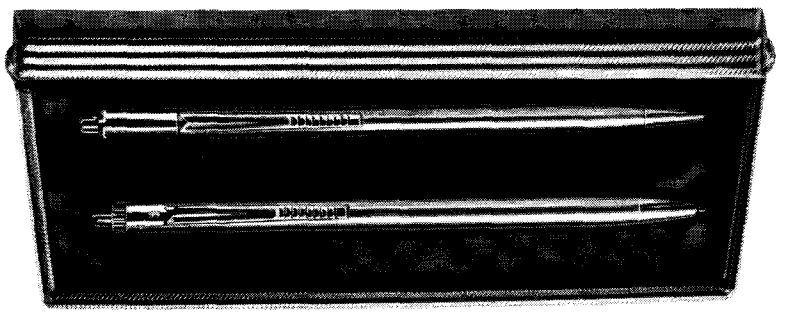

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SPEAKING OUT

LET'S ABOLISH ALIMONY

A medieval hangover, it robs men, turns women into drones, promotes greed and damages innocent lives.

Art critic, lecturer and an author of widely varied talents, Alexander Eliot has written a novel, a history of American painting and, most recently, a book of philosophy (Earth, Air, Fire and Water). *New England-born, he now lives and travels widely in Europe.*

By Alexander Eliot

Some 800,000 Americans are getting divorced every year. Our divorce rate runs slightly better than 25 percent of our marriage rate. Clearly divorce—like women's suffrage and birth control—is here to stay, and since it can bring blessed relief to the parties concerned, modern divorce is likely to be reasonably amicable. But it very seldom stays that way. The trouble: alimony.

Alimony keeps divorced couples in a bitter lockstep, often for the rest of their lives. It acts to prevent a great many remarriages; it demeans both parties; it promotes hostility. Men who meant well at the start finally rebel and fight to shake their alimony burdens. Women who meant well grow bitter over their continued dependence and pursue their former husbands like avenging Furies.

Divorced women actually have the power to have their former husbands jailed if they fail to make alimony payments. The men can be locked up under conditions reminiscent of the ancient Debtors' Prisons. Technically in contempt of court, they are deprived of rights granted even to convicted criminals. No parole board reviews their cases; no maximum sentence is set. While in alimony jail they can hardly earn money to make up the back payments. And yet—the final irony—month by month their alimony debts keep piling up.

Our alimony system does serve some people well: greedy, neurotic, vengeful women. Some time ago 800 women whose ex-husbands were in jail for nonpayment of alimony filled out a questionnaire. "Why did you send your husband to jail?" *For revenge*, 32 percent replied. "My husband," one woman specified, "had the grace of a hippopotamus, the brain of a gnat, looked like a giraffe, stung like a wasp, had the personality of a dead salmon, and he smelled like a stable full of dead horses." The next question was, "Are you satisfied now that your ex-husband is in jail?" *Satisfied*, said 63 percent. "How long would you like to keep him there?" *Until he rots*, was the answer of 270 out of 800 women.

One man who did rot was Chance M. Vought, a plane-maker's son who inherited and dissipated a fortune, married twice and wound up in New York City's alimony jail when he was sent there for failure to pay the court-ordered sum, $250 a week. He spent two years there. During this time he developed diabetes and severe malfunctions of the pancreas. He kept pleading for temporary release, without success. Finally, Vought's case came to the attention of a judge, who ordered him freed on the basis of medical reports—in time to die. He made the newspapers last spring with his obituary. He was 37 years old.

And yet the average divorce starts amicably enough. A good many people in the process of divorce secretly hope to be reconciled at the last moment. But alimony arrangements make this next to impossible. The separation has already been price-tagged by lawyers. Damaging testimony is produced to support the wife's right to collect. So the bitterness begins. What might have been healed with a kiss is killed forever by cash demands. Marriage counselors make this the strongest single point against alimony: The mere prospect of the thing kills love and the actuality buries it.

Before going any deeper into this, I should make my own position clear. I'm not a lawyer but a layman who's been through a divorce, so I have a personal interest in the subject of alimony. Luckily for me, my ex-wife was gallant and ungreedy from the start. For my part, I was glad to supply the help she needed in rearing our daughter. Although alimony has become a kind of extortion, child support remains a privilege. One can be an ex-husband but never an ex-father.

And yet the fact is that in the majority of divorces, no children are involved. The opportunity for the marriage harlot is obvious. She can invest a few months in conjugal boredom, then claim alimony. To the strong young mechanic, nicked for $40 a week, the burden may seem light enough. Twenty years later he will have paid $41,600, with no end in sight. Meanwhile, the chances are that he's married again and must struggle to support a family.

"Alimony" (from *alimonia*, Latin for "sustenance") is a relic of the Middle Ages, when there was no absolute divorce, husbands owned all domestic property, and there were no jobs for women. A wife who'd had enough of her husband could only cry, as in the old song:

What care I for your fine feather-bed,
with the sheets turned down so
bravely—oh!
I'd rather sleep in a cold open field,
along with the raggle-taggle
gypsies—oh!

This being the case, ecclesiastical courts, when granting legal separations, would naturally order payment of *alimonia*. The idea was to keep the wife from starving. In those days alimony meant essential support.

Today it means blood money—a dole to a woman for having failed in one marriage and for not attempting another. It can create a condition of morbid dependency in women, bleed good men white and provoke war between the sexes. In Jackson County, Mich., not long ago, 55 women banded together as the "Anti-Heuman League in Skirts"; one Herbert N. Heuman, a "Friend of the Court," had the job of collecting from their ex-husbands. Heuman, the women screamed, was not vigorous enough at his job. His plea, that he had jailed 100 "alimony-delinquents" in a year, "but they can't earn money there," failed to placate the divorcées. In Sing Sing a condemned murderer received a court order obtained by his ex-wife. It notified him that up until the time of his execution he would be expected to mail out a $30 alimony check each week.

Although statistics are scarce, experts generally agree that the alimony bill in the U.S. has long been climbing sharply. Some men have contributed impressive sums, as the tabloids have told us: For instance, Horace Dodge III who, in 1962, added up and discovered five marriages had cost him over six million dollars, and Huntington Hartford, who paid just one of his two ex-wives a sum the judge ruled "would not be in the public interest to disclose." (His second wife, she had sued him for $25 million in property plus temporary alimony of $1,000 a day.) But the real alimony burden falls on men much less able to pay. In one decade surveyed, 1940–50, alimony and support payments in the Cleveland area jumped 250 percent, in Cincinnati 517 percent, in Wichita 733 percent. Alimony and support now cost Detroit men more than $10 million a year. Most of this money is grindingly earned and often grudgingly delivered.

But let's be fair. Most of us know somebody who carries an alimony burden with good grace. If pressed he may confess that from his point of view it seems cheap at the price—he couldn't have obtained his divorce without accepting the load. Katherine Graves Peale, the sociologist, believes that obscure guilt feelings may persuade a man to pay and pay without objection. "He thinks, as many people do, that the giving of money should be adequate recompense." Mrs. Peale contends that our alimony laws give "the woman who desires a marital break more nearly the same ability to achieve it in spite of her husband's opposition." But that point might be put another way. It means our alimony laws

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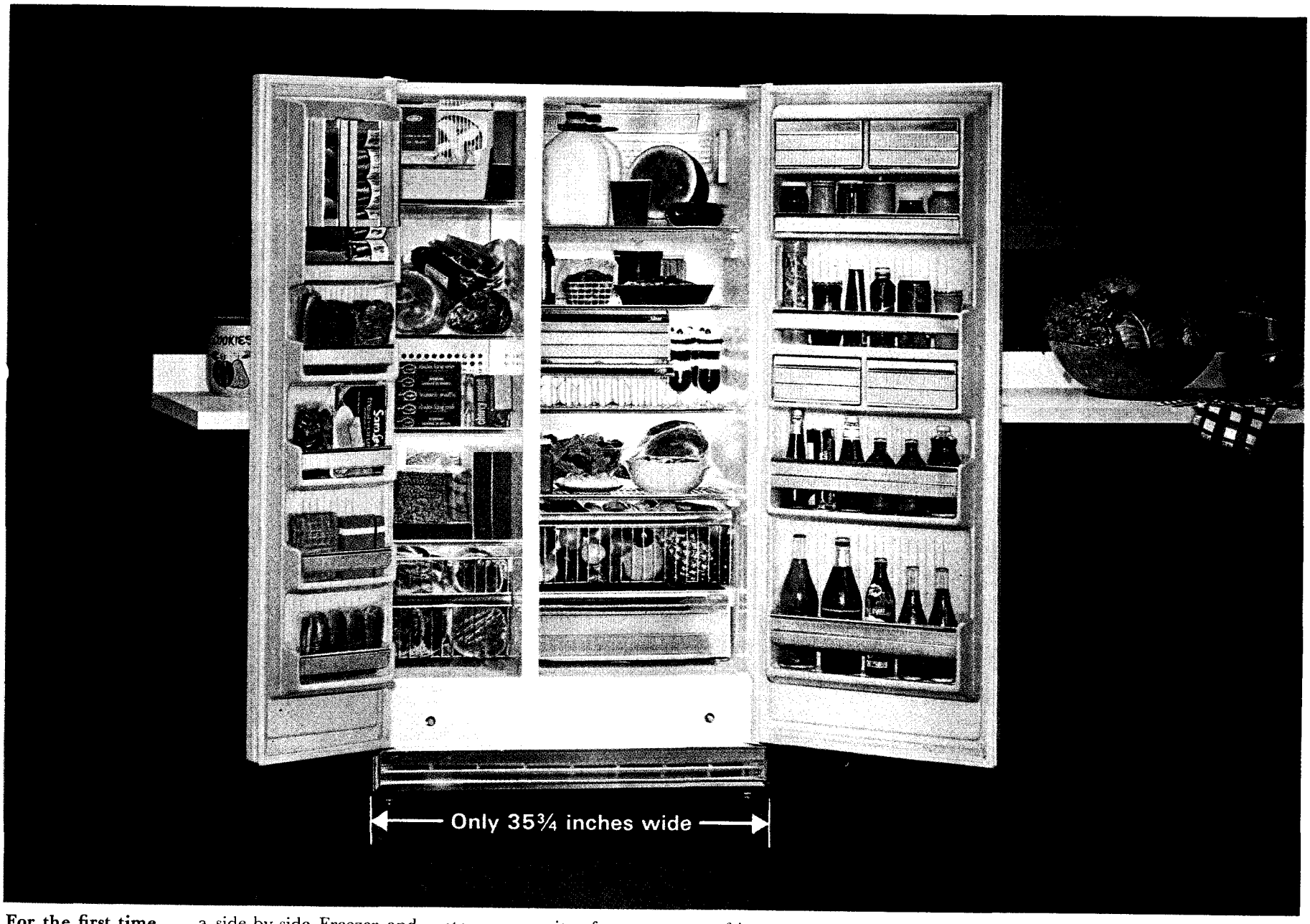

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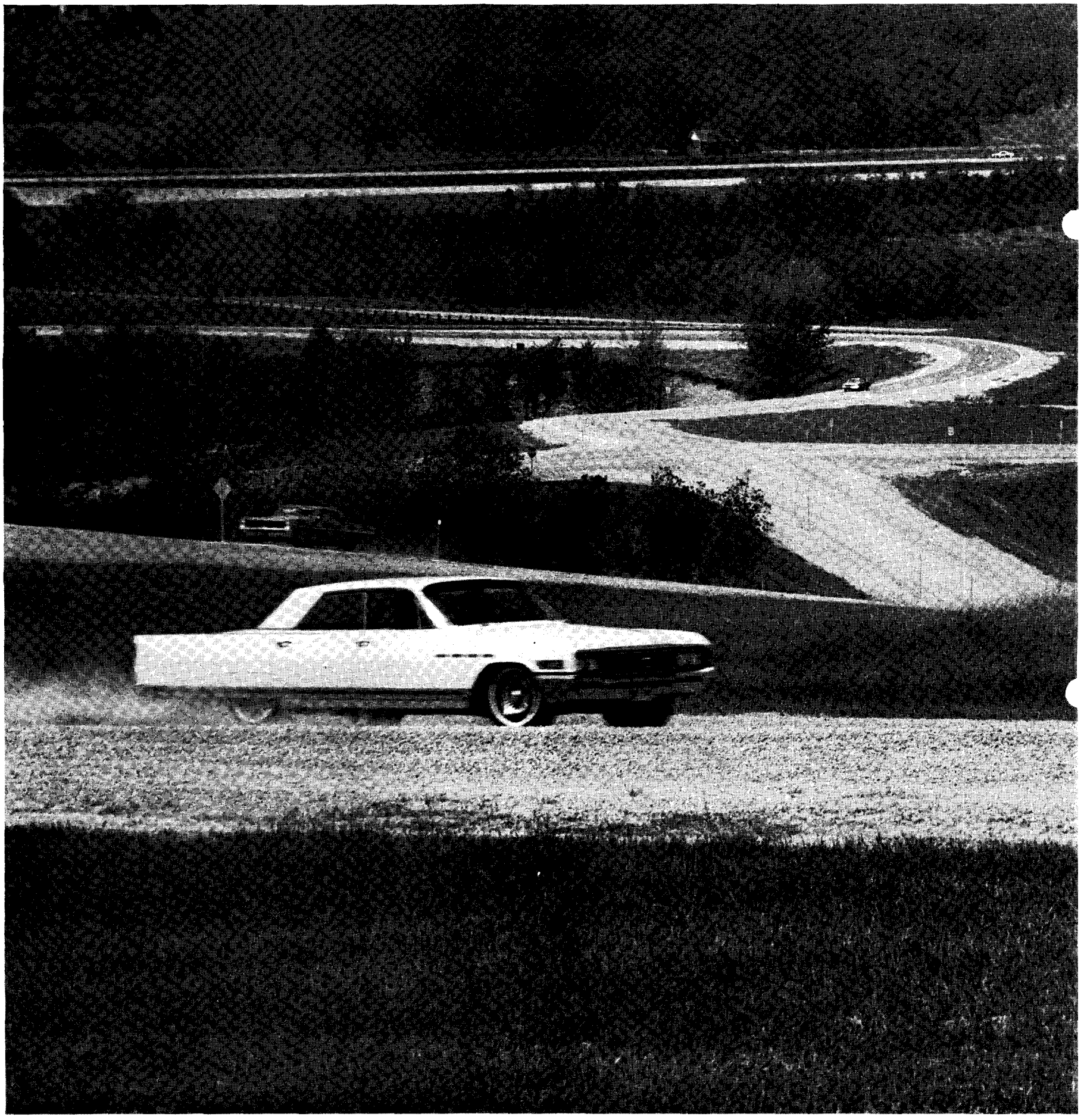

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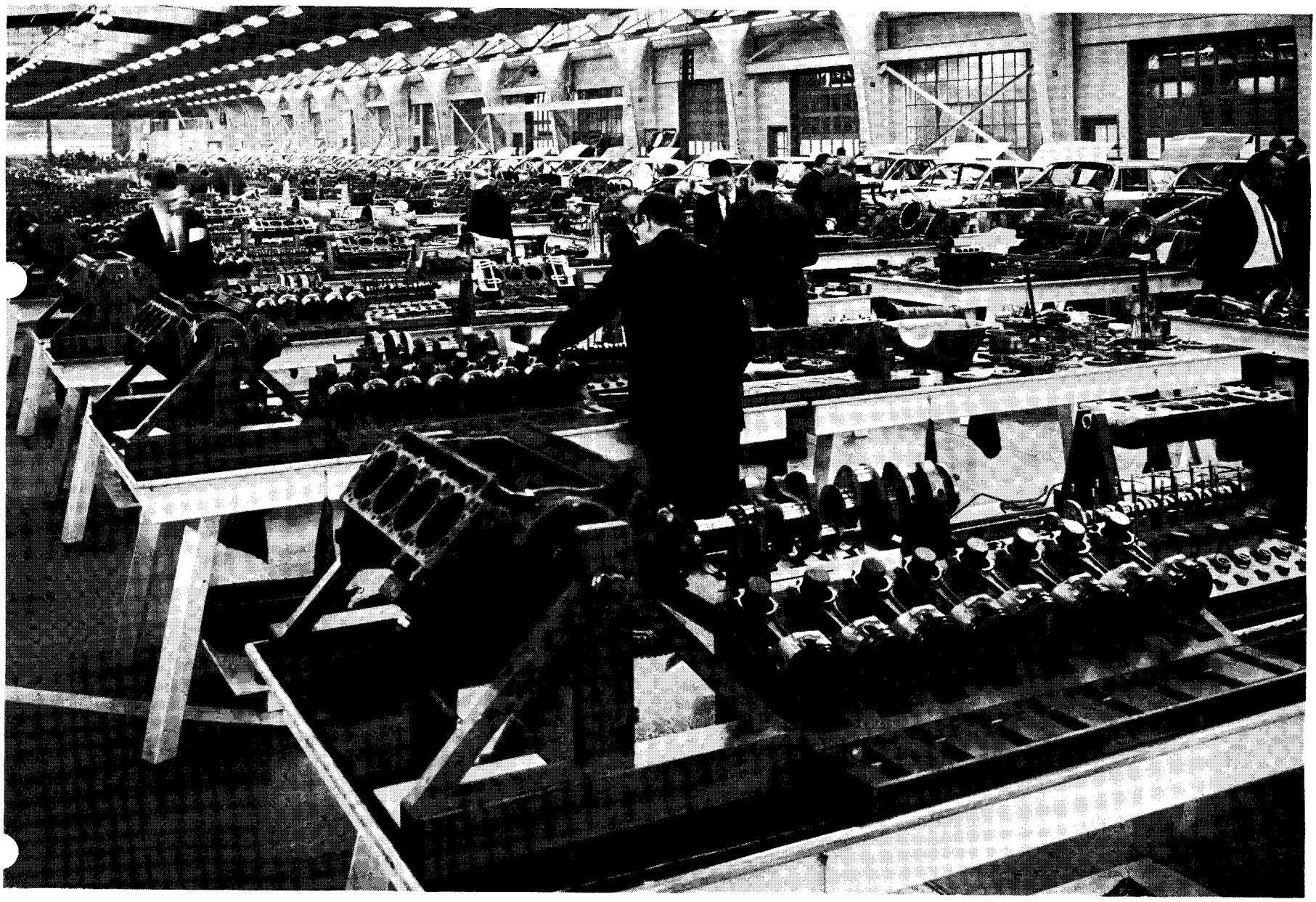

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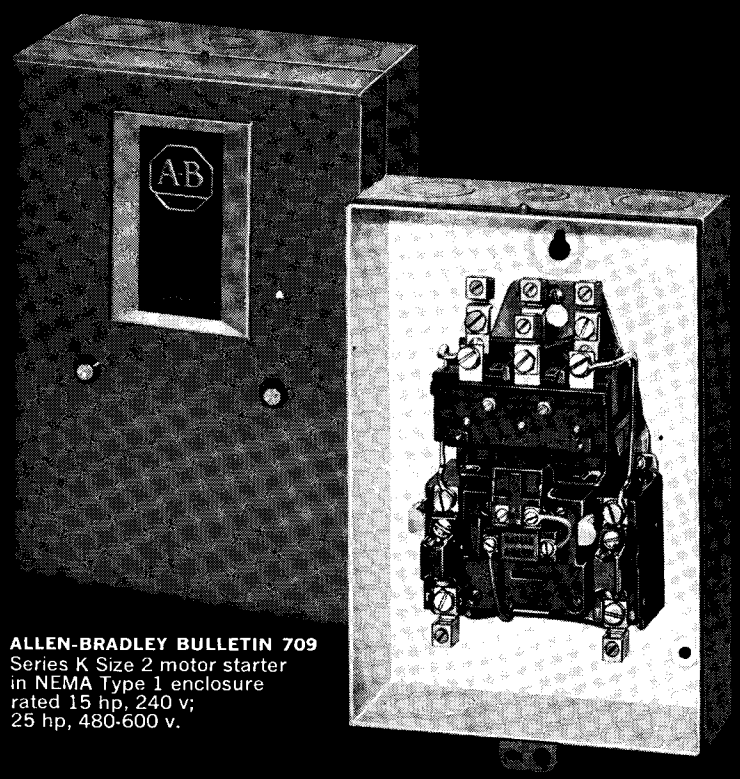

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Speaking Out

present an open invitation to wives to divorce and prosper.

Mrs. Peale concedes that alimony tends to embitter both parties: "The memory of other wrongs may fade, but the husband may find the paying of alimony a constant source of annoyance, while the wife may be irritated each time the check arrives because it is no larger."

Not long ago a rather wealthy American traveler fell in love with a fellow American in Athens. He married her on the spot. Some days after the wedding the girl informed him that her true love was Greece itself. She wasn't leaving, ever. To stay with her he would have to cancel his plans for returning home. About a week after this rude revelation the traveler and I were discussing his divorce arrangements. "You know," he told me with a puzzled air, "both her lawyer and mine say it would do my soul good to pay alimony."

The viciousness and the foolishness of alimony feed on fertile ground: our outmoded divorce laws. People getting divorced need "not more hell but more help," Toledo Judge Paul W. Alexander, a renowned divorce-law expert, has said, and yet the laws make hell almost mandatory. For instance, it's generally agreed that the real reason for nine out of ten divorces is "mutual incompatibility." Yet only three out of 50 states will accept that as grounds. Elsewhere, the custom is for the husband chivalrously to plead "guilty" to some active betrayal or aggression against his wife. In New York he must confess adultery, the only ground permitted under laws that have stood virtually unchanged since 1787.

Thus does the vicious circle begin to spin. Ancient divorce laws practically force divorcing couples to commit perjury. Then their perjury perpetuates the old-fashioned concept of divorce as the cutting off of a sinful partner. Third, to punish the supposed sinner, the judges hand down severe alimony judgments. The bill for the solemn grotesquerie keeps coming to the man ever after.

In the long run, the ex-wives suffer too, although they seldom seem aware of the fact. The knife turns to cut the surgeon's hand. She may meet men, but to marry could mean forfeiting her alimony checks. She need not work; she mopes, grows lardish. Slowly she comes to loathe the man who has kept supporting her. Riding indolent upon another human being's back will make her monstrous at last.

Meanwhile, the odds are that her ex-husband has married again. The new wife is almost bound to be embittered by the first wife's continuing drain. Many courts rule that alimony transcends all of a man's obligations including those to his new family. Not even bankruptcy cancels alimony debts. The alimony payer can't retire, because then the jailhouse would loom. At that point he may choose to exercise the only free choice left him. He may flee the state, as many divorced men do. But this is only an escape to the role of hunted criminal.

Alimony isn't a help to anyone; it's an acid which corrodes those who give, and those who get and those who are deprived because of it. We must repeal our old alimony laws in favor of straightforward provisions for strictly temporary support. But this reform will require a state-by-state struggle, with plenty of perseverance on the voters' part.

There are a few bright signs that such reform is under way. Pennsylvania practically never grants alimony; North Carolina frowns on it; Texas makes no provision for it. Other states have moved to limit alimony in specified ways. New Hampshire grants it for a maximum of three years, except where children are involved. Colorado, California, Rhode Island, Illinois, Montana, Louisiana, New York and New Jersey all revoke alimony when the woman remarries. Oklahoma, on the other hand, rules that alimony must continue for life.

But such legal reforms can be only a beginning. The trend of the law is still strongly to perpetuate alimony as medieval *alimonia*. Florida, for instance, does deny alimony to adulterous wives, but rules that in every other type of case in which the wife sues for divorce, the court "will make such orders as seem proper." Illustrative of what courts find "proper" was the outcome of the case of a young couple, married less than five years, with no children and no financial problems, who sought their divorce from a Florida judge. As it happened, the wife was making $150 a week at an advertising agency. The husband was earning $100 a week, out of which he helped to support his parents. It was the wife who sued, charging "mental cruelty." The divorce was granted, and the husband was ordered to pay permanent alimony of $30 per week.

Laws encourage greed

New York Justice Samuel H. Hofstadter has called that particular decision "rather typical of our current divorce laws all over the country." By Hofstadter's estimate, "The great majority of divorces occur within the first five years of marriage, and 65 percent do not involve minor children. . . . Yet in almost all of the divorces granted, the husband is required to pay alimony."

Dispassionately, the Justice puts this question: "Why should ex-wives and separated women seek a preferred status in which they shall toil not, neither shall they spin?" Why should they be allowed to be "alimony drones"? The answer is that present laws encourage greed.

In California, where alimony awards may range all the way "from two to eighty percent" of a person's income, Attorney Edward Raiden has proposed a standard alimony rate based on income, but with payment limited to a few months or years. Let "the non-income-earner be helped only to stand, then walk," Raiden recommends.

Similar reforms have been proposed by other students of the alimony mess. Essentially, they all substitute the modern concept of interim support for the medieval concept of alimony. We should abolish the very name of alimony, and perhaps some day we will.

Meanwhile, some advice for the millions of Americans who will be heading for divorce over the next few years: If you're a woman, resist the degrading temptation to suck blood from a man who loved you once. If you're a man, try to seek divorce in a court with reasonably modern practices. Be as generous as you like, but refuse either to compromise your honor or to pledge your whole future. Bear in mind that court-ordered alimony puts you on probation—manacled, however long the chain—perhaps for the rest of your days on earth.

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1. On a Sweepstakes entry blank, the back of any label from 46-oz. cans of Hi-C, or on a plain piece of paper, hand print or write clearly your name and address. Mail to: "Treasure Chest" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 452, New York 46, New York.

2. Enter as often as you wish. Each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked by November 2, 1964 and received by November 9, 1964.

3. Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Its decisions, with respect to all phases of the Sweepstakes, will be final. Only one prize to a family. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered.

4. Sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States and Canada. Not open to employees and their families of: Minute Maid Company, its affiliated organizations, their advertising agencies, and D. L. Blair Corporation. Offer void in Missouri, Wisconsin and wherever prohibited by law.

5. Winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after final drawing. For a list of prize winners, send separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: "Treasure Chest" Winners' List, P.O. Box 44, New York 46, New York.

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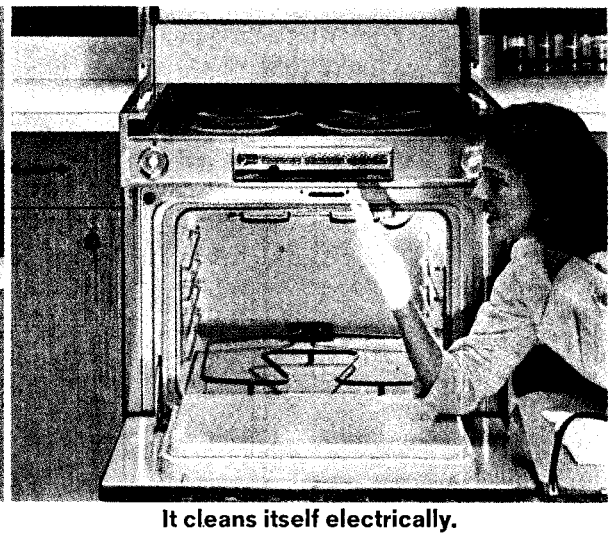

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus Curtis

THIS IS OUR ENEMY

In his bare feet and baggy pants, a Vietcong guerrilla trumpets victory–in a fateful little war that is going against us.

By Stanley Karnow

Of all the difficult and dangerous crises facing President Johnson and the American people in the months ahead, none is more difficult or more dangerous than the endless struggle for Vietnam. The danger this month was as darkly clear as the headlines that shrieked of Communist PT boats attacking two U.S. destroyers, and of U.S. warplanes retaliating against North Vietnam. Extension of the fighting immediately raised the specter of massive intervention—and a repetition of the Korean War. To some this risk seems a necessary price for "victory" in Vietnam; to others the only hope seems to lie in withdrawal and "neutralization" of the ravaged peninsula. Yet the war goes on, as it has for nearly 20 years, in a no-man's-land where there is no victory and no neutrality.

Monsoon heat drugged the early morning air. Two South Vietnamese Ranger companies fanned out across the flat grassland and scrub jungle 25 miles north of Saigon. On a routine mission to relieve an outpost attacked by Communist Vietcong guerrillas, the 200 men moved cautiously. They paused in a grove of rubber trees, then emerged into a field and headed toward a cluster of huts 400 yards away.

Suddenly, from all sides, the fierce rattle and clatter of enemy gunfire erupted. Men crumpled before they heard the noise. Others scattered. Lt. William Richter, their wiry American adviser, dived to the soggy ground. Looking up, he saw Vietcong regulars in green fatigues advancing for the kill. Richter leaped to his feet and ran for cover. But other Vietcong riflemen, crouched at the fringe of the field, caught him in murderous cross fire. Bullets slammed into his thigh. He fell, crawled into the sheltering underbrush, and somehow kept going. For six hours, helped by survivors, he dragged himself back to Binh My, his home base.

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'Things are miserable," says an American, "and getting more so."

This Is Our Enemy

He was lucky; on the field beyond the rubber trees, 51 Rangers lay dead.

"They just lured us through a trapdoor, closed it on our behinds and let us have it," Richter later explained. "We were caught flatfooted and cut to pieces."

"The same damned story," a senior U.S. officer in Saigon grumbled. Different only in detail or degree, similar stories unfold week after week in South Vietnam. Posts are raided, officials assassinated, hamlets burned, towns assaulted. And they all add up to one gloomy conclusion: Despite inferior firepower and strength, the Communists are beating a South Vietnamese force of more than 400,000 soldiers backed up by nearly 17,000 American advisers and almost two million dollars a day in U.S. aid.

Everywhere the Communist offensive is growing hotter—and deadlier. Deep in the southern Mekong River delta, where half the population lives, Vietcong battalions are fighting fixed, daylight battles, ambushing large government units, and openly assaulting towns. In central Vietnam they threaten to push through to the sea and cut the country in two.

Around Saigon, where the military regime of Premier Nguyen Khanh has appeared unable to mobilize an effective anti-Communist war effort, the Communists dominate all but the principal towns and roads, and these are unsafe at night. In suburban Long An province, Vietcong units operate with impunity right under the noses of Vietnamese army battalions. A couple of weeks ago, for example, Vietcong raiders kidnapped 12 youths from a hamlet only 800 yards from the province chief's headquarters. "Conditions are miserable and getting more miserable," says a veteran United States official who works in the area. "We're getting our pants whipped and everyone knows it."

Even the sky is insecure. Vietcong bullets have torn holes in two jet airliners coming into Saigon airport, and more than half the U.S. helicopters that leave the ground are damaged by Communist fire. Barely three minutes after a chopper swung into the air out of Saigon one recent morning, the freckle-faced American sergeant next to me swung his 30-caliber machine gun out the door and released its safety. "Mister," he shouted over the rotors' din, "that's *North* Vietnam down there."

Carrying the war into Saigon itself, Vietcong terrorists are striking directly at Americans. Their lethal explosives have rocked a softball park and a movie theater, killing six Americans and injuring 70 others. Their frogmen blew a gash in the steel hull of the 9,800-ton *U.S.N.S. Card,* a helicopter transport berthed at a Saigon wharf. When Defense Secretary Robert McNamara came to visit Saigon, his schedule was kept secret, and he drove surreptitiously through the city, his car lined with bulletproof flak jackets.

Statistics reflect the war's mounting pace. Government casualties, the highest ever, now average some 200 killed and 500 wounded per week, and government troops are losing three to four times the weapons they take from the Vietcong. Last month U.S. casualties reached a record of 15 killed and 83 wounded. So far this year more than 100 American advisers have died in combat—as many as lost their lives in all of 1963.

By now the bland optimism of U.S. officialdom has evaporated—replaced by a sharp sense of urgency and the realistic recognition that the United States is in a dangerous predicament. Defense Secretary McNamara not long ago predicted American troops would be home before 1966. Now he says, "It's going to be a long war, and we shouldn't delude ourselves into thinking it's not."

So serious is the situation that when Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge resigned last June, the job went to no less a figure than Gen. Maxwell Taylor, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. As his deputy Taylor brought out Deputy Undersecretary of State U. Alexis Johnson, the fourth-ranking official in the State Department. Since his arrival last month, Taylor has begun a vast reorganization of the American mission in Vietnam. He has put the formerly free-wheeling U.S. military under his direct control, and has filled the establishment with experts studying everything from Vietnamese commerce to Vietcong motivation.

Rumors to the contrary, Taylor and his team are introducing nothing radically new to the problem. They are cool to talk of massive strategic bombing of North Vietnam. They are against shipping in U.S. combat troops, and they shy away from suggestions that U.S. officers take command of the Vietnamese army. "I know it doesn't sound very aggressive," explained a top U.S. diplomat in Saigon, "but our policy is 'more of the same.'"

More of the same means more money, matériel and men. Some 5,000 additional American advisers may be sent into the war. South Vietnam's army will be expanded by 50,000 men, and its economic and social programs strengthened by

Walking to war through South Vietnamese farmland, this small, squad-size column of Communist Vietcong guerrillas is typical of the hit-and-vanish, live-off-the-land forces we fight in Southeast Asia. This photograph, and the ambush-action sequence on the following pages, is a rare look at our enemy and his tactics. They were taken from the body of a Vietcong political officer who was caught in a raid by government Self-Defense troops in the Mekong delta. He had just been graduated from a training school. For this reason, intelligence officers believe the photos may have been issued as "training films" to illustrate one of the classic techniques by which small bands of men can paralyze a superior force. Because 80 percent of the Vietcong arms are captured American weapons, the task of telling friend from foe is one of the riddles of the war.

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fresh supplies of fertilizer, medicine, schoolbooks and the like. President Johnson has extracted an extra $125 million from Congress for this "stepped-up activity." As McNamara vowed, Washington will provide "whatever is required for however long it is required."

But several experienced Americans in Vietnam are uncertain whether increased doses of material assistance are the answer. "You simply don't get greater output by injecting more input," says a U.S. official who has worked in Vietnam for the past decade. "The problem is qualitative rather than quantitative. We have to think about how we can help the Vietnamese to shape new attitudes, to give them something to fight for." Explains another American specialist: "We have everything U.S. industry can offer, but our Vietnamese are functioning in an ideological vacuum. There's nothing for people to pin their hopes to. We can't invent an ideology for the Vietnamese. Their own leaders must develop that themselves, and unless they do, no amount of money is going to solve this problem."

In Vietnam the United States is involved in a curious sort of civil war. Prompted by Communist China, the North Vietnamese unquestionably directs the Vietcong. Some heavy weapons are infiltrated down through neighboring Cambodia, and more than 10,000 Vietcong officers and agents, trained in North Vietnam, have been sent south. But nearly all Vietcong troops are southerners by origin. They usually serve in their home districts, using captured U.S. arms. Are they aggressors? To Saigon and Washington, yes. To many peasants around them, however, they are native sons and relatives returned, as they claim, to "liberate the fatherland from the American imperialists and their treacherous lackeys."

They are impossible to isolate. Modern U.S. technology counts for very little when the battlefield is everywhere, when the Vietcong blends into the peasantry and innocent peasants are too often considered Vietcong. In a letter to *Newsweek* recently, Vietnamese army Lt. Col. Doan Chi Khoan wrote: "The man who happens to come and tell us how to distinguish a Vietnamese Communist from a peasant will be our greatest benefactor."

In Saigon, all that was needed was a discreet hint to a Vietnamese friend, and I met Huynh, as he introduced himself, at a Chinese restaurant one recent evening. A handsome man in his early 40's, he was neatly dressed in an open-necked white shirt, tan slacks and sandals. We got acquainted over cold beer and the amiable, aimless talk that flows so easily in French. Did John Steinbeck still write, he inquired, and what ever became of Clark Gable? But soon we steered into Vietnam, and the distance between us, narrowed by trivia, quickly widened. As if abruptly hypnotized, Huynh slipped into oratory, and the casual conversationalist became a Vietcong preacher. "We want only peace," he declared. "The American troops must leave, and we will form a neutral coalition government to settle our own affairs."

Wouldn't that inevitably lead to a Communist take-over in Saigon? Huynh pondered a moment, then admitted that "yes, we'd probably have a socialist regime." Earnestly, almost apologetically, he added, "You know, we're not against Americans—just Americanism."

How about the terrorist attacks on American women and children here in Saigon? "Why not?" he countered calmly.

Vietcong guerrillas crouch in ambush as a cloud of dust, left, marks the spot where one of their mines has blasted a truck....

The Communist trap swiftly closes around one of several South Vietnamese soldiers who had tried to escape from the wreckage.

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"Terrorism," the Communist explained, "is a weapon of the weak."

This Is Our Enemy

"American airplanes bomb our villages. We are not so strong as you. Terrorism is a weapon of the weak."

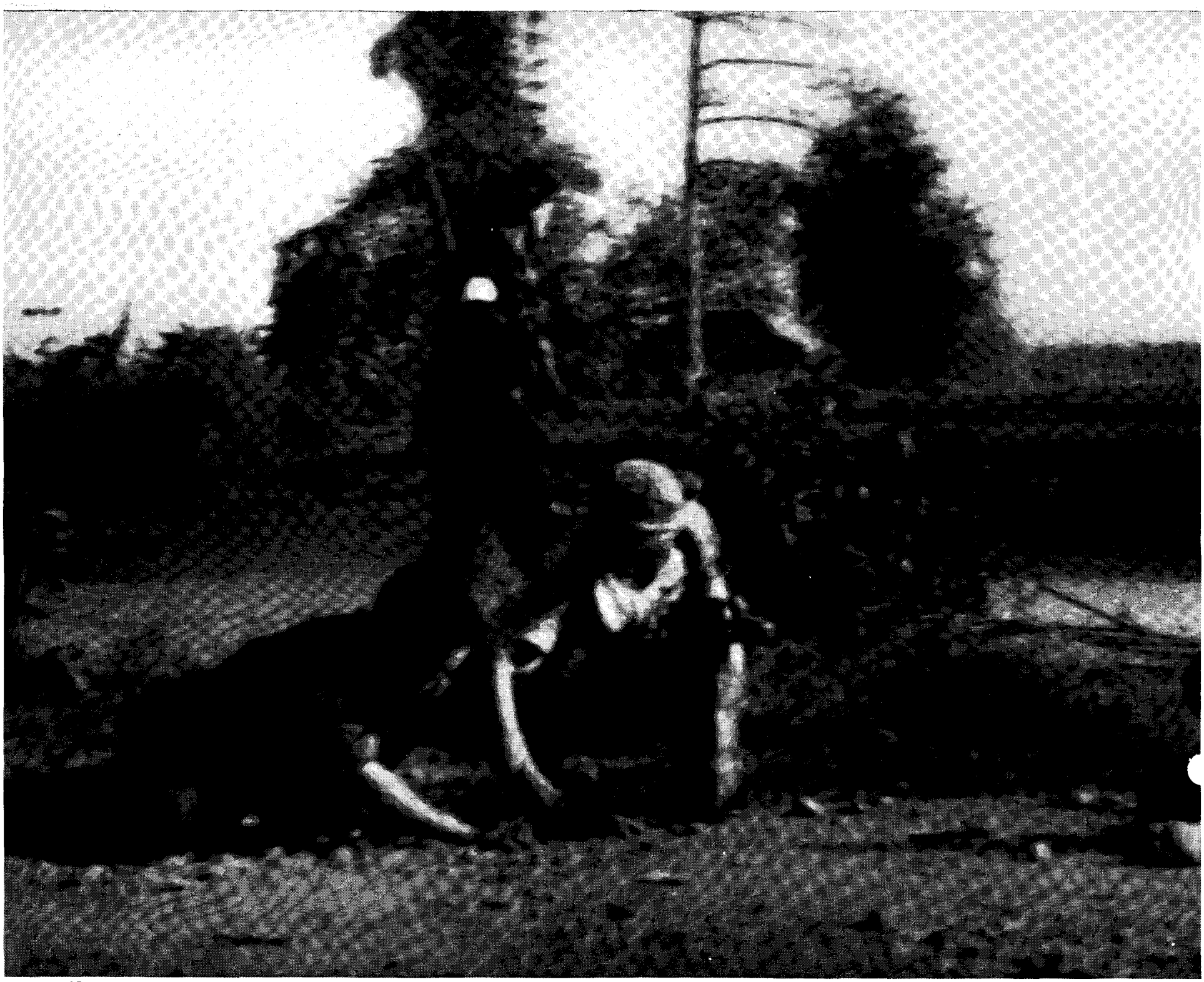
So the war intensifies, and more and more people are killed? Huynh smiled faintly. "That's up to you Americans," he said. "We want peace, but we can go on fighting indefinitely. We fought the French for eight years and won. If we do not triumph in our lifetime, our children will carry on. We represent the people, and they cannot be defeated."

Invented by the Saigon government as a contemptuous term meaning "Communist Vietnamese," the nickname Vietcong has stuck, and now even the Communists themselves use it. Officially, it is the National Liberation Front, which claims to be a shadow government for South Vietnam, and maintains "ambassadors" in Cairo, Havana and the Communist capitals of Eastern Europe. On the ground inside South Vietnam its military commander is a veteran guerrilla fighter known as Gen. Bay Quang—his real name is believed to be Tran Nam Trung—who is based in the jungles of Tayninh province, about 50 miles northwest of Saigon. Its nominal political head is Nguyen Huu Tho, a colorless leftist lawyer, who spends most of his time in the security of nearby Cambodia, at a French rubber plantation where his cousin works. On visits to Vietcong headquarters within Vietnam, Tho drives to the border in a battered Cadillac, then walks the rest of the way.

But the Vietcong's "revolutionary base," as the Communists themselves admit, is in North Vietnam. Its real guiding prophet is North Vietnam's frail President Ho Chi Minh, the father of Vietnamese Communism. And its strategic mastermind is the brilliant, energetic General Vo Nguyen Giap, 52, Defense Minister of North Vietnam.

Although the Vietcong has suffered an estimated 10,000 casualties in the past six months, U.S. intelligence indicates that the movement keeps growing. On the ground inside South Vietnam, the Vietcong's brains are some 10,000 agitators, propagandists, officials and *canbos*, senior Communist cadres who keep a firm hand on all activities. Its backbone—about 25,000 regulars organized in seven regiments and 23 autonomous battalions—is concentrated in the southern Mekong delta and around Saigon, and stretches into the central provinces. The rest of the Vietcong is made up of regional troops, part-time guerrillas, tax collectors, medics, spies, couriers and even entertainers (A U.S. officer recently captured a prisoner who turned out to be a violinist with a Vietcong "USO" troupe.) All in all, it has about 300,000 followers.

The government and the Vietcong are only poles. Both seek to attract enough of the country's 15 million inhabitants so that—to use Mao's well-worn analogy—their troops can move among the population like fish in water. In strength the government can penetrate and clear any region. But it lacks the manpower to hold



Now the Vietcong ambushers, some wearing helmets, some felt hats, fan out to search for the government official who was making inspection tour in truck.

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areas, and it inspires few citizens to defend themselves in its name. Nor does the Vietcong—despite its claim to have "liberated" two thirds of the country and half the population—really occupy much real estate or arouse willing support. The guiding consideration for most Vietnamese is *Che Do Nao Cung Vay:* "All regimes are alike."

Yet the Vietcong clearly has the edge, for a mixture of complex, even intangible reasons. It has discipline, leadership, experience and dedication. It is flexible, mobile and, above all, it keeps the initiative. It can dazzle the population by its ability to strike when and where it wants. And the Vietnamese peasants, unconcerned with the finer points of democracy and Communism, will incline toward the potential victor. As a recent American-embassy analysis concluded, "whether they believe the government will actually *beat* the Vietcong is generally more important in determining their actions than whether they *hope* it will."

Vietcong initiatives surprise and confuse government troops, corroding their will to fight. Vietcong terror—"armed propaganda" in Communist jargon—is generally selective and calculated. A district chief in the Mekong delta town of Kien Long is publicly disemboweled to shock local folk into submission. At An Binh, a tiny hamlet near Saigon, the two teen-age daughters of an official are shot as a warning against helping the government. A bus bumping along a back road in Long Khanh province is stopped by a Vietcong squad. Two men are dragged off, trussed up and summarily beheaded with a broadsword. "They were police agents," the squad leader tells the trembling passengers. Nobody questions the statement. The bus chugs on. The bodies remain by the roadside, pinned with identical notes: "He betrayed the people."

Communist terror often goes to savage extremes. One night last month, a Vietcong battalion swarmed into Sung Hien, a district town some 50 miles southwest of Saigon. Its aim was to gain local favor by punishing an unpopular government Civil Guard unit garrisoned in the settlement. Instead of attacking the troops directly, the Communists went for their dependents, burning their houses and butchering their families. Among the 50 victims were the wife and five children of the post's deputy commander, and a reporter who saw the carnage afterwards described the bodies as looking like "charred stumps of wood."

Whatever their tactics, the Communists could not have progressed as they have without the help of bungling by both the U.S. and Vietnamese governments. Sen. Mike Mansfield's Southeast Asia study mission found that, after seven years of sovereignty and over two billion dollars in U.S. aid, South Vietnam was worse off than when it began. "The pressures of the Vietcong guerrillas do not entirely explain this situation," it reported. "In retrospect, the government of Vietnam and our policies . . . must bear a substantial, a very substantial, share of the responsibility."

Yet even as the Mansfield report was being written, the late President Ngo Dinh Diem and his neurotic brother Nhu were engaged in a crash program to build 11,000 fortified stockades—"strategic hamlets."

Traditionally attached to their ancestral lands, peasants were uprooted and forcibly shunted to the new settlements. An average family house costs $200 to build, but the government allocation was only $20. And surveying 1,500 families in Long An province, a U.S. Information Service team found nobody who had received more than $10 and many who got nothing. At tiny Ap Moi, with a population of 62 families, the bamboo walls were down, the hamlet council had fled, and the Vietcong passed through at will. The USIS team noted: "Evidence of overwhelming neglect."

Worst of all, the government has failed to protect people. Its legions can sweep through the countryside like beaters at a rabbit shoot. But massive, noisy maneuvers rarely provide permanent security for hamlets. Theoretically, the task of daily, static defense belongs to *Dan Ve*, the Self-Defense Corps. These recruits are poorly trained and ill-equipped, however, and the ease with which their posts are invaded suggests that many are Vietcong confederates. On salaries of $10 per month—when they get it—they are seldom eager to take risks. At Vinh Xuong, not far from Saigon, they live 500 yards from the hamlet and enter it only after alerting resident Vietcong agents.

If things were bad during Diem's days, they deteriorated after his death. General Duong Van Minh's new government fired all but 6 of the 41 province chiefs and shook up the top army commands. Gen. Nguyen Khanh again housecleaned after his January 30 *coup d'état*. These changes may have been necessary. But their haste and brutality disrupted already fragile authority in the provinces, and the Vietcong easily filled local power vacuums.

A Communist insurgency doesn't erupt overnight. It grows with the slowness of a coral reef, submerged for years. Such are the depths of the Vietcong. A group of Vietcong prisoners I saw not long ago had enrolled in the movement in the late 1940's, and literally had grown up in the Communist apparatus.

Nguyen Xuan, as he called himself, was typical. A slight, intense man of 37, he was a key propaganda agent in the southernmost Camau peninsula when he was captured last year. Xuan could recall, as a farmboy, his resentment against the French settlers who owned thousands of acres of rich paddy in his home region near the southern coast. This vague nationalism prompted him into the *khang chien*, the resistance, as his native villagers called the Communist Vietminh. "To liberate the fatherland," said one of their slogans, "start by liberating your own hamlet."

Like coral, the Vietminh chiefs were building from the bottom. Patiently they organized peasants, women, Buddhist monks and others into clubs. Xuan joined the "Youth Resistance League," and before he was 21 he headed a three-man propaganda team in the district.

Day and night, Xuan and his aides roamed the countryside, making the same promises to the peasants—land, health, prosperity. Xuan took the code name of Ba Cuong, "hardwood tree." At clandestine schools there were technical courses on organization and perplexing lectures on Marxism. But they were followed by promotions and elegant new titles, like "Sub-Sector Youth Delegate." Xuan had found his vocation. Even his marriage was appropriate: She was an official in the "Women's Liberation League."

In 1954 the French were encircled at Dienbienphu and the armistice left two Vietnams: a Communist north and Diem's south. For Xuan and his comrades, though, the crusade was unfinished. The country had yet to be reunified under Communist control. Transferred north in 1954, thousands of Vietminh veterans were training for eventual infiltration southward. Others, like Xuan, faded into the southern landscape.

All seemed calm in Saigon. Internal Communism had "disintegrated," declared Diem's government. His American military advisers concurred, and built him a heavy, road-bound army. As for counterinsurgency training, the U.S. commander in South Vietnam told a reporter, "We've translated the U.S. Army manual on guerrilla techniques into Vietnamese."

The quiescent Vietminh—or incubating Vietcong—had a superior handbook, based on its own experience fighting the French. It was General Giap's *People's War, People's Army*. In it Giap prescribed a protracted war of gradual, flexible stages: from subdued mobilization and small-scale guerrilla forays to larger, mobile operations and finally a classic offensive.

In the late 1950's, old Vietminh comrades emerged from underground.

As he had a decade before, Nguyen Xuan formed a village propaganda team. Orders came by messenger from a leader Xuan never met. His five subordinates, dispersed through the district, were unknown to one another. "We didn't take chances on security," Xuan explained to me. "If one man knew too much, he could compromise the entire setup."

Working deep in the jungles, Vietcong ordnance specialists assembled weapons. They brought out hidden Indochina War remnants such as U. S. Springfield and French MAS rifles. To these they added a primitive arsenal of ingeniously homemade equipment: Water-pipe shotguns that discharged rusty nails; crude tin-can grenades; barbed wooden spikes that could penetrate thick combat boots. For more modern material the Red guerillas

wounded South Vietnamese, left, is pinned down; another, right, sprawls dead.

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Our enemy fights with water-pipe shotguns and deadly grenades made from tin cans.

This Is Our Enemy

assaulted government posts and ambushed patrols. By 1961 they had collected nearly 14,000 U. S. weapons, including 600 machine guns and mortars—enough to outfit about 30 battalions.

But hardware alone doesn't make an army. The Vietcong needed leadership and training. The men for that task were the Vietminh veterans sent north in 1954. They were ready to return home. Communist drives in Laos had secured the mountainous jungle trails that lead south. Down trekked first-rate officers, noncoms and political agents—and they still come, at the rate of more than 300 per month. And over the past two years they have whipped the Vietcong into a hardened military establishment.

At its lowest level there are still the poorly armed peasant-guerrillas. District companies, better equipped, ambush convoys, attack posts, or enforce Vietcong tax gathering. The real elite, however, are the *chu-luc* battalions. "These battalions are good," says an American general in Saigon, "because their individual soldiers are good."

The emphasis on individuality is vital. Government troops think and function as units; the Vietcong fighter is a craftsman. Vietcong individuality and localism begin with recruitment. Government draftees are assigned to outfits all over the country, but Vietcong rookies, whether induced or coerced into joining, are usually kept on their native ground. The Vietcong partisan thus feels he's defending his own neighborhood. And he has known the terrain and people since childhood.

In training, too, the stress is on local affairs. Vietcong battalions recently organized south of Saigon, for instance, were marched back and forth across their province eight times to make sure they knew the topography. Since guns are more valuable than men, Vietcong arms instruction accents individual responsibility. A Vietcong machine-gunner guards his weapon with his life, and he doesn't waste ammunition. "Listen to Vietcong and government troops shooting automatic weapons, and you know who's who," explains an experienced American colonel. "With U.S. industry behind him, the government man just leans on the trigger. The Vietcong fires short bursts of two or three rounds because he's aiming at a target." Vietcong soldiers' auxiliary gear also reflects thrift and inventiveness. They tailor hammocks out of U.S. parachute nylon, and make tiny oil lamps from perfume bottles. Their durable sandals are fashioned from truck tires.

From recent successes and stepped-up North Vietnamese shipments, however, Vietcong stores are growing more modern. They now have Red Chinese 81-mm. mortars and 75-mm. recoilless rifles. But the standard Vietcong weapons are still captured U. S. carbines, Garand rifles, BAR's, and a powerful sprinkling of 57-mm. recoilless rifles and 60-mm. mortars. The reason for their preference for American equipment is obvious: Ammunition and spare parts are available at the nearest government post or around the next bend in the road. Says one U.S. adviser in the area: "I wish they were on our side."

Among other ailments, "our side" is crippled by anemic leadership. Government troops, as tough and resilient as their Vietcong cousins, are commanded largely by mediocrities. Fearful of a military revolt, Diem weeded out dynamic officers, and only the weakest thrived. A high-school diploma is still the prerequisite for a commission in the government army. This automatically narrows the potential officer pool to a thin layer of upper-class city boys. Their focus is on Saigon, where life is gay, and friends, relatives or political connections bring promotions. Like officers in other Asian armies, they often have civil servants' mentalities, putting a premium on survival at the expense of victory. In a way, too, their combat shyness inadvertently results from U. S. aid. Time and again—and over the pleas of his American adviser—a government officer nettled by Vietcong snipers will stop his column and call for a cannonade.

"We've thrown in helicopters, aircraft, artillery," says an American officer, "and with each new machine the ante goes up. Nobody wants to fight because some new gadget is supposed to be coming along to win the war painlessly. But war isn't painless."

New Red regiments

Following the famous Giap timetable, larger Vietcong forces now are inching from guerrilla hits over the threshold into "mobile" operations. Intelligence sources have already identified seven Vietcong regimental organizations, each composed of three 500-man battalions, most of them stationed north of Saigon up to the 17th parallel. Some military analysts believe that they may be used in large-scale strikes, such as a major assault on the central Vietnamese city of Hue—an operation which, if successful, would shatter the prestige of the Saigon regime. Other military experts doubt, however, that the Vietcong will ever phase into the stage of conventional warfare. American military muscle in the Far East, they say, precludes the probability of a classic climax, another Dienbienphu.

General Giap seems to have altered his master plan. Instead of the great conflagration that ousted the French, he is starting an array of lesser brush-fire wars from central Laos down to South Vietnam's Mekong delta. By slow means he hopes to exhaust and frustrate the war-weary Vietnamese, Washington, and U.S. public opinion. As Giap put it, the enemy "does not possess . . . the psychological and political means to fight a long, drawn-out war."

Recognizing this peril, former Ambassador Lodge said not long ago that the major American adversary in Vietnam is "impatience back home." More serious at the moment, however, is the inability of South Vietnam's own leaders to pull their own forces together.

General Khanh's government, a mixture of military men and civilian politicians, has been frayed by internal feuds. Chief of State General Duong Van Minh, who never forgave Khanh for staging a *coup d'état* last January, has offered little help to the Premier. Other generals resent the fact that Khanh, their contemporary, was able to seize power.

Preoccupied with trying to hold his fragmented government together, Khanh has had no time to lead the country. As it has before, the spreading decay in the nearby countryside worries Saigon into dark talk of plots and revolts. Assorted army officers, ambitious politicians and others assert that, as one of them told me, "we can do the job better."

Another *coup d'état* could lead to the establishment of the neutralist government the Communists want. Its likelihood is difficult to gauge, but Khanh is clearly aware of the danger. He quietly shifts from one to another of his two Saigon houses, and he frequently changes cars to avoid identification.

The shakiness of his regime has led Khanh to a new pitch. In recent weeks he began to advocate a march on North Vietnam. At a Saigon rally commemorating the tenth anniversary of the Geneva accords, Khanh told a crowd of 50,000 that "the push northward [is] an appropriate means of fulfilling our national history," and he ended his speech with a shout of "Bac Tien—to the north!" A few days later his eccentric air force commander, Commodore Nguyen Cao Ky, went further. With Khanh's approval, he declared, "We must attack the north and even Communist China."

In several tense exchanges Maxwell Taylor tried to impress upon Khanh that escalating the war is not American policy at this time. Under pressure, Khanh reluctantly softened his stand. But American officials in South Vietnam are still fearful that Khanh might try to touch off a general conflict and then beg for massive American support.

Nothing has less appeal for the average Vietnamese than the idea of expanding the conflict. Weary of war, more and more of them are saying that "we don't care who wins as long as we have peace." What both sides are really fighting for is a position of strength from which to negotiate. The Communists already have a strong position so they constantly call for an international conference. More than ever the U.S. is striving to give South Vietnam the strength that would make an honorable bargain possible. The pessimists say the situation is deteriorating dismally. The optimists claim it is not degenerating as rapidly as it was six months ago.

But whichever reading makes sense, the United States can reflect on one disheartening fact: In Vietnam it has thus far failed to cope with its first major test in counterinsurgency. The whooping guerrilla-warfare fad of two or three years ago—its invocations of flinty American Indian fighters mingled with sociological theorizing—did not meet the real challenge on the ground. There will be other tests. And before the next time the United States must prepare itself and its allies more effectively to meet the ragged, fervent, defiant youth lurking in the jungle of a continent that is no longer so far away.

THE END

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Their prisoner roundup complete, Red guerrillas loot the ambushed truck of arms and matériel. In this way, they supply themselves with weapons.

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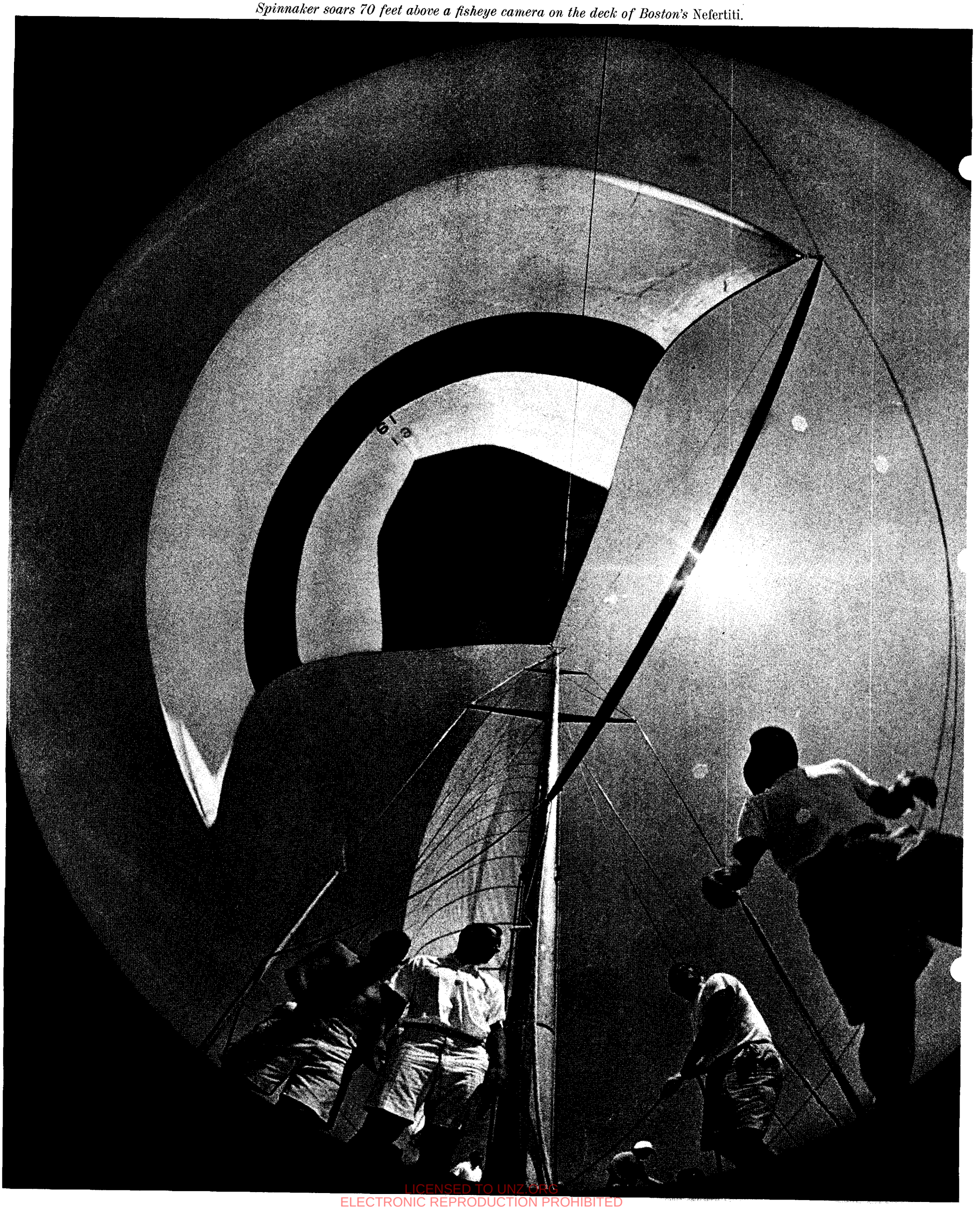
Spinnaker soars 70 feet above a fisheye camera on the deck of Boston's Nefertiti.



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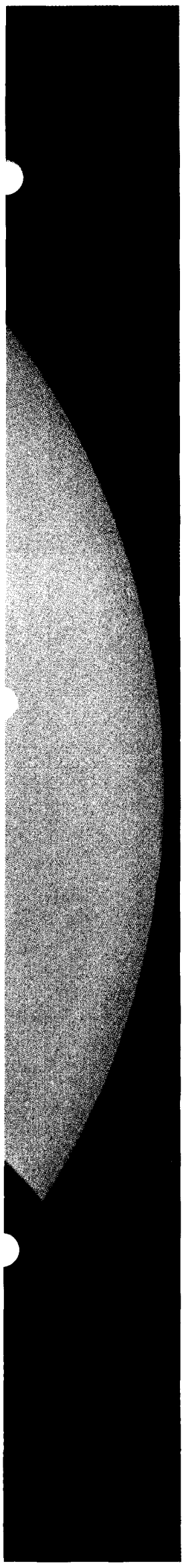

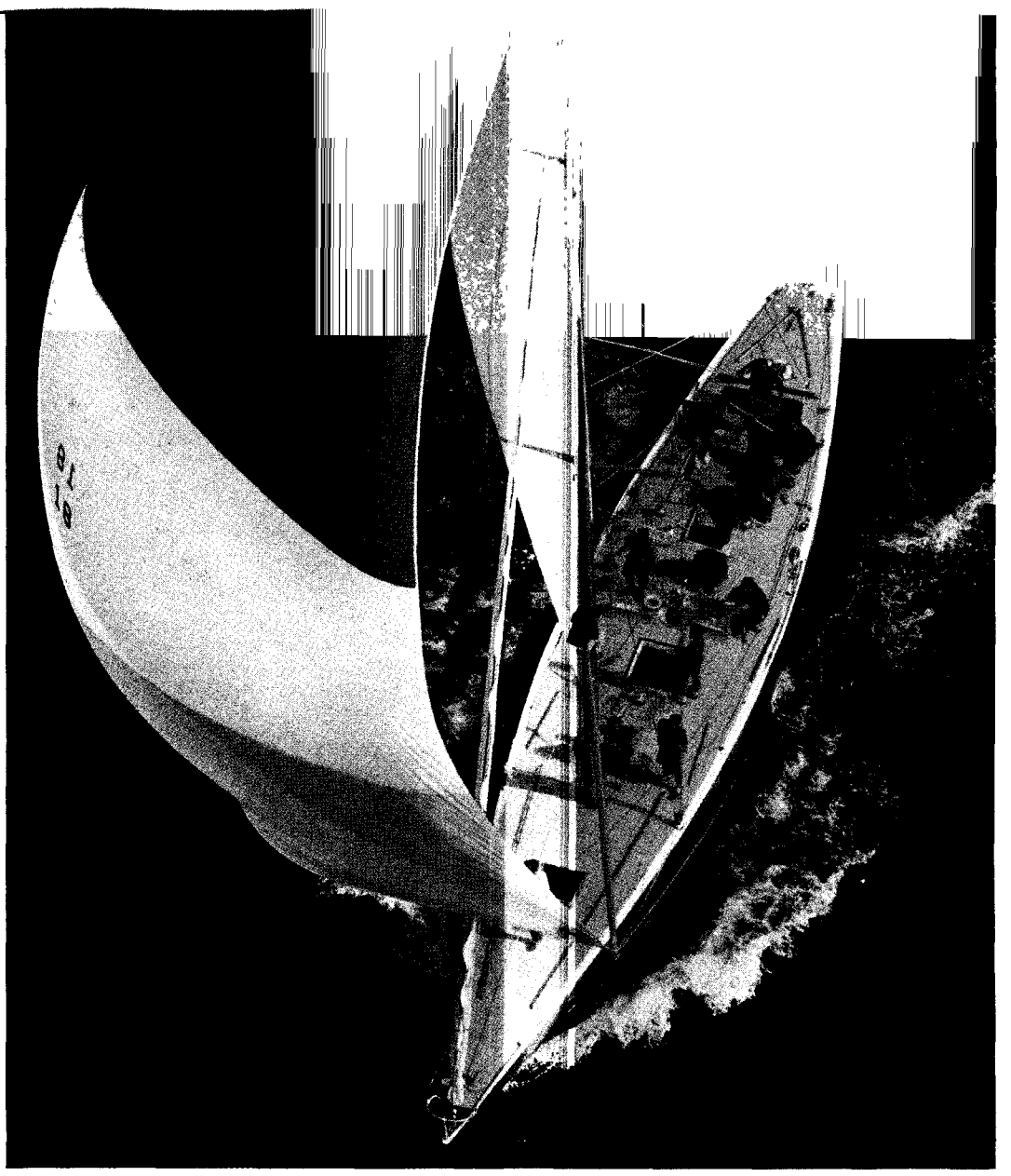

Easterner *surges downwind, her hull sliding so smoothly it leaves almost no wake.*

AMERICA'S CUP: RACING FOR GLORY

Millions of dollars and thousands of days have gone into the effort to meet another English challenge.

By Lewis H. Lapham *Photographs by John Zimmerman*

Next month off Newport, R.I., two 12-meter sloops (one British and the other American) will race for the America's Cup, the oldest and most coveted prize in international sport. The schooner America *first won it in 1851. American yachts have retained it ever since, successfully defeating 18 foreign challengers during the last 113 years.*

The boat chosen to defend the Cup must first prove itself, however, against other American boats of the same class. All summer at Newport the five candidates for the honor (American Eagle, Constellation, Nefertiti, Columbia *and* Easterner) *have raced one another in a series of trials. Similar trials have been held between the two British contenders,* Sovereign *and* Kurrewa V. *Within the next two weeks the responsible authorities on both sides will choose the boats to represent their respective countries. The sailing experts expect to see a close match.*

In the hope of discovering why generations of yachtsmen have spent millions of dollars in the quest or defense of an unlovely silver pitcher, contributing writer Lewis H. Lapham went to Newport for the preliminaries. After a week at the races he returned with the following report:

SATURDAY, 10 A.M.

I arrived, as instructed, on the morning of the big race between *Constellation* and *American Eagle*. Principal rivals for the honor of defending the Cup. Both 70-foot boats newly launched this spring; each reported to cost upwards of $750,000 (a sum that includes construction, rigging and maintenance of the crew for three months at Newport). Informed by florid and excitable yachtsmen on Thames Street that America's Cup is "the holy grail of racing." An extravagant simile, but yachtsmen appear to be extravagant people. Cost of new boats equivalent to sum raised by Godfrey of Bouillon for the conduct of the First Crusade in the 11th century. Boats cannot be sailed for pleasure. Too complicated. Kept in storage between races. Further proof of extravagance.

Great excitement on the waterfront. People talking earnestly in small groups. Odds apparently favor *American Eagle*. Her skipper, William Cox, considered a very deft man at the helm. Boat unbeaten since her first race last June on Long Island Sound.

Morale among crew of *Constellation* correspondingly low; none smile; rumored that they have lost faith in their skipper, Eric Ridder, a charming man but not so deft. Unfortunately he put up a big percentage of the money for the boat. Embarrassing situation. Crew appears on dock with slogan, BEAT THE BIRD, inscribed in indelible ink on forearms.

Invited to ride out to the races on board motor launch belonging to Hovey family from Boston, owners of *Easterner*. Also on board three young girls in love with boys in crew of *American Eagle*. Everybody knows everybody else. Girls wore pins cast in the shape of eagles and talked to stuffed panda named "Shackle." Eagle pins stuck in panda's forehead and nose. Loyal mascot.

The starting line at Brenton's Reef Light, three miles south of Newport harbor, an imaginary line between buoy and committee boat. Spectacle deceptively genteel. Gulls drift in haze. Bright sea. Flotilla of 60 yachts bobbing in moderate swells. Racing yachts towed to the start by launches, like Thoroughbred horses brought to a race in vans.

Innocently inquired if designation, 12-meter, applied to length of the boat. Regretted asking question. Received long explanation

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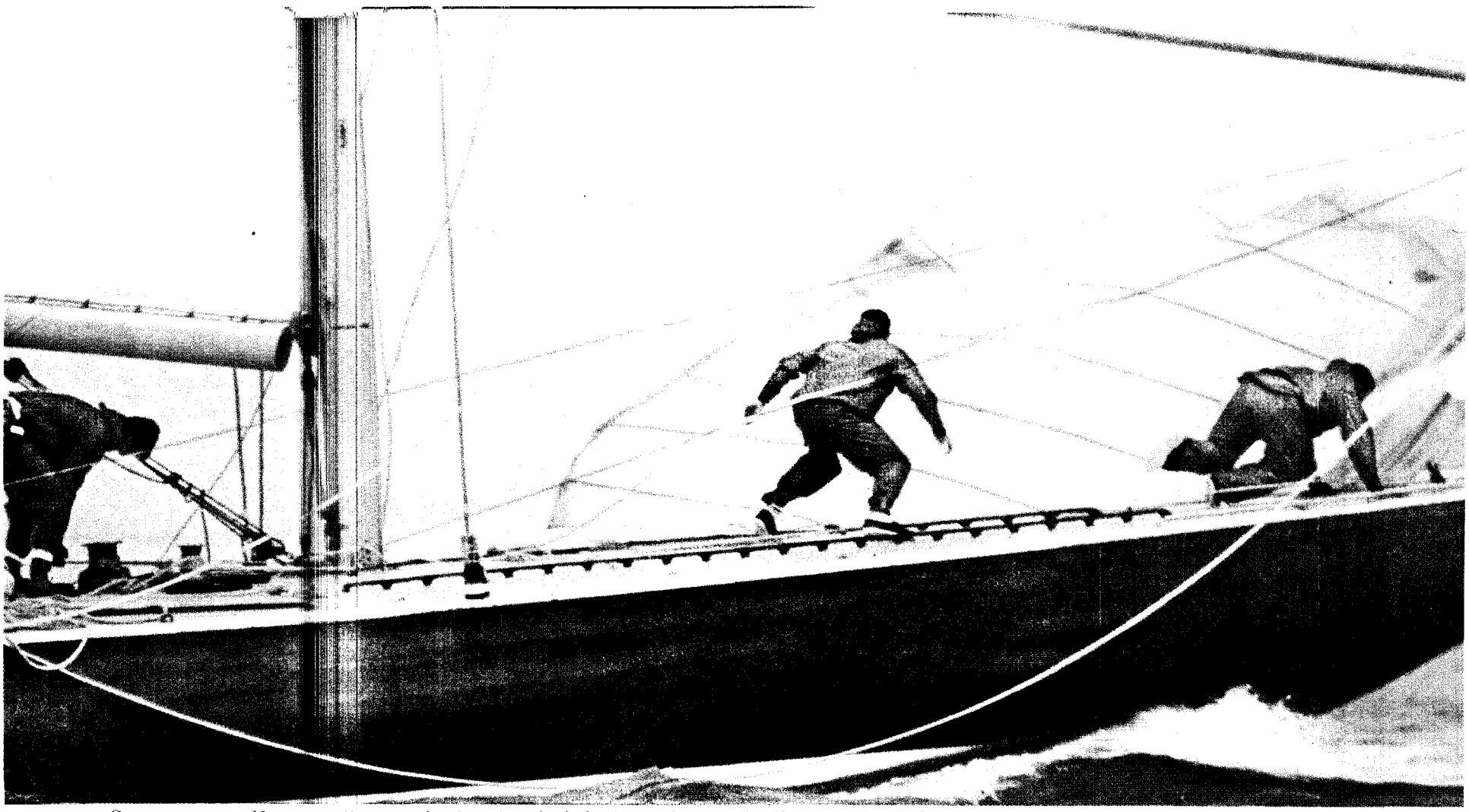
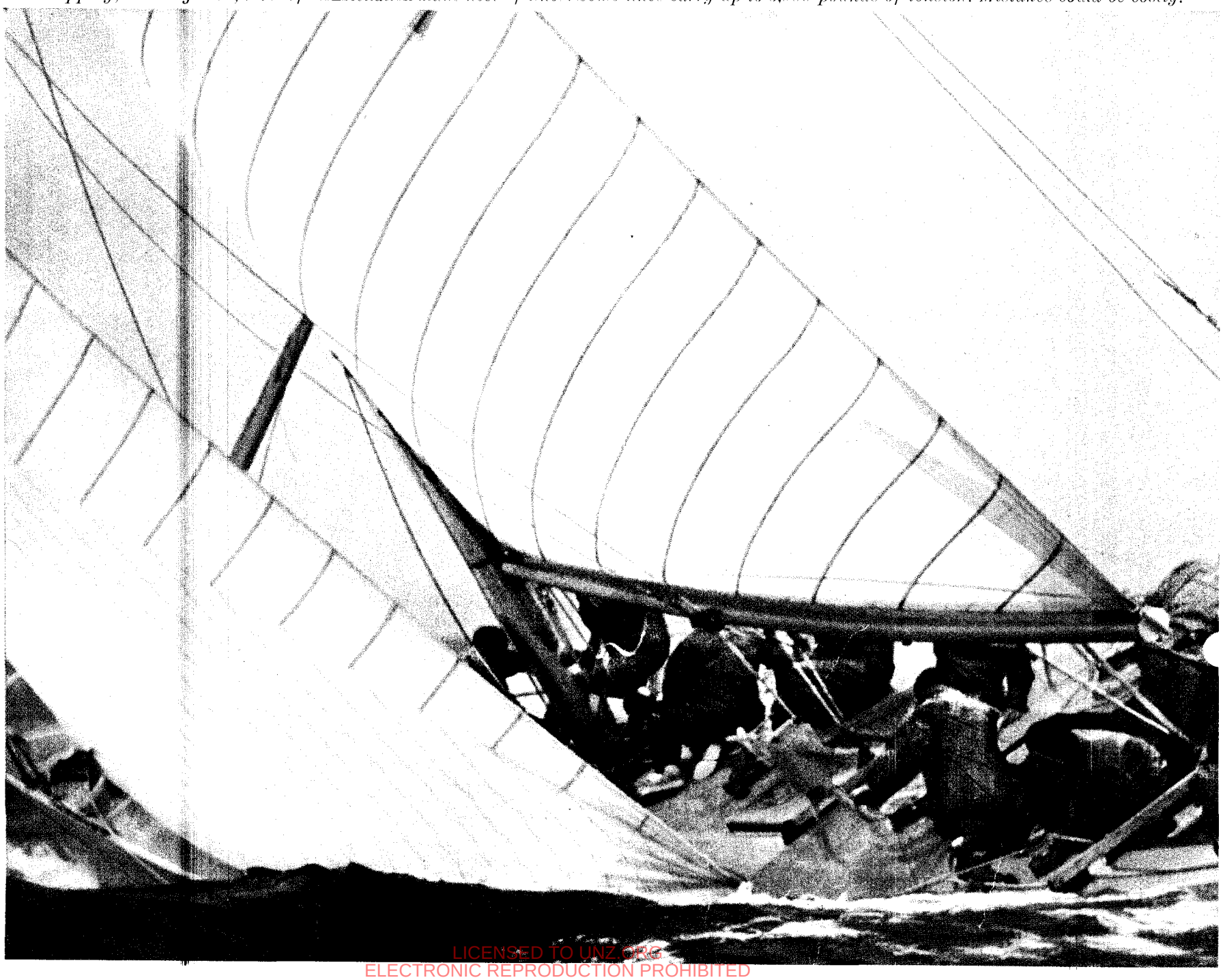


Crewmen scramble across Easterner's *plunging deck during a change of sails. A quick lift from a rising sea has brought forward man to his knees.*

On a slippery, slanting deck, crew of Constellation *mans nest of lines. Some lines carry up to 6,000 pounds of tension. Mistakes could be costly.*



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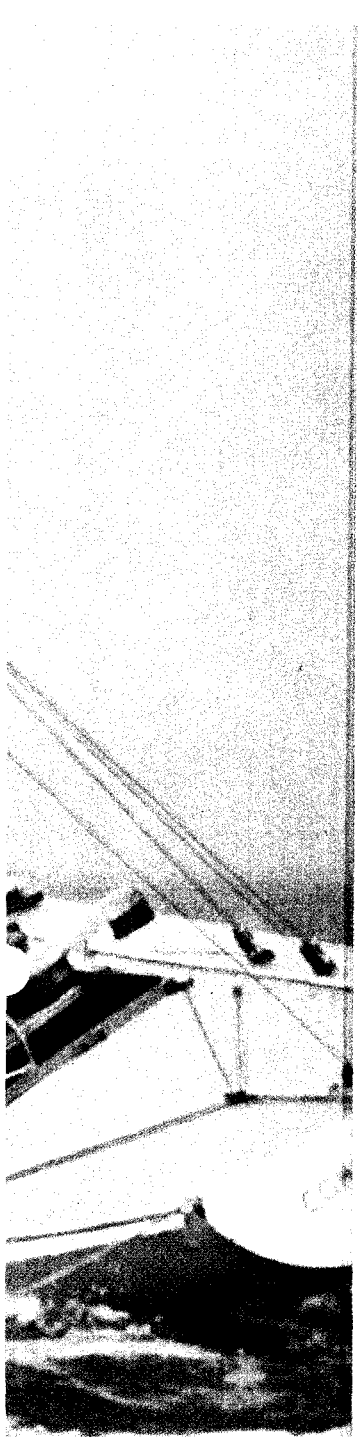


American Eagle was cheered on by three girls and a panda.

America's Cup

that classification derived from complicated equation involving sail area, freeboard and the mathematical constant of 2.37. Remarked that boats looked very beautiful against the blue sky.

Spectators' yachts milling around in chaotic circles. Told that the most august personages on the scene are the members of America's Cup Selection Committee. These gentlemen eating a late breakfast on board the larger vessels. All belong to the New York Yacht Club, custodian of the Cup. They're obliged to follow races, then choose a defender by first week of September. Meanwhile, they remain aloof, shadowy figures.

Races, however, conducted by race committee. Equally distinguished gentlemen, likewise members of New York Yacht Club and dressed in the same correct blazers and white caps, but concerned with more mundane affairs. They set the course for the day's sailing. Hoist signal flags. Fire off guns at the beginning and end of race. Supposedly drink Martinis all afternoon while waiting for return of yachts. Ghastly temptation if light wind and slow return.

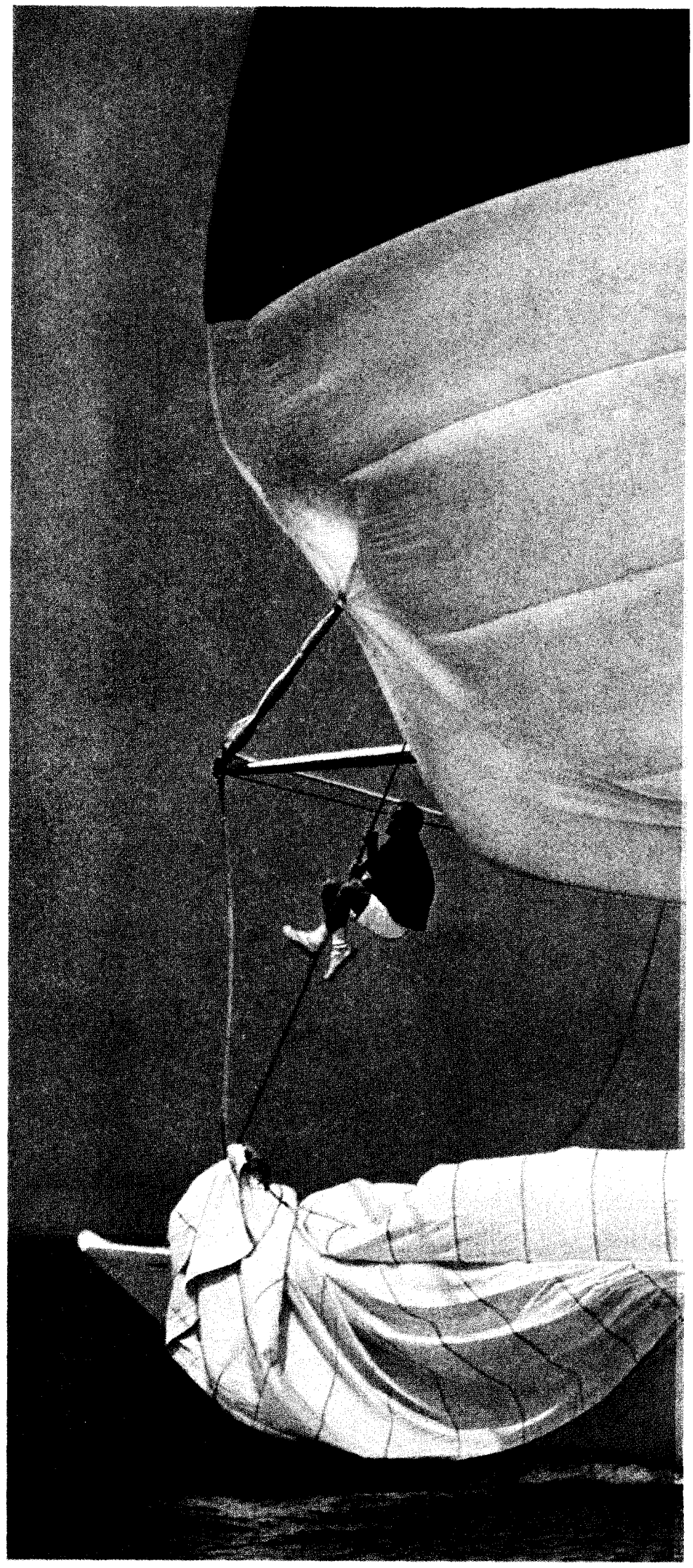
Boats always race in pairs. Observation trials, therefore, like a prolonged round-robin. That afternoon *Columbia* and *Nefertiti* matched in first race; *American Eagle* and *Constellation* in second. Spectators free to follow either race. Everybody interested in second race. Decided to follow the crowd.

Chandler Hovey Jr. explained that most races won or lost at the start. Boats so much alike in design that a loss of 50 seconds at the start usually decisive. His family entering boats in Cup races since 1930. Information presumably authoritative. Disheartening. Seemed foolish to bother going around the rest of the 24-mile course. He assured me that sometimes people make mistakes.

Match race starts are extremely complex, a devious maneuver of chasing opposing boat around in circles. Saw *American Eagle* win the start against *Constellation* but missed significance. Told it was another proof of Cox's devilish trickiness. Yachting reporters have begun to assign him epithets appropriate to Odysseus. Girls on board launch rejoiced. They sang songs and pounded on Coke bottles with spoons. Also screamed like devouring eagle, a sound rendered, loosely, "Schhmaaaaaaaaaak." Unnerving.

Race itself a dull business. Can last anywhere from three to six hours, depending on the force of the wind. Looked for significant events. Thought perhaps a boat might lose a mast or tear a sail. Saw nothing of the sort. Leisurely afternoon. Accepted peanut-butter sandwich and bottle of ginger ale. Remarked that boats looked very beautiful against the blue sky.

Four hours after the start, *American Eagle* won by a distance of 300 yards and a time of 55 seconds. Told this a crushing defeat for *Constellation*. Roughly comparable to a score of 7 to 1 in a baseball game. Gun fired off on committee boat. Puff of white smoke drifting on the wind. Following yachts blow horns and whistles; discreet show of approval. Girls, however, beside themselves with joy. More imitations of screaming eagle; more songs and pounding on Coke bottles. Shackle, the panda, forgotten in the excitement, left face down on deck.



Months of chin-ups prepare men for nimble climbs to untangle sails.

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The four top contenders. Columbia, *US 16;* Constellation, *US 20;* Nefertiti, *US 19; and* American Eagle, *leading.*

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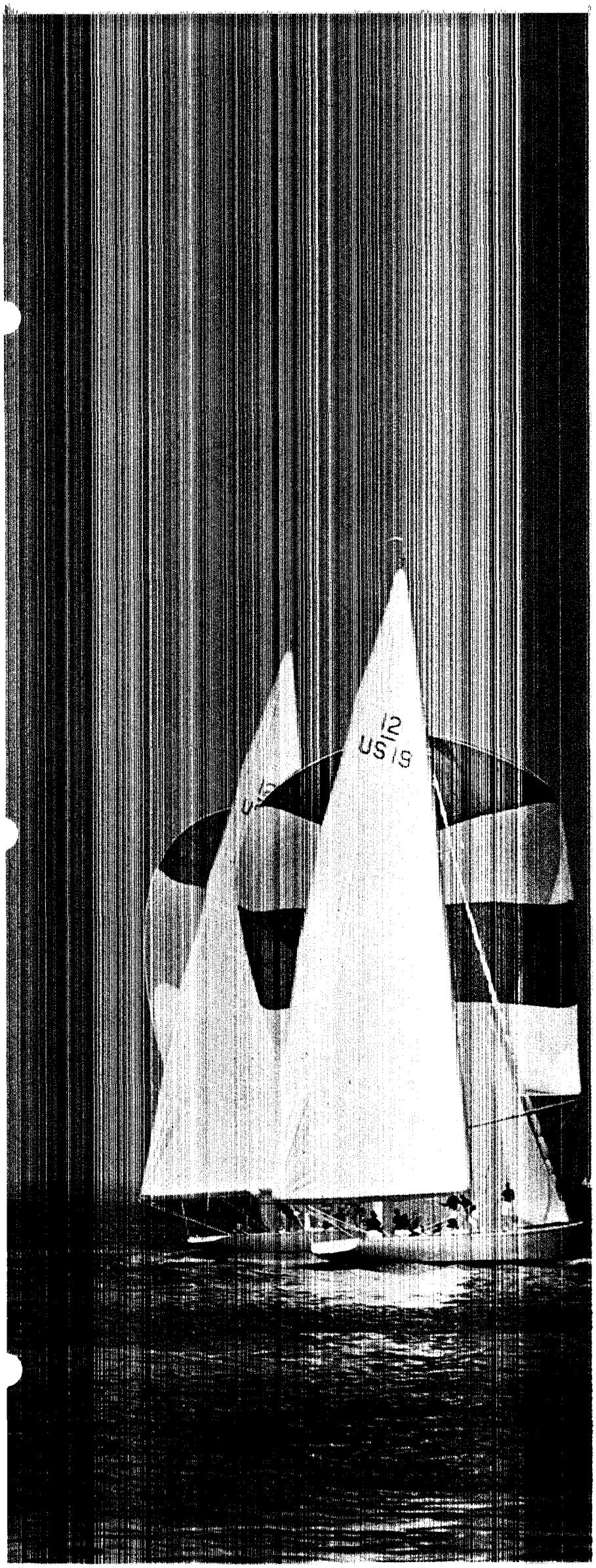

By Newport, the Californians were considered upstarts.

America's Cup

SUNDAY

Cold and miserable afternoon; threat of fog. Decided to follow races on launch that serves as tender to *Columbia.*

Columbia successfully defended America's Cup in 1958. Sold this spring to Thomas (Pat) Dougan, a plastics manufacturer from Newport Beach, Calif.

Californians looked upon as upstarts. Everybody very polite about it, but still upstarts. Skipper a friend of Dougan's named Walter Podolak. Familiar with fleet racing in Southern California, but, like the rest of *Columbia*'s crew, no experience in 12-meters. Californians also appear to be baffled by the devious intrigue of a match-race start.

Mrs. Podolak watching from the tender. She wears blue jeans, an old sweater and a yellow straw hat. Eastern women wear white pants and Pucci blouses.

Nevertheless a pleasant lady, far more gregarious than her colleagues on the other tenders. *Columbia* that afternoon matched against *Easterner.* Another boat with dubious prospects. The owner, Chandler Hovey's father, had conceded the day before that his boat "something like the New York Mets." It performed in a manner worthy of the comparison. Lost by a considerable distance.

The finish in the fog at Brenton's Reef Light coincided with the arrival of a small sloop flying the French flag. Apparently a straggler in the trans-Atlantic race for boats sailed by only one man. Bearded sailor waved feebly. Alone at sea for 40 days. Different sort of yachting.

Learned on return to harbor that *American Eagle* again victorious, this time against *Nefertiti.* Rumors that boat invincible, that Cox a genius. Decided to talk to opposition first.

Eric Ridder, skipper of *Constellation,* exuded confidence. A sandy-haired man from Long Island with a smooth, rich face. His family owners of newspapers and television stations. On the terrace of the Castle Hill Hotel, sitting in deck chairs and looking out at the fog in the channel, we avoid the subject of Saturday's loss.

"The boat steers like a toy," Ridder said. "Feathery, very light to the touch."

As to why men dream of racing for America's Cup, Ridder could offer no answer. He looked at me as if I were mad. To him utterly obvious. Worth every cent.

MONDAY, 12:30 P.M.

On board *Active,* tender to *American Eagle.* Stiff breeze from the east. Unsatisfactory race. *American Eagle* paired with *Columbia,* but, within 20 minutes of the start, the California boat withdraws and submits to towline, because Californians thought they were about to lose mast.

Took advantage of the off-afternoon to inquire about *American Eagle*'s 11-man crew, skipper and owners. Awesome results. Boat run like a machine.

Everybody committed to what they call "the effort." Very serious people who have thought of every detail. No stone unturned. Spy network of fishermen informs navigator every morning of weather conditions prevailing for 100 miles in all directions. Crew up at seven A.M. for scientific calisthenics (rope climbing for guys who must pull halyards; back exercises for those who work the heavy winches, etc.). Dimensions of sails worked out on computers at M.I.T. Crew member in rubber suit dives under boat each morning to make sure nothing amiss with keel. Another agent sleeps on board with a dehumidifier that absorbs a bucket of water every night and thus lightens the weight of the boat. Two-way radio connecting tender and yacht operates on special frequency requested six months ago from the FCC. Impressive.

Boat owned by Aurora syndicate, the principal investors being the du Pont family from Wilmington, Del. Named for the sailing vessel that brought the first du Ponts to America on New Year's Day, 1800. Designed and built by A. E. Luders Jr. of Stamford, Conn.

All personnel housed in large mansion known among themselves as "the nest." Sixteen bedrooms and nine baths. House run like a boarding school. Regulations posted on bulletin board in front hall. Everybody in bed at a reasonable hour. Uniforms (raspberry-colored pants and navy-blue polo shirts) required whenever leaving house. Appearance in public bars discouraged. No smoking on board yacht or at shipyard.

Asked set question about why men sail for America's Cup. Told by Bill Stetson, the relief helmsman, that "unless you have an avocation, why then you'd be nothing but a serf." Satisfactory answer.

Meticulous procedures reflect temperament of Bill Cox, who, in the words of his wife, "should have been an engineer." A slight, courteous man, his lean face distinguished by penetrating eyes and a firm jaw. The appearance of a schoolmaster of whom students respectful and a little frightened. He carries white cards and makes continuous notes. A winner of prizes in almost every class of sailboat.

After the race he spoke of *American Eagle* as if it were a living presence.

"Living with it is what makes the boat go," he said. "You do it for love."

TUESDAY

No races. Fog settled over Rhode Island Sound at noon. Went back to Newport. Lovely old resort. Cobblestone streets behind the waterfront. Narrow lanes and 18th-century houses. On Bellevue Avenue, overlooking the sea, the enormous summer residences of the Vanderbilts, Astors, Belmonts still maintained by the local society for the preservation of historical wonders. Everywhere talk of the races.

WEDNESDAY

Races again cancelled. More fog.

THURSDAY

Good weather. Arrived early at starting line in hired launch. Brought binoculars and sailing manuals. Followed race between *Constellation* and *Nefertiti.* Looked carefully at everything. Compared photographs in books with shape of sails on boats. Took note of various buoys. Thought it extremely fine race. *Constellation* across finish line only two seconds ahead of *Nefertiti.* Applauded.

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"The other fellow's throat, always go for the throat."

America's Cup

Instructed captain of launch to blow horn. Learned on return to Newport that I missed only significant event of the afternoon. *Constellation* unfortunately hit committee boat at start and therefore had lost race before it began. Must learn about match-race starts. Realized that I congratulated wrong crew. Told that committee allows races to continue in such circumstances so that they can continue their observations.

FRIDAY

The last race of the series, *American Eagle* against *Constellation*. Managed to ride out to the races on launch with Cornelius Shields, one of the most distinguished yachtsmen in the United States.

Columbia and *Nefertiti* started first, but only three boats followed their race. Everybody else waited for the main event. Fifteen minutes before the gun both boats began to circle warily around one another in hope of getting the better starting position.

"The other fellow's throat, dear boy," Shields said, "always go for the other fellow's throat."

Yacht racing clearly not the refined sport that I imagined. A suspicion that has been growing steadily all week.

Suddenly see that Ridder no longer at the helm; replaced by alternate helmsman, Bob Bavier. Bavier's presence betrayed by his white hat. Exclamations of surprise throughout the flotilla. Exchange of knowing looks among observers.

Change in command soon proved enlightening. Bavier won opening maneuver and placed *Constellation* in what Shields identified as favored position on starboard tack to windward. Thankful for Shields' interpretation. Otherwise would have thought *American Eagle* ahead.

Settled back for leisurely afternoon on Rhode Island Sound. No sooner remarked that boats looked very beautiful against the blue sky than a dense fog settled as abruptly as the curtain at the end of a play. Boats disappeared from sight. Visibility reduced to 50 yards.

For an hour the flotilla wallowed in the fog. The Block Island ferry, proceeding at full speed, steamed through the race course and nearly collided with the press boat. Committee reluctantly called off the race. General frustration.

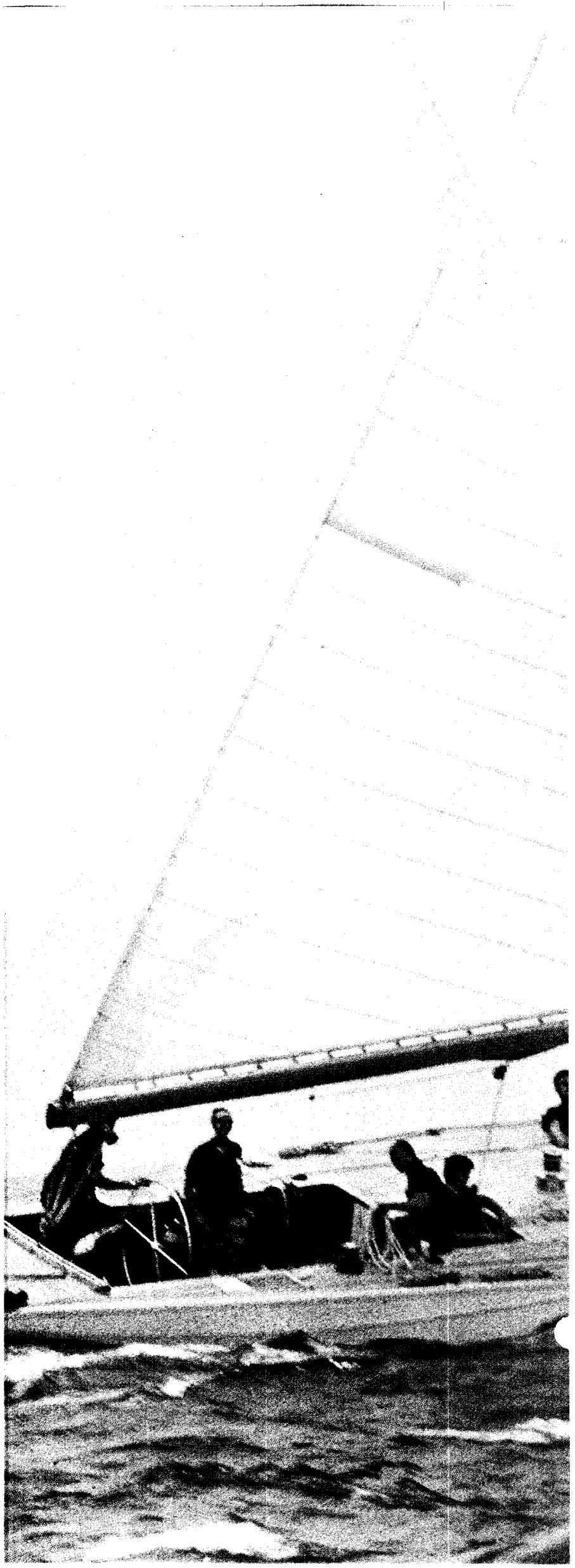
Nevertheless a moral victory for *Constellation*. Boat had been leading by four minutes when the action suspended. Jubilation on board. At the dock Bavier talked with yachting reporters, crew indulged in brave pronouncements.

At *American Eagle's* dock amazement and disquiet. Nobody talking. They put in briefly to acquire additional sails and then sailed back into fog. More practice.

Walked along Thames Street toward the ferry. Ready to leave. Entertained pleasant thoughts of buying a dinghy. Fog drifting through cobblestone streets. Noticed young man wearing blue polo shirt identifying him as member of crew on *Nefertiti*. Felt like Ancient Mariner when asked him familiar question about why men race sailboats.

"Well, you see, I'm from Marblehead," he said, "and there's the whole ocean in front of you, and you might as well do something with it." THE END

It takes stamina to crank the "coffee grinder" winches that haul in lines.



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In display of daring at close quarters, Cox steers Eagle *across onrushing* Nefertiti *with inches to spare.*

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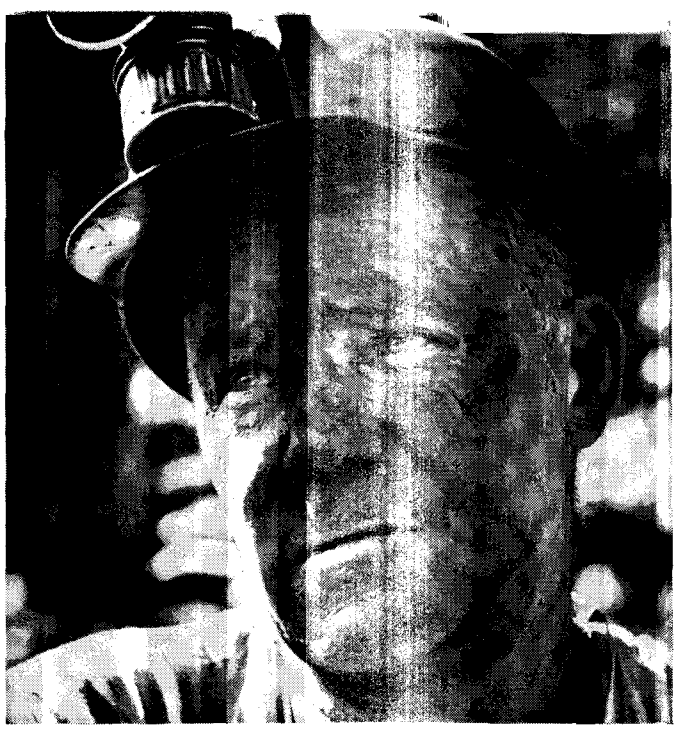
For $11 a day, Willard Hart loads 10 tons of coal in a nonunion mine.



THE TRAGEDY OF APPALACHIA

This stricken region is a major battlefield in Johnson's "War on Poverty," and its fate might foreshadow what happens elsewhere in the U.S.

BY RICHARD ARMSTRONG / PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

It is an old and difficult land, thrust up by great bucklings of the earth in Paleozoic times, worn down to tableland and then thrust up again. In Revolutionary War days Appalachia served as Washington's other army, guarding his rear as he struck toward the British and the sea. The men who settled its ridges were called the "cutting edge" of the American frontier and, in every war from the Revolution to Korea, have won a disproportionate share of the nation's highest military honors.

Where the Monongahela and the Allegheny meet to form the Ohio River, America's first great industrial complex grew. To a recent visitor of note this is now a place of battle. "I'm here to fight an enemy," Lyndon Johnson told the steelworkers at Local 1272 in Pittsburgh. "I'm here to start that fight and keep up that fight until that enemy is destroyed—and that enemy is unemployment. And his ally is poverty." In Inez, Ky., the President and Lady Bird climbed up onto the front porch of a rickety tar-paper shack and had a talk with Tom Fletcher, 38, who has eight children and earned just $400 last year. "I know something about poverty," shouted the President from the courthouse steps in Paintsville, Ky. "I've done everything from shining shoes to working on the roads for a dollar a day."

The President flew off to meet with the governors of the Appalachian states, politicked with the people until his right hand began to bleed, and after he got back to Washington sent Congress a $228 million aid program for Appalachia. "It is must legislation," he said.

Appalachia, as drawn by the political mapmakers, is an arbitrary and conglomerate piece of country. Although the mountain range itself runs all the way from Birmingham, Ala., to the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec, Washington draws its northern boundary at the top of Pennsylvania, simply because that is where the coal region and the worst unemployment end. Johnson's Appalachia still includes not only the coal towns and such old industrial bases as Pittsburgh and Charleston but the new boom areas of the Tennessee and Ohio valleys. Its eastern reach is a gorgeous vacationland, now sparsely settled. Most Appalachians are not convinced that the region even exists in other than geologic terms. They do not think of themselves as Appalachians. "Appalachia," says Associate Editor C. W. Dressler of the Johnstown, Pa., *Tribune-Democrat*, "is a figment of the bureaucratic imagination, designed to justify a vast new spending program of the Federal Government, and the employment of a host of new federal employees to invade this area and bring its people into the utopia of the New Frontier."

But the Washington bureaucrats have some powerful counterarguments. In the first place, they did not dream up Appalachia as an economic region—the governors of the 10 Appalachian states did so in 1959 when they formed a conference to deal with common problems. The recommendations of these 10 states—Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama—form the basis of the Johnson program. "The varied subregions of Appalachia," said the recent report of Johnson's commission on the stricken area, "share an unhappy distinction: Rural Appalachia lags behind rural America; urban Appalachia lags behind urban America; and metropolitan Appalachia lags behind metropolitan America." About a third of the families in Appalachia live on less than $3,000 a year, only a third of the adults have finished high school, real unemployment runs at least twice the national average, and Appalachians are fleeing their homeland at the rate of 200,000 a year.

The region is important both for its poverty and its wealth. Under its crumpled spine lie most of America's 160 billion tons of usable coal reserves, a 1,600-year supply at current consumption rates, compared to only a 12-year national petroleum reserve. As America's oldest industrial base, however, Appalachia was the first to be hit by obsolescence and automation. "Appalachia matters not because it has mountains and hollows and some one-room schools," says Richard Slavin, a professor of economics at the University of West Virginia, "but because it could be a preview of the entire American economy after another ten or twenty years of automation." Down Appalachia's coal-mining and steel-making core, from Scranton to Birmingham, certain shared problems assail the eye with dramatic force.

Appalachia is the land of gob—or culm, as it is called in northern Pennsylvania. Gob is the refuse of rock and shale left over when coal is processed for shipment, and great mountains of the stuff line the back roads of Appalachia. Since the gob piles also contain a residue of coal, they are apt to catch fire and burn for years, leaving in the end a mound of clinkers called red dog, which can at least be used for building roadbeds. The city of Wilkes-Barre has spent $200,000 trying to put out a great gob pile burning south of town. It is still burning and, when the wind is right, it casts a sulfurous pall of smoke over Wilkes-Barre's vigorous efforts at urban renewal. In Clinchco, Va., two teen-age boys wandered onto a smoking gob pile one night last spring and were found dead from asphyxiation the next morning. Sometimes abandoned mines catch fire as well, as in Carbondale, Pa., where a fire has been raging under the city for 18 years.

Appalachia is a grimy land of blackish hue, where coal dust has been drifting down for decades on trees, hillsides and houses. "The homeowners in a new development here thought they had good black loam for their lawns—until they had it tested," said an official in Williamson, W. Va. "It was pure soot."

Many of the mountain brooks of Appalachia run red with "mine water," a weak sulfuric acid formed by water leaching through the sulfur-bearing rock in worked-out mines. Even more streams run black from the refuse dumped in at coal-preparation plants—a practice still widespread though everywhere illegal. At least 4,000 miles of Appalachian streams are polluted, and only the coarsest fish—carp, suckers and hornyheads—manage to survive.

Pollution affects Appalachia's human inhabitants also. In the pretty little town of Chattaroy, W. Va., the water-treatment plant is an old railroad car filled with sand (a new plant will be built soon). As the water table falls in summer, the sulfuric-acid content rises, and the tap water reeks of rotten eggs. In McDowell County, W. Va., the Tug Fork River serves as an open sewer for the county seat of Welch and most of the other towns.

Old automobiles by the tens of thousands give their last gasp in Appalachia. As a low-income area it is a natural market for the "junker," the used car selling for $100 or so and on the verge of breakdown. Scrapped cars cover great swaths of the once lovely Monongahela Valley and line almost every highway in Appalachia. The derelicts clog Pittsburgh's Lower Hill slum, their smashed windows gazing down on lovely Point Park, where the Ohio begins, and on the shiny riverfront skyscrapers of Pittsburgh's much-heralded "renaissance." They look down on Charleston, W. Va., from Coaltown Heights and lie upside down in Yocum Creek on Route 38 outside Harlan, Ky.

The roads are lined, too, with billboards advertising chewing tobacco. Since smoking in the mines is prohibited because of the danger of explosion and fire, the miners outnumber baseball players as America's last great breed of chewers. And alongside the advertise-

◀ *Smoke against green hills in Norton, Va., typifies Appalachia's warring contrasts.*

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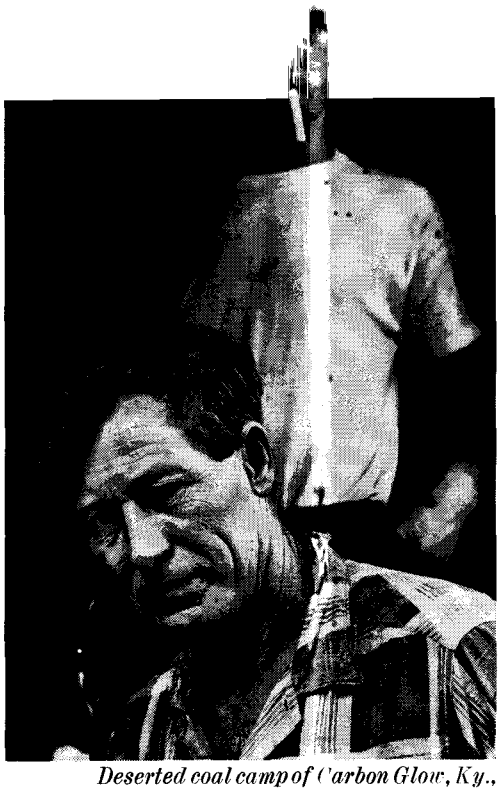
Appalachia is a land of mutilated men . . . where courage is taken for granted.



Deserted coal camp of Carbon Glow, Ky., is still home to Mason Oliver and son.

Tragedy of Appalachia

ments for Mail Pouch and Brown's Mule tobacco run the ominous warnings from the religious sects: PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD. JUDGMENT DAY IS COMING. EVERY MAN MUST DIE.

Appalachia is a land of mutilated men. Miner Kelly Miller of Hazard, Ky., explains why he walks with a stoop: "I was working on my knees in a low seam. I had undercut the coal using an automatic cutter. I felt the coal to see if hit was a good piece, and hit felt good and firm. But when I turned around like this to lay my rail, hit come down on me. Hit broke my back and cut it open too. When they dug me out, I kept my hand on my back. They tole me I would pizen the blood, keeping my hand on it, but I've seed fellows bleed to death in the mines before they could get 'em out, and so I kept my hand on it."

"You see that row of houses up there?" asked Norman Slone of Rhodell, W. Va., waving a hand that was missing two fingers from an accident in the mines. "Well, after one slate fall at Eastgulf, on September 26, 1945, there was a man dead from every house. They had to scoop them up with shovels. I remember the date very well, because one of them was my brother."

Last year another 284 men died in the nation's coal mines, 22 of them in one mine explosion at Clarksburg, W. Va. "You are dealing with rocks and human beings," says a mine superintendent, "and neither is completely predictable." The coal miner knows the danger and talks about his job as if it were a fascinating vice. Almost none of them would let their sons go into the mines. "I'd go in and drag him out by the seat of the pants," says Slone, "and I'd break the neck of the man that gave him the job."

Appalachia is a land where courage is taken for granted, underground and above. In the Korean War, West Virginia ranked first in the nation, on a per capita basis, both in number of men in combat and casualties sustained. The family is "father-oriented," say the sociologists, and the juvenile-delinquency rate is only a quarter of the national average.

Appalachians are a tolerant people, who come from a generous mixture of racial strains, descendants of the immigrants who were brought in to mine the coal and make the steel. In Wilkes-Barre today the five county judges include one man of Polish ancestry, one Slavic, one Italian, one Welsh and one English. Farther to the south the dominant races are the original Anglo-Saxon mountain men and the Negro.

"I can't take credit for integrating this field," said a coal operator in West Virginia. "It was done long before my time by an old colonel from North Carolina. Back in the days of hand-loading in the mines, you had a left- and a right-hand loader, one for each side of the car. Well, he brought in a bunch of hillbillies from North Carolina and a bunch of Negroes from Alabama, and he paired them off. The hillbilly was bedamned if that nigger was gonna outload him and vice versa. Well, they broke every record in the book for loading coal. But they really got along together pretty well after a while, and they still do."

The result today is that in the most ramshackle of the old company coal towns, the squalor and poverty are shared by Negro and white alike. Coaltown Heights, for example, a shantytown looking down on neat, prosperous Charleston, is thoroughly integrated. Enrollment at the dilapidated Airport Elementary School there is about half Negro and half white. Mrs. Antoinette Elswick, who is white, has a crippled son in the second grade, and his two best friends are Negroes. "They are older than he is, and they keep the big boys from picking on him," she says. "If it wasn't for those two boys, I don't know what I'd do."

Appalachia is a land of cinder-block churches and brimstone preaching, of ritual snake-handling and babbling in unknown tongues. At the Scrabble Creek Church of All Nations north of Charleston, the Reverend Elzie Preast—who gives most of the profits of his trucking firm to the church, and who has been bitten six times by rattlesnakes and copperheads in proving his faith—recalls this crisis of his ministry:

"Brother Collett, he had filled up this big A&P shopping bag right to the brim with one-dollar bills to go and start up a mission in Brazil. But he didn't get no further than New Orleans, and then he come back here and started preaching again and filling up that same A&P bag again. I told him 'Brother Collett, why don't you stop lying to the people?' and that night, after service, when I come out of the toilet, he was laying for me. He grabbed me by the neck and pushed my head back screaming, 'Release the Devil! Release the Devil!' I grabbed aholt of his arms and I yelled, 'Manifest him, Lord, manifest him, Lord!' When they finally pulled him off me, my head was so sore that the next morning I couldn't even lift it off the pillow.

"Well, he filled up that shopping bag again—that was one thing about Brother Collett, he could really move the people. He finally wrote us a letter from Brazil, and he sent us a picture of the natives, but they was all Negroes. They don't have no Negro tribes on the Amazon, do they? Another thing, he said they had been shooting arrows at him, and they all had a hammer and sickle on them and was stamped MADE IN RUSSIA. Isn't that the silliest story you ever heard?"

There is some doubt about how deep religion runs. Church attendance is actually 30 percent below the national average. "So sure, 99.44 percent believe in God," says a Presbyterian minister in east Kentucky. "According to one survey 70 percent believe that every word of the Bible—King James version—is literally true. This is not religion but superstition, foreign to the mainstream of Catholic and Protestant thinking. It is a folk religion. It is not a standard they live by. And it is apt to shatter completely when they move out of the hollow and into contact with the modern world."

Appalachian politics is still dominated by the old-style county-courthouse machine. During Kennedy's famous primary fight in West Virginia, the Christie machine delivered McDowell County, which is depressed and 90 percent Protestant, to the Kennedy cause by the astonishing margin of 6-to-1.

Sidney Christie, a courtly Southern gentleman who was circuit judge until appointed to the federal bench last spring, recalls those exciting days quite well. He keeps a stack of autographed color pictures of Kennedy in a closet of his rambling old white frame house in his hometown of Keystone. "All of the bigtime reporters were here," says the judge, "and I called in one of them who was raised right around here, and I told him what was going to happen. I guess his paper didn't believe him. Nobody delivered the vote in McDowell," says the judge with an air of quiet contentment, his hands clasped across his vest. "Kennedy was the choice of the people."

"How do you vote these people on the machines?" says a deputy sheriff in Kentucky. "Well, I will tell you my friend that it is a whole lot easier than with the old paper ballot. All you do is go behind the curtain with them to explain how to work the machine, and you vote them while you're in there."

Crisis of democracy

But the deputy overstepped at the last election. "This nice-looking lady came in, and she wouldn't let me go behind the curtain. Well, I had been voting them so hard that day I couldn't stand it, and I slipped my hand in to push just one button. I think she must of thought I was trying to goose her, because she let out this blood-curdling yell." The deputy stared with hurt eyes at his bourbon. "It turns out she was a gol-durned schoolteacher, and she went straight to the sheriff's office and swore out a warrant on me. I'm still trying to get it quashed."

In terms of party the machines more or less cancel each other out, and Appalachia is a swing area, slightly Democratic on balance. Promising young Congressmen are constantly getting bumped out of office after a term or two. Short on seniority, the Congressmen carry little punch, chair no key committees, and therefore bring home less than their share of the federal treasury. While Appalachia holds 8.5 percent of the U.S. population, it got only 4.9 percent of federal expenditures in 1963.

The state machinery of government is antiquated. Of the 10 states officially included in Appalachia, only in Maryland and Ohio can the governor succeed himself. "This means," says a newspaper editor in West Virginia, "that a governor spends his first year presenting a program and his last year in a constant squabble with the statehouse crowd about the nomination of his successor." The civil service has taken only shallow roots. In Pennsylvania, the most advanced of the Appalachian states, 50,000 state jobs change hands at each election.

Vast stretches of Appalachia are owned by absentee landlords, great companies with headquarters in Norfolk, or New York, or Boston. If there is one issue that comes close to uniting Appalachians, this is it. Governors complain of it, as do unemployed miners and retail merchants. In Wilkes-Barre it is a touching point of local pride that outsiders can no longer tunnel under the main street and collapse urban-renewal projects to get out a few tons of coal. "We own enough of downtown to block them out," explains banker Thomas Kiley. In Perry County, Ky., two companies own well over half of the mineral rights. According to their contracts—upheld time and again in the Kentucky courts—they may bulldoze a road through the middle of a field, rip down a mountainside, crush the home of the landowner below, fill his stream with debris, cut every foot of timber on the place for use as mine props—and unless the owner of the surface rights can prove the land company did so "maliciously," he has no recourse under Kentucky law.

Surprisingly few residents of Appalachia embrace diabolic theories of how the region got that way—the cry that we were robbed by Wall Street is rarely heard. They are simply puzzled at being bold frontiersmen who do not own the ridges on which they stride. Yet this pattern of absentee ownership traces back to a couple of obvious factors. One is that the settlers of this region were rather careless stewards of their land. The other is that while the ridges themselves were almost worthless, the coal underneath was worth incalculable millions.

The mountain men, ancestors of today's unemployed miners, led the westward movement through the Cumberland Gap before the Revolution, equaling the Indian in his own crafts, and excelling him in casual brutality. When the westward movement broke out beyond the mountains into the Ohio Valley, the solid citizen in search of land moved with it. The mountain men stayed back in their wild hollows, mostly illiterate, fonder of hunting and clan warfare than of farming. When the agents from the coal companies, gentlemen equipped with dapper vests and flattering tongues, ventured into the mountain hollows, they found an easy mark.

Only a quarter of the mountaineers who signed away their mineral rights could even read and write—the rest of them just made a properly witnessed X. The going price was 50 cents an acre, while the coal underneath was worth $25,000 an acre, or more. But the coal was worthless without a railroad to get it to market, and since only the railroads knew in advance where they planned to lay a line, they wound up with the best of the coal lands. The descendants of the men who made the X's wound up in the mines. They lived in company houses, got paid in company scrip that could be spent only at the company store. When salesmen for the Joy Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburgh first began peddling modern

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
July 2, 1921
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP
"3-minute" men
About three minutes' preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.
Campbell's Tomato Soup
A puree of luscious red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.
12 cents a can
Campbell's
This ad appeared 43 years ago...
Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

Have you checked the price of Campbell's Tomato Soup lately?

Anyone that goes to the store or pays the bills knows what's happened to prices over the years. That's why we thought you might be interested in this advertisement that ran for Campbell's Tomato Soup on July 2, 1921.

It shows that the price was 12¢ a can. If you have a grocery store advertisement handy —or if your memory is really good, we think you'll be mildly amazed to find that this is just about the same price you pay today . . . same size can, of course.

The same kind of price story—though in varying degree—can be told about the other Campbell's Soups.

Of course, we can't take all the credit. The happy reason that Campbell's has been able to buck the tide of rising prices is partly you, partly the grocer and farmer, and partly us. You, because there are so many more of you these days, and because you seem to like our soups more and more as time goes on. And it's the grocer and farmer, of course, because each has become increasingly efficient . . . the farmer in producing, and the grocer in serving you.

As for us, we just naturally like to make soup. We like to make it as good as we can and bring it to you for as little as we can. And we find ways to do this better as we go along.

This seems like a good time to tell you that we find this a very pleasant relationship, indeed—and we thank you.

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE
BOUNTY

. . . all made by Campbell

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation"

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Snake-handling ritual in Jolo, W. Va., nourishes the faith of Lucille Chafin.

One-industry towns have become "ghost towns where the ghosts still walk the streets."

Tragedy of Appalachia

mining machinery in the coalfields, they ran into some stubborn sales resistance. "It works OK," said a shrewd old operator in West Virginia who made more profits from his company store than from the output of his mine, "but a machine don't eat no groceries."

The mine workers fought the union wars of the 1920's and 30's, when the Springfield rifle and surplus World War I machine gun were employed with deadly effect. World War II brought relative peace to the mines. "They ran the flag up the pole," recalls miner Norman Slone, "and we evermore loaded coal." Once the war was over, however, John L. Lewis, the fierce-browed leader of the United Mine Workers, led a series of crippling strikes and in 1947 won an important principle: Company payments into the U.M.W. pension-and-welfare fund were to be based on the tonnage of coal produced instead of on salaries or man-hours worked. He was ready for automation.

It came with ruthless speed after 1949, when coal prices leveled off, though each new union contract pushed wages ever higher—from $15 a day in 1948 to $28 today. Only the efficient mine could survive the change.

Seen in retrospect, the revolution in coal mining seems logical enough, and even inevitable. It came from separate innovations that all of a sudden started to fit together. The smallest, but perhaps most important of the changes was the roof bolt. It is a yard or more long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It is thrust up through a drilled hole in the roof of the mine and then secured by screwing the threaded end of the bolt through an expanding head. It anchors overhead into a solid piece of rock, and it also creates a "beam" effect, binding the strata of rock and shale through which it passes in somewhat the same way that a piece of plywood is made. By eliminating the cumbersome timbering needed in the past to support the roof of the mine, the roof bolt cleared the way for the rubber-tired mine car, the mechanical loader and the continuous-mining machine, which can gnaw away at a coal face at the steady rate of three tons a minute.

The coal industry nowadays is frequently described as "depressed," and this is a term that makes both union and management feel misunderstood. It is in fact beautifully efficient, operating without subsidy of any kind and still able to lay down its product competitively in any foreign port. Even Newcastle must levy a prohibitive tariff on American coal to keep it out of Britain and to keep English miners in business.

"From the stuff that has been written," says Harold Sutten, president of the Consolidation Coal Company's subsidiary in Morgantown, W. Va., "you certainly do not get the picture of a coal miner in any shape or form. You get the picture of somebody pretty stupid, living in a shanty. Well, we pay up to $200,000 for a piece of equipment, and I can assure you that we do not put a moron in charge of it. In 1963, excluding all supervisory or management personnel, the miners working here averaged $8,721.06 apiece. They do not go home from work crummy and dirty. They change their clothes at the mine, and they drive home in a 1964 automobile. Nowadays, they live next door to the college professor and the businessman."

But employment in coal has plummeted, from 450,000 in 1947 to 150,000 today, while production per man-hour has more than doubled.

The technological marvels of the coal industry alone were enough to stagger Appalachia. They were matched by the advances made in the three industries with which coal is intimately allied—railroads, steel and electric power.

Railroading depends upon coal, which is its biggest customer, accounting for an annual one billion dollars in freight revenues. In Appalachia, though good highways are pitifully scarce, the rail lines run up every hollow. In the switch to diesel engines and the consolidation of repair and marshaling yards after World War II, rail efficiency soared while railroad employment declined by a third in Appalachia, costing 50,000 jobs in Pennsylvania alone and another 10,000 in West Virginia. The railroads have just begun eliminating unneeded firemen on diesel locomotives, adding more numbers to the jobless.

Both the coal industry and the railroads depend in turn on the giant electric power plants, which consumed about half the soft coal produced in America last year. Along the megalopolis of the U.S. East Coast, the new steam turbine plants where the coal is consumed and power produced are so efficient that, as the saying goes in the coal industry, "they burn anything that's black." The furnaces in these plants are not so much furnaces as enormous combustion chambers, several stories high. Low-grade coal, ground to the fineness of face powder, is pumped in at the top and explodes into flame. Only a fine ash eventually reaches the bottom of the chamber.

High-voltage transmission lines have grown vastly more efficient, leading to the technique called "coal by wire." This means that now it is often cheaper to build the power plant at the mouth of the coal mine in Appalachia and ship the power itself, rather than shipping the coal. One huge mine-mouth plant is going up at Mt. Storm, W. Va., to supply the Washington area. It will consume three million tons of coal a year. Another, outside Johnstown, Pa., will burn 700 tons an hour, and ship power all the way to Philadelphia and New Jersey.

In steel such spectacular breakthroughs as the basic oxygen furnace and automated rolling mills have revolutionized the industry [*The Post*, June 27, 1964]. But each new marvel in steel has cost jobs—a total of 40,000 of them in the mills of the Pittsburgh area alone.

Big cities like Pittsburgh, deeply shaken by automation, nonetheless have great resources of talent and capital to bring to bear on their problems. Hardest hit of all are the smaller one-industry towns, almost totally dependent on a railroad yard, a steel mill or a mine. Some of them have become what Reporter Willard Yarbrough of the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* calls "ghost towns where the ghosts are still walking the streets." Others hold on and refuse to die.

Renovo, Pa., is a railroad town. But employment in the Pennsylvania Railroad yards has already plummeted from 1,500 during World War II to 250 last year, and new layoffs are in sight. Along the streets stand vacant stores with broken windows. "Pop Pennsy built this town," say local residents, "and he ought to take better care of it." Since "Pop Pennsy" has not, town leaders are scrambling for some new source of jobs. In Clearfield, Pa., a lawyer explains: "The New York Central was the biggest payroll that ever hit this place. We were a big terminal, with a roundhouse, and we had two dozen trains a day. Now the only people making any money here are the strip miners—they all drive Cadillacs, and two or three of them."

Donora tightens its belt

No town in America was hit so suddenly and brutally by the layoffs in steel as Donora, Pa., 19 miles south of Pittsburgh. Donora had always depended totally on the American Steel & Wire Division of U.S. Steel, which operated the big mill where Stan Musial's father once worked. The plant's open hearths were obsolete, and U.S. Steel decided to shut them down.

"It was a very tough situation, sir, I can tell you," says Mayor Albert Delsandro. "As each month passed we began to see the handwriting on the wall. Naturally the blow staggered us economically. We haven't gotten over it yet. It had a devastating effect not only on this community but on the Monongahela Valley. The shutdown affected 1,800 men, most of them at an age where their kids were still in school and they had a mortgage on their homes. Now what I want you to tell the people of America is that our town took it magnificently. They acted like proud Americans should act. If the rest of America could see the sacrifices the mothers are making to send their children through college, they would be proud. We are beer drinkers here, and whisky drinkers on Saturday night. The men gave up drinking, gave up smoking, even their cars, to make ends meet for their children."

A formidable group called "The Women of Donora" has definitely disabused the business and government community of any idea that they can simply forget about Donora. Wearing big green disks bearing the slogan, OPEN THE DONORA MILLS!, they captured then Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg for an audience in the lobby of the Pittsburgh Hilton, visited Gov. William Scranton half a dozen times, attended the last two stockholders' meetings of U.S. Steel to raise questions from the floor. U.S. Steel has offered 18 acres for an industrial park, and Scranton has promised to build Donora a new bridge across the Monongahela "in jig time" if the town succeeds in landing a new industry.

South down the Monongahela the soft-coal towns begin, stretching all the way into Alabama. Here the job prospects are more dismal, the flesh more battered, and the spirit less willing. Any coal town is a tricky place to judge. Sprinkled at random among the unemployed are miners who are working union scale at $8,000 a year, but who have just never bothered to move. They spend their money instead on a $3,000 car each year. Near Hemphill, W. Va., the pretty daughter of a working miner leans out the window of a 1964 Impala, talking to a boyfriend whose family home is a tar-paper shack tilting at a dizzy angle down the mountainside.

But in general the farther south the coal town, the higher the unemployment rate, the more meager the welfare benefits, the worse the schools and the tougher the struggle for mere survival.

"I'll be frank with you, mister, I'm on public assistance," says ex-miner Norman Murray, 44, who lives a reasonably decent life in the coal town of Brier Hill outside Uniontown, Pa. "It's just like what they preach on the television—they want young men with a high-school education. As near as I can figure it, my only mistake was being born at exactly the wrong time. When I was growing up, there wasn't no school bus to pick you up, and all I finished was the eighth grade. I got my first job on the WPA, and then I went into the mines in August of 1940 and worked straight through until the layoffs hit. I was working at Vesta No. 5 of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., and they laid off 500 of us in one whack in October, 1960. You try going into a factory and telling them you're a coal miner."

Although nearly everybody in Brier Hill is on public assistance, the school children who tumble out of the bus on the highway are fat, cheerful and well-dressed. Norman Murray draws $54 a week to support his wife and four children. He owns a television set and drives a 1956 Ford station wagon. "Sure, maybe I could get a job that paid a dollar an hour, but I can just make ends meet now," he says. "Would you go to work in my position?" He is a cheerful man and views the problem in national rather than personal terms. "If I was makin $25 a day like I used to, I'd have me a nice car, a nice home, a nice everything. The country would be better off. A man that's settin' on his rump don't have no money to spend."

The narrow road to Rhodell, W. Va., winds past great mounds of gob and red dog, humped up one after the other, sending up their fumes. There are signs of vanished prosperity—the collapsing stadium where the Amigo Redbirds once whipped every semiprofessional baseball

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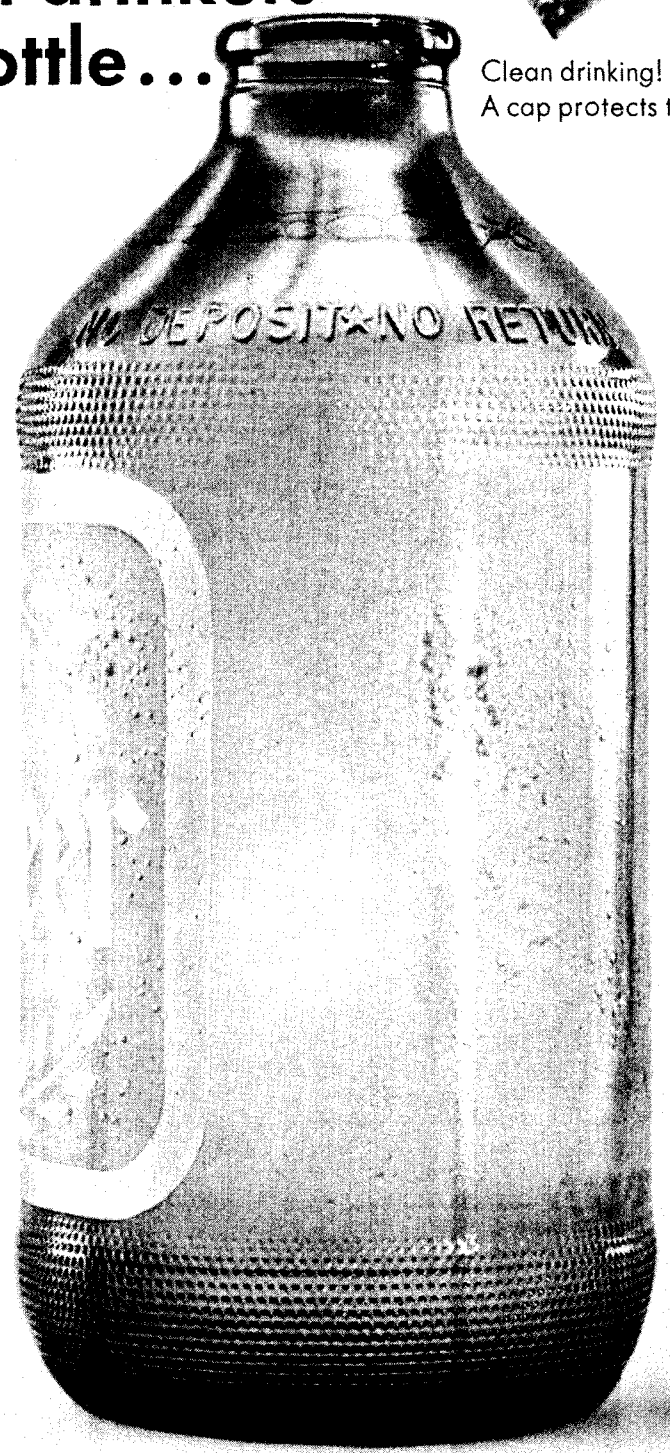
Why enlightened beer drinkers favor this bottle...



Clean drinking!
A cap protects the pouring lip.

Convenient!
No deposit, no return.

True flavor!
The best
flavor protection
a fine brew
can have.

Handy!
Compact shape
makes them
easy to store.

Thrifty!
Compare
prices
and see.

Get it in GLASS

Add it all up—you just can't beat these handy bottles for beer. If you're in favor of flavor and no returns, next time you buy beer, get more for your money—get beer in handy no-return bottles!

Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, NewYork16

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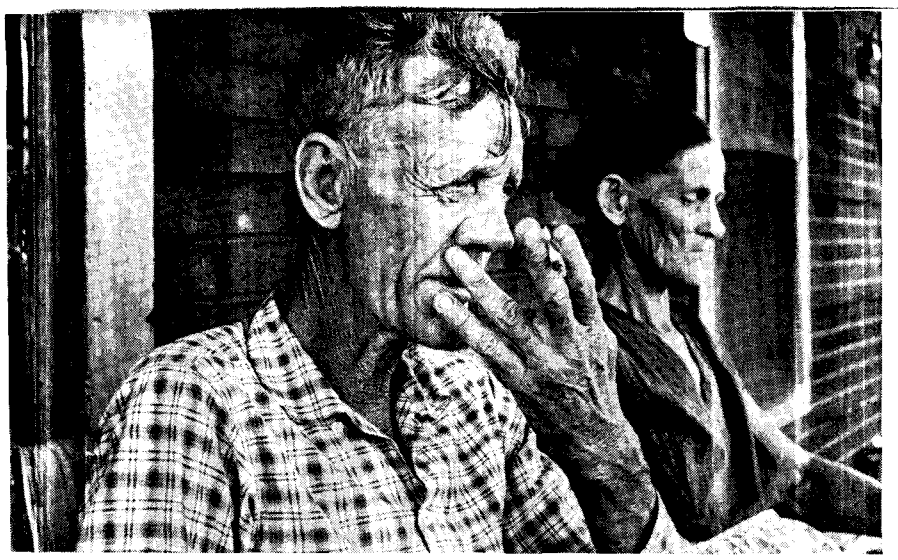

Like many farmers whose elders sold out to coal, the Foster Potters are tenants.

"Toward the end of the month, we starve a lot."

Tragedy of Appalachia

team in the valley, and sent several promising youngsters on to the major leagues. The main street of Rhodell is now deserted, but in the old days, an unemployed miner recalls, "on a Saturday night there was a dozen fights between the poolhall and Donna's Café."

Now, according to Alex Lopez, whose parents own Donna's Café, more than half the population of the Rhodell area has moved away, and of the ones remaining, "75 percent depend on some kind of check—retirement or welfare. On check day, there is a slight boom and some beer drinking, but nothing like the old days." In the front windows of Paul's Poolroom hang pictures of politicians, and in the back room a penny-ante poker game is in progress. Outside the poolhall a few men lounge, smelling strongly of moonshine whisky.

"I'll tell you, mister, I thought you were a damn politician," said ex-miner Hobert Plumley. "They're the only people come here from outside anymore. This town is what you'd call a lost ball in tall weeds." Hobert Plumley, who had worked for 24 years in the mines, was now on what they call the "crash program" in West Virginia, whereby an able-bodied man must work on trash gangs along the highway to qualify for welfare. One result is that while West Virginia has perhaps the worst highway network of the 50 states, its right-of-way is kept antiseptically clean. Hobert Plumley asks, "How would you like to have your kids come riding home in a bus from school and see you working by the side of the road like some damned convict? I do it to keep my family from starving, and that's the only reason."

On December 20, 1960, a mine car slammed into a row of timbers underground where Plumley was working. The roof fell on him and broke his back. He brought suit against the company, and after six months settled for $700, 20 percent of which he paid his lawyers. With the rest he bought a small frame house with a backyard privy. The faded blue couch and armchair are accessories to the home's principal status symbol, the television set. According to Hobert's wife, a short, pretty woman who had her hair up in pin curls, they get along "purty good" on his crash-program wages of $140 a month and surplus commodities. "The children love the oats, and they've got used to the powdered milk, but I cain't figure out anything to do with those red kidney beans so as they will eat them." The most nourishing meal that the three children get is probably the hot lunch at school, but when the "juice bill" (electricity) comes due every other month, "we can't afford the 25 cents for lunch and so I have to fix them up something to take."

"If I go up to Kenmore Street in Chicago—they call it Hillbilly Avenue," says Alex Lopez, "I can find more people from Rhodell than I can find right here. A lot of others went to Painesville, Ohio, and some went to Colorado and a lot to Washington, D.C., especially girls who had gone to high school and learned how to type. On a long weekend they come back on a visit, and this town is loaded with out-of-state tags."

Joseph Dantoni, 29, whose parents own Dantoni's Beer Garden in Rhodell, has been living in Washington for seven years and makes $8,000 a year as a milkman. Back home for the weekend, wearing a blue linen shirt, neatly pressed slacks and highly polished black loafers, he was an object of intense local admiration. "The Government ought to buy up this whole place and build a dam and flood it," he said. "One thing I can't understand. The hunting used to be good around here, at least. Now even the damn squirrels have left."

One way of staying off the crash program—or "trash program" as it is sometimes called—is to work the small non-union mines that are scattered all through Appalachia. They are popularly known as "punch mines," or "dog holes," or "gopher holes," and they stay in business by paying minimum wages and cutting corners on safety—since most of them employ less than 15 men, they are exempt from the provisions of the federal Mine-Safety Act.

In eastern Kentucky the dog holes pay as little as five dollars a day, and accord to one miner, "they stand over you and make you git it." But in eastern Kentucky the relatively generous welfare program of Pennsylvania does not exist, nor even the crash program of West Virginia. "I worked fifteen year in the union mines and two year in the dog holes," says Hargies Miller, 39, of Grapevine, Ky. "I would go underground at three in the afternoon and come out at seven next morning. Some days I would make $10 and the next day not but $4. They didn't pay nothing for what we call dead work, moving rock and bone to get at the coal. I finally quit 'em because I figured if I was going to starve to death anyway, I druther do it on my own time."

Hargies Miller now leads a life of idleness and poverty in a shack he built himself in Grapevine—"hit's been built now about 14 year"—and he is the proud father of nine children. "I'd leave," he says, "but I don't have no leaving money." "Besides," says Eddie Dean Miller, a solemn boy of 14, "he couldn't take care of a big bunch of younguns like us up in the city." The family somehow survives on $78 in food stamps a month. "What clothes the children have," says the father "somebody give it to 'em."

According to Eddie Dean, "We eat gravy and biscuits mostly." At school, because the Miller children cannot afford to pay for lunch, they work for it. One of his sisters washes dishes, and he cleans out the latrines. "Toward the end of the month, we starve a whole lot, when the stamps run out. But the worst part is when daddy runs out of tobaccy. You can't get no tobaccy on stamps, and when he runs out of tobaccy you had just better get out of his way." At this point Mrs. Carlee Miller, the mother, a huge woman, bursts into stomach-shaking laughter. "Did you ever hear such a boy? Boy, we ought to run you out of the room. Well"—she collapses again into laughter—"the truth will stand where nothing else won't."

Like all other governmental services, schools get progressively worse on a southward drive through Appalachia. As employment collapsed, so did the tax base of the communities and counties. Since it is still a wealthy state, Pennsylvania is able to pay its teachers in Appalachia an average salary of $5,430 a year. That figure drops sharply to $4,171 in eastern Kentucky.

In Hazard, L. K. (Blondy) Eblin, president of the chamber of commerce, pointed with pride to the new elementary school, a lean and graceful beauty, contoured on three levels down a green hill to the playground below. Nearby stood a new civic auditorium. "Graduates of the Hazard City School System," said Blondy Eblin, "consistently rank at the top of their class at the University of Kentucky." Yet only 10 miles away stands Lower Second Creek School, where Glover Fugate teaches five grades in one small room.

An obsolete school

Lower Second Creek School is made of concrete block, painted white, with privies in the rear. In front a single basketball goalpost hangs at a crazy angle above a bare dirt playground, from which the wind down the hollow whirls clouds of dust against the big squares of cardboard that have been jammed in to replace broken windows. Inside the school ashes dribbled from the open door of a potbellied coal stove. Soot and dust lay thick on the floor, on the battered desks, on the children and on the state-supplied textbooks from which many pages were missing. Fugate explained, "We can't hardly keep the place clean."

As to how he manages to teach five grades in one room, Fugate says, "I *don't* manage it too much. One thing I did was this—I just had three in the sixth grade, and I put one boy up to seventh and a boy and girl back to the fifth. That way I only have four grades, and that makes it a little bit easier. As far as learning ability, I think these here knows just as much as them in the consolidated schools. I come out of a lot worse school myself."

But Fugate is all for consolidating the schools. "It creates a more nicer environment," he explains. "Kentucky's been down on money. That's hit. But in eight or ten years there won't be no more schools like this. They're going to build new ones just as quick as they git the money." Last year, after teaching school for six years, Glover Fugate got his bachelor's degree from Cumberland College, and with it an automatic raise of $1,100 a year. "So I think I'll stick with her," he says.

In Harlan County, coming up through this sort of school system, an astonishing 50 percent of the young men flunk the mental tests for Army service. And when a son passes this most elementary of examinations, it is a cause for celebration. "I got one now that's passed for Army service," said Mrs. Cora Neace of Grapevine. "How he did it was this. He would quit out of school for two or three days at a time, and go rent him an old truck off somebody and haul coal till he had made enough to pay for his lunches at school, and some clothes, and things like that. Hit took him an extry year, but he kept at it. We was all real proud of him when he passed for the Army."

For a brief and heady five years the inhabitants of the poorest stretches of Appalachia found themselves ahead of most of the rest of the country in one respect: superlative medical care. Disgusted at the existing facilities, John L. Lewis built seven hospitals in Kentucky, two in West Virginia and one in Virginia at a cost of $30 million from the union welfare fund. He brought in complete staffs of specialists to man them, and all a miner needed to get full treatment for himself and family was a United Mine Workers card. But Lewis had taken this bold step not only against the opposition of the local doctors, who called it socialized medicine, but in the face of drastically declining employment in the coalfields. In October, 1962, the U.M.W. welfare fund announced that it had to sell the hospitals or shut them down. This led to a rash of violence around Hazard that fall. Miners, who had no work and little except their welfare cards to cling to, dynamited mine equipment in desperate but ineffectual protest.

The Presbyterian Church, with the aid of a federal grant, took over five of the hospitals a year ago and then this summer took on the remaining five. "How do our services compare with the U.M.W. days?" A church official shrugged. "About like daylight and dark. They had a full board of specialists and we had at last count, I believe, one pediatrician. All the rest have gone. We couldn't afford the deficit, but even more important we couldn't afford the enmity of the Kentucky State Medical Association. We had to make our peace. For better or worse, these hospitals are now staffed by local doctors—good and bad."

In an area where poverty is so widespread and so severe, the Federal Government is inevitably and deeply involved. Welfare programs alone cost $400 million a year in Appalachia, which is almost double the price of the Johnson Appalachia bill. "Unless you attack the causes of poverty itself," says Johnson, "you are going to be shoveling it out to the taxeaters instead of producing and training taxpayers."

But the shape of the Johnson legislation—and indeed the existence of Appalachia politically—derives from two sets of circumstances that predate his Administration. The first was the forma-

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tion of the Conference of Appalachian Governors in 1959, at a time when Democrats held nine of the ten statehouses of the area and were in a mood to talk over common problems. The second event was Kennedy's smashing victory in the West Virginia Democratic primary in 1960. This propelled him toward his party's nomination and hence to the presidency. He had been deeply shocked by what he had seen in such coal counties as Logan and McDowell, and he had made a lot of promises to "do something" for West Virginia. He was not a man to forget a political debt.

Without a coherent program, he did quite a lot for West Virginia singlehandedly. In a startling demonstration of presidential power, he raised the state from 48th place in defense contracts in 1960 to 30th place last year—mainly by swinging a $160 million order for armored personnel carriers and other hardware to a company willing to build them in an abandoned naval armory in Charleston. Every federal agency gave West Virginia priority. The Area Redevelopment Administration has spent $37 million in the state—half of all its expenditures in Appalachia—financing good motels almost anywhere a tourist might conceivably care to visit. The accelerated Public Works Program has spent another $43 million on sewerage plants, waterworks, county courthouses and the like.

Kennedy also assigned Under Secretary of Commerce Franklin Roosevelt Jr., who had campaigned for him in West Virginia, to work with the Appalachian governors and devise a long-range program. The staff work was well along by the time Johnson took office. When he hit upon the poverty war as a major domestic crusade of his Administration, the Appalachian program dovetailed nicely. There is nothing revolutionary about it. It is a sensible and even modest program, with emphasis on matters that any working politician understands.

Of the $228 million package for fiscal 1965, by far the biggest single item is $90 million for roads, the first installment on a proposed $840 million over the next ten years. "Appalachia is a relatively isolated region, which requires vastly improved access and communication," said Johnson in sending up the bill. The present highway net is dreadful, partly because of the low tax base of the area, partly because of the great cost of road-building in the mountains—one million dollars a mile for a good two-lane road in West Virginia. The thin blacktop that is usually laid in the hollows gets washed out by spring thaws and pounded to pieces by coal trucks.

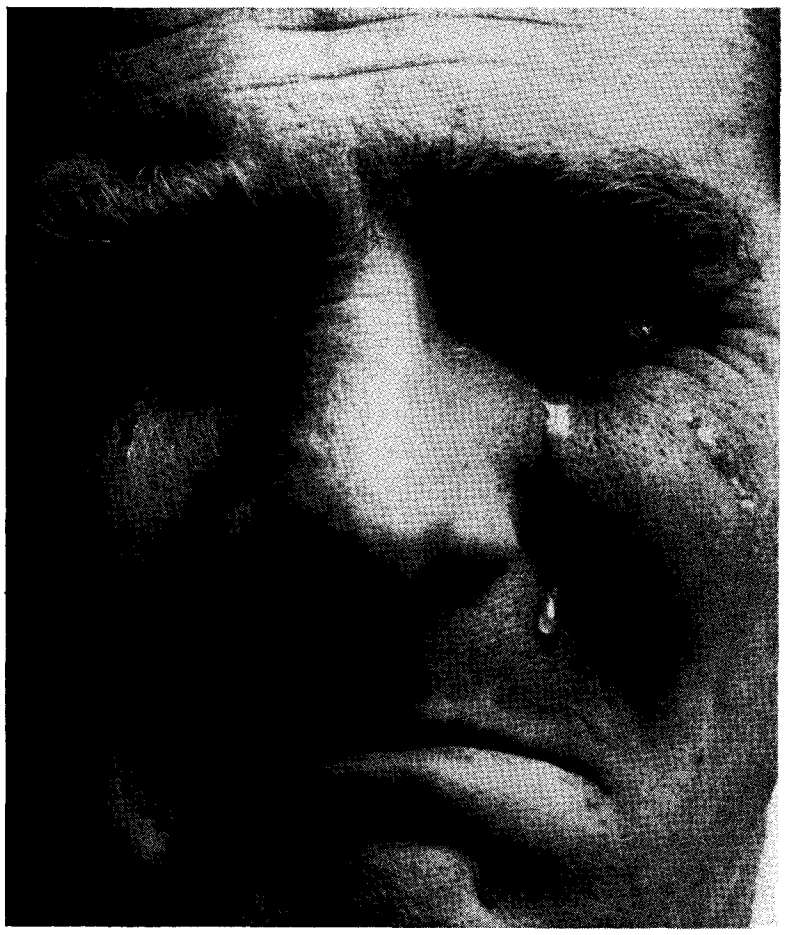
Another major item is $45 million for water control. This is badly needed. Most of Appalachia was never visited by glaciers, and thus has no natural lakes. Its hillsides are eroded, and spring floods plague the whole region. The last eastern Kentucky flood, in March, 1963, did $40 million worth of damage. Pennsylvania suffers the highest per capita flood damage of any state. The program also includes $13 million for a promising line of research and action—new uses for coal and new ways of rehabilitating worked-out coal lands. And FDR Jr., who raised Polled Herefords near Hyde Park before returning to government service, is excited about the beef-cattle potential of Appalachia; the program includes $22 million for pasture improvement.

Sargent Shriver gets most of the rest—$37 million to work with the "human resources" of Appalachia, training the young and retraining the unemployed. He will face a tangled problem. Over the past few years retraining programs for the unemployed have proved a modest success, and 75 percent or more of the graduates have found new jobs with their new skills. But the programs have dealt so far with the bright upper crust of the unemployed, and most of these men have by now found work or left the region. Most of the rest lack basic educational skills, or drive, or both. Rousing them from lethargy and despair will be a challenge indeed.

Other parts of the Johnson legislative program could have a far greater impact on the area than the Appalachian program itself. With its high birthrate and its abysmal schools in the coal counties, Appalachia would benefit heavily from federal aid to education. Its other great population group is the aged, and they are all for some sort of Medicare. The Food-Stamp Act, which has already passed the House, would do more than any other single measure to improve the day-to-day lot of those at the very bottom of the ladder, the one million people who are now dependent on surplus food.

The stamps, which may be spent in any grocery, have already been tried on a pilot basis in selected counties. Since they pump in hard cash, they are much preferred by local merchants to the "Johnson supermarket," as the distribution dump for commodities is called. The stamps are not always wisely used. "It makes me furious the things they load up those grocery carts with," says a home economist in West Virginia, "TV

Setting dogs on coon tied to floating log is cruel sport relished by idle mountain men.



Hay fever can make even strong men cry.

They weep. They sniffle. They sneeze. As any hay fever victim knows, pollen is a powerful and relentless enemy. It never sleeps.

But you can. Now you can breathe easily all night or all day with just one Contac® capsule. Contac clears your nose, stops your sneezes and soothes your itchy, watery eyes for up to 12 hours. The continuous action of the more than 600 tiny "time pills" in a Contac capsule keeps you free around the clock from your hay fever symptoms.

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"The surplus American can't be dyed purple."

Tragedy of Appalachia

dinners, steaks, and cases—not cartons, but cases—of soft drinks. And then they run out of stamps by the middle of the month." But the people who use them are delighted. "If they hadn't put up those stamps," says Mrs. Cora Cravely of Kimball, W. Va., a pilot area for the program, "a lot of little children like this one you see behind me would have been hurting. Some of them would have starved. Half of that commodities stuff wasn't fit to feed the hogs. With these here stamps now, if you plan it close, you can get through the month just fine."

More drastic solutions than these are, of course, being proposed. "Actually much of the Cumberland Plateau can best serve the nation by being submerged," writes Harry Caudill, author of *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, urging a southern Appalachian counterpart of the TVA, whose aim would be "the establishment of a few substantial towns surrounded by a complex of federally owned forests and lakes." Access to the best of the coal seams could be maintained, but the region's main purpose would be as a recreation area for the ever more crowded cities of the U. S. East Coast. Warm though guarded affection for this idea exists among some planners in Washington. "But we are dealing in the realm of the politically possible," one of them explained. "And Congress is not about to set up another TVA."

In its search for new industry, Appalachia is hampered by the legacy of coal. A leading supermarket chain was on the point of building a large food-processing plant in Berwick, Pa. Then they tested the Susquehanna River and discovered that during summer months, when the river runs low and seepage from the old mines nearby gets most concentrated, they would have been processing their vegetables in mild sulfuric acid.

But a number of cities, despite their problems, have done outstanding jobs of getting new industry in. Wilkes-Barre is one. Through an aggressive and sophisticated campaign in which business, labor and Wilkes College have joined, the city created 10,000 new industrial jobs and another 10,000 related jobs from the new payrolls brought in. Neighboring Scranton originated the technique of local financing of plant facilities—it is known now as the Scranton Plan and has been copied all over the country. Against great odds, northeastern Pennsylvania has thus managed to balance off the catastrophic loss of 60,000 jobs caused by the collapse of anthracite mining after 1950.

A major problem is that many of the new plants are in that low-paying industry known as the "needle trade." They are runaways from Manhattan's garment district, attracted by handsome facilities built to their specifications by hungry communities. Many of the other plants require detailed assembly-line work, and they, like the needle plants, employ mostly women. In thousands of homes the woman is now the breadwinner. "There is actually a shortage of workers in the garment plants here," said an official in Wilkes-Barre, "while our unemployment rate is still quite high. But your unemployed miner is apt to think any kind of job above ground is effeminate. He certainly is not going to go to work making dresses alongside a bunch of women. So he stays home and baby-sits. I don't know what the effect of this reversal of roles will be over the long run, but I don't think it will be good."

There is some hopeful evidence that one new industry attracts another. Wilkes-Barre, which began with the needle-trade plants, has moved up the scale to jet-engine parts. "And even if all these towns can't get a plant," says an economist at West Virginia University, "they will be better off just for cleaning up and trying."

Signs of the cleanup are evident all over Appalachia. West Virginia, after staging a centennial celebration last year that lured great crowds of tourists to the state, is now in the middle of a "shack-removal program," under which 3,000 abandoned shanties in the coal towns were razed last year. Knoxville, Tenn., long a dowdy and complacent city, has won a string of awards for an urban-renewal program that is transforming the downtown area. Following up its own downtown renaissance and a smoke-abatement program that has given it the cleanest air of any major U. S. city, Pittsburgh is rebuilding the Oakland section around Carnegie Tech and the University of Pittsburgh. A project called Panther Hollow will line a now-desolate ravine with $250 million in research laboratories, theaters, offices and shops.

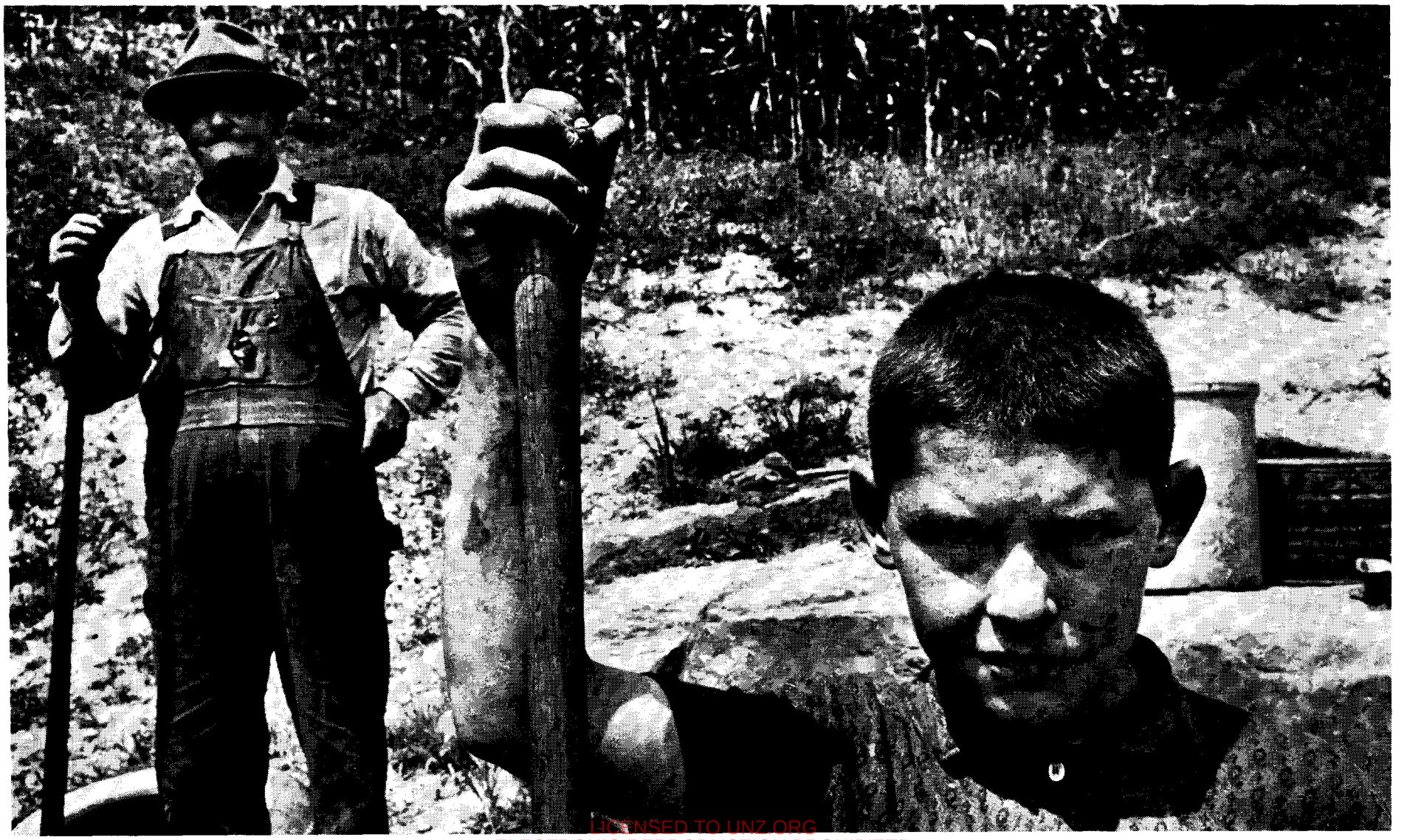
Energetic campaigns are underway against abuse of natural beauty by mining companies. The Charleston *Gazette* calls West Virginia "the wretched victim of an unconscionable industry," strip mining, whose "machines of destruction rip and tear and spoil and profane nature's surface," leaving only an "ugly afterbirth." In a special supplement last January called "Kentucky's Ravaged Land," the Louisville *Courier-Journal* warned: "Tourists will not pay to look from their lodge windows at hillsides laid naked by mining. They will not stumble across mudbanks to fish in acid streams. They will not swim in polluted water." Under such pressure the Kentucky legislature this year passed a new mining law, which, though not strong enough to satisfy the *Courier-Journal*, was a great deal better than nothing. According to a conservationist in Williamson, W. Va., on the Kentucky-West Virginia line, the law came just in time. One mining company, having been fined several times for dumping waste into the streams in West Virginia, was building a pipeline to pump it across the river and dump it on the Kentucky side.

As this sort of local leadership and concern emerges, the disparate sections of Appalachia will go their own developmental ways. At this point probably nothing could stop the growth of the old anthracite country of northeastern Pennsylvania into a diversified light-manufacturing center—simply because of its ready access to the great markets of the U. S. East Coast. If there is a single key to the future of the huge Pittsburgh industrial complex, it probably lies with the current effort to turn the Oakland area into one of the nation's great centers of science and technology. New industry is funneling rather naturally down West Virginia's Ohio Valley country, while the lightly populated eastern half of the state is rapidly developing as resort country. "We will keep it pristine and beautiful," says a state official, "so all those planners in Washington will have a place to ski."

Further south the Great Smokies already cut a slash of resort prosperity across North Carolina and Tennessee. The Tennessee Valley, with its cheap electric power, is booming with one neat, low-slung industrial complex after another from Kingsport southwest to Chattanooga. The future of Birmingham, southern terminus of the area, depends far more on the outcome of racial crisis than on any sort of plan for Appalachia.

All of this natural development and change nonetheless will lap past the out-

Unemployed railroad worker turned farmer by stern need, Robert Fields works his unproductive acres in Skyline, Ky., with the help of his son Frank.



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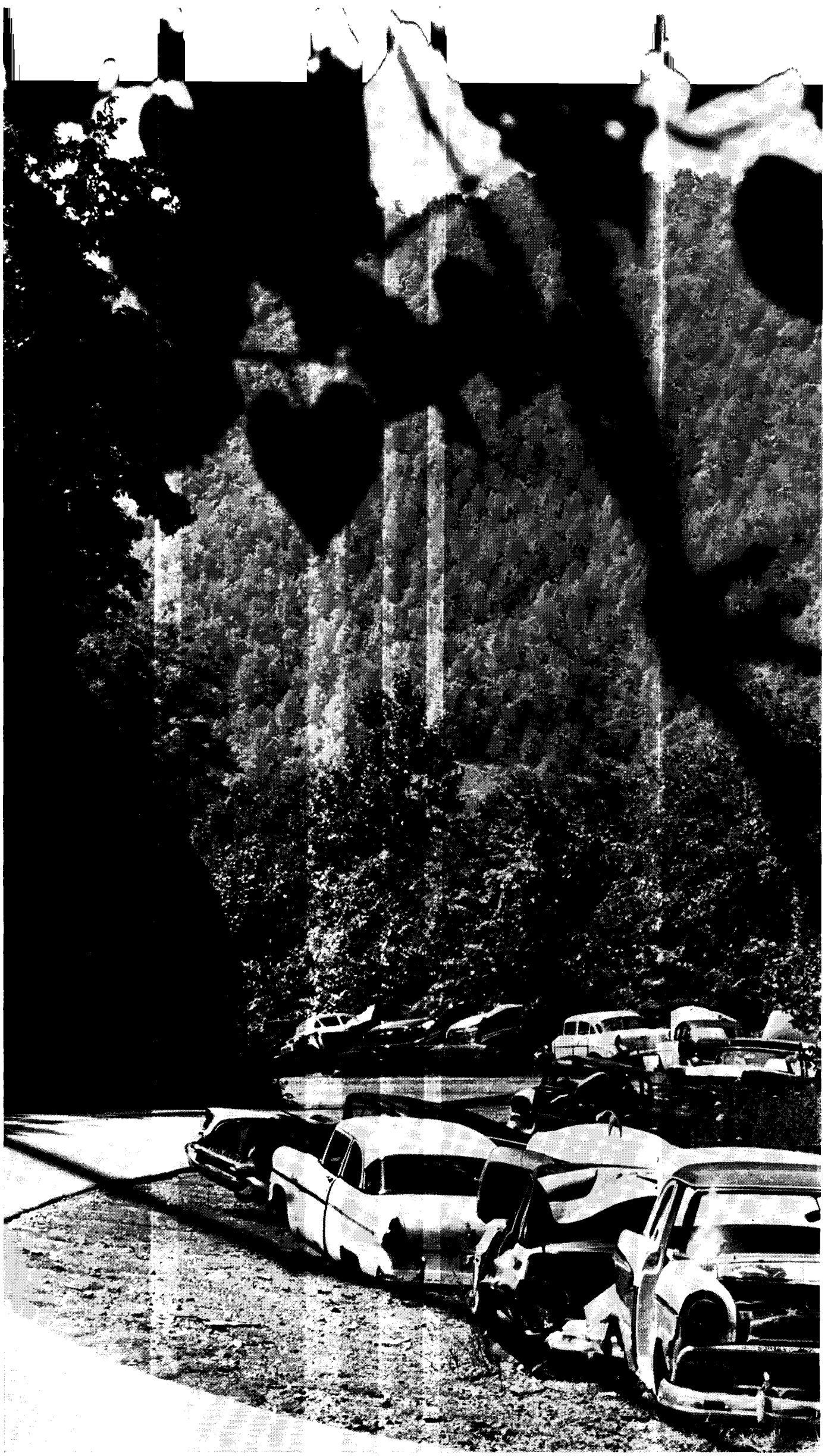
moded coal miner—and past the oldest and least skilled of the steel workers and railroad men as well. "He is the surplus American," says a Presbyterian minister in eastern Kentucky, "and he unfortunately cannot be put in a bin, or dyed purple, or sold to Russia." "Realistically, most of this group must be written off so far as any major economic contribution is concerned," concludes the most exhaustive study yet done on hard-core Appalachia. It was financed by the Ford Foundation, engaged 22 scholars, produced a 308-page volume, and in the end its proposals came down to out-migration, birth control and federal aid to education—a first-class collection of political hot potatoes.

"Out-migration will still be necessary, even if all the programs take hold," says a federal official, who hastily adds, "Of course, it is not politically feasible to say so." "If the right people leave, I wish them godspeed," growls Charles Hodges of the Charleston Chamber of Commerce. His counterparts in Chicago or Cincinnati, on the receiving end of the migration, would doubtless disagree. Judging by trends of the past few years, the out-migration will continue but will only balance off the population explosion, holding Appalachia steady at around 15 million people.

What the planners would prefer is a migration within Appalachia, from the dead coal towns to the growing urban centers. This simply is not happening. If an Appalachian saves up his "leaving money," he moves to a northern city where the welfare and unemployment benefits are higher and a certain slum block is already populated by his relatives and friends. "You're a reporter, mister?" says a gas-station attendant in Sarah Ann, W. Va., a town where most of the mines are closed and the principal local tourist attraction is the hillside tomb and marble statue ("life-size, imported from Italy") of Devil Anse Hatfield. "Well, put this down in your book. This is the best damn state in the Union, and I'm heading for Chicago in three weeks. *Charleston?* There ain't nothing in Charleston. I'm headed for Chi."

At this point most of the hard-core unemployed will remain. "They have no desire to leave their traditional home," says the President's report. Mrs. Clarence Cartwright of Kimball, W. Va., who has seven children, an unemployed husband and a sister-in-law who works at one of the Royal Castle Restaurants in Cleveland, sums up this majority attitude: "I was born here and I was raised here, and I wouldn't leave for *nothing*." This hard core is now hard-set in its ways. After the glamour and high pay of the mines, though these are long past, the man scorns the only sort of job for which he is qualified, that of a common laborer. In all the repertory of legislation up for passage this year, only the food-stamp bill is likely to affect him, making his life a bit more human.

He is passing on his traits to his children, and he has plenty of them. Their grimy faces, as they tumble out of unspeakably backward schools and start a football game with an old detergent squeeze bottle, are the unforgettable sight of Appalachia. "Don't forget now," President Johnson called back to Tom Fletcher, on the way from a shack in Inez, Ky., to his waiting limousine. "Keep those kids in school." Anyone who has actually seen the schools in eastern Kentucky might well ask the President, "Why?" THE END



Appalachia is an elephants' burial ground for defunct automobiles like these forlorn junkers abandoned near traveled highway.

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now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

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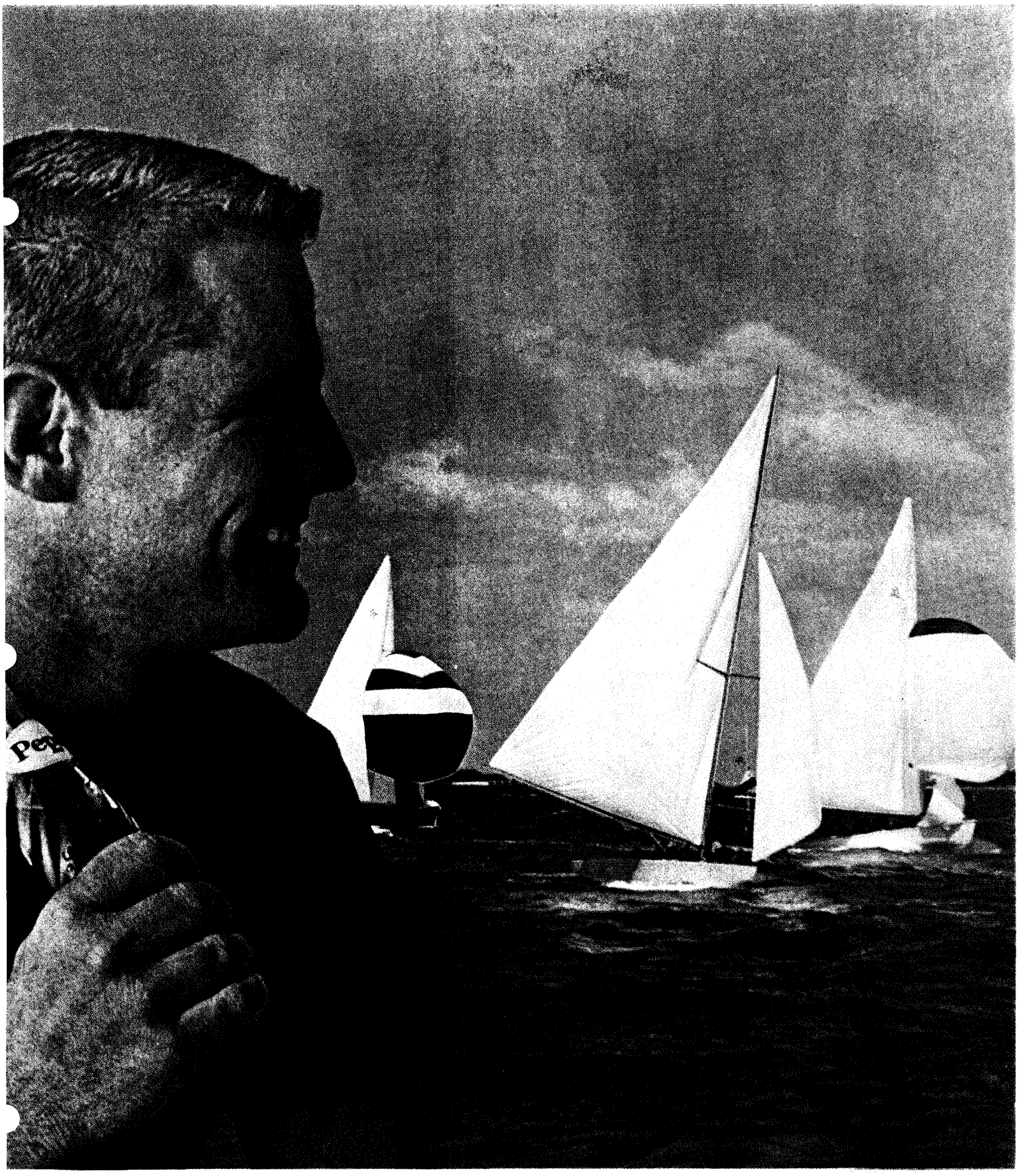

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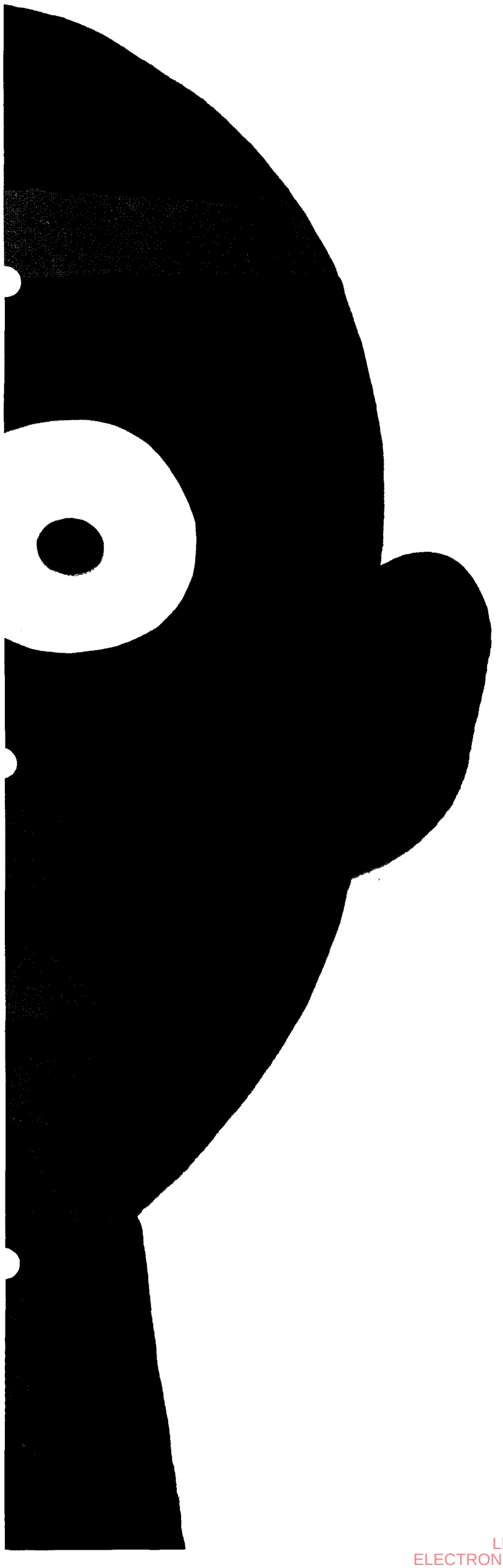

A major excerpt from the new novel by the author of "THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE"

an infinity of mirrors

By RICHARD CONDON

Evil corrupts even its victims, infecting them with the need for revenge.

On June 23, 1942, the Reichsfuehrer SS had issued an order demanding the evacuation of all Jews in France at the earliest date. The greatest pressures were put upon SS Colonel Eberhard Drayst. Thank heaven he had completed his model index, entirely cross-filed, of all Jews by alphabet, streets, professions and nationality. He would be ready in two weeks. But there were so many details to oversee! He even had to straighten out the Commander General of the Army about the proper wording of the directives. The Wehrmacht now understood that they must not refer to transports as being sent "to the East." And the term "deportation" could not be used either, because it recalled the Tsar's infamous deportations to Siberia. In the future, the term would be "sent to do forced labor," and 100,000 Jews were the quota from France—with the French government paying for the transportation—and Drayst wanted them to go as quietly as possible. Because he did not want to interfere with the enlistment of genuine French forced labor, his directive to the army provided that in the future all deportations should be called "transplantations."

©1964 by Richard Condon. "An Infinity of Mirrors" will be published by Random House this fall.

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The term was an inspiration; the Jews might even begin to feel secure, to send for their children under eighteen and go more quietly.

Drayst had gone over the disposition of the children carefully with Eichmann, and they had decided that as soon as possible convoys should be dispatched with a ratio of 500 children to every 700 adults.

In his circular letter of the 26th of June to the French prefects of police, Drayst carefully outlined once more his directions for the transplantation of Jews, based on pregrouping before departure so that each train must have at least 1,000 Jews; and it was forbidden for transplantees to take anything with them except ration cards, wedding rings, and—as a sentimental gesture—pets. The railroad cars must be neat and clean on arrival in Poland, and a Jew in each car must be held responsible for this. All lists must be in quadruplicate and Section IV4b must be notified by telephone at PASsy 54-18, or telegram, of the number of women in each transport, the name of the transport leader, and the nature and quality of the food included.

Drayst had organized the big razzias, the biggest raids of his career, to be handled entirely by the French police, under his supervision. It was a model plan; it was a little masterpiece. Twenty-two thousand Jews, one fifth of the number in Paris, were to be delivered for extermination to the designated Paris transit camps. They had been divided proportionally by *arrondissement* so that in the future they could be transplanted geographically. Berlin wanted three trains a week, thirteen a month, each carrying 1,000 Jews from Paris to Poland. It was a terrible problem to get enough rolling stock, because of the bombings and sabotage. For each shipment he needed ten boxcars or cattle trucks into which 120 transplantees could be packed for the sixty-hour journey (the trip usually killed eighteen to twenty-one per car en route).

It might be necessary for the Fuehrer himself to order the Wehrmacht to release trains. Wherever possible, Drayst did his best to use trains from the Vichy zone, but the French were absolutely impossible about giving up trains. Razzias? Fine. Have all Jews declared stateless the instant they crossed into the Reich? Fine. But when it came to taking their trains they were impossibly stubborn. He had been forced to take the matter all the way to Laval, who had agreed to release the trains, but only on the condition that Jewish children under sixteen years old from the unoccupied zone would be transplanted in the company of their parents. Fortunately, the question of children in the occupied zone did not interest Laval.

On arrest, the Jews were to be grouped together in the official hall of their *arrondissement*, then driven to the assembly point at the Vélodrome d'Hiver for removal to the transit camps in the suburbs of Paris.

That morning, Drayst had been over the plan for the razzias with his twelve French police inspectors, good men all. Every Jew on every card must be sent to the Vélodrome. Where all the inhabitants of a flat or a house were arrested, the gas, electricity and water must be turned off. Those pets not taken should be left with the concierge, the keys to the flat must be handed to the concierge or a neighbor, and these persons were to be held responsible for the property. On no account could children be permitted to be left with neighbors.

Drayst was particularly annoyed because the cards were producing Jews almost entirely from the lowest strata. Why had not Jews of high social standing been listed? Someone was making money out of this, he had thundered. (He knew it was the Gestapo man Sperrena, who would let anyone loose if he paid him enough.) Then an argument had started about the children. The director of the prefecture and the general delegate of the French police wanted the Jewish children put in homes around Paris. But had they considered the cost in petrol, manpower, and time for such a notion? No, of course not. Kill old Jews and let young Jews grow? Were these people crazy?

They must aim for a goal of 25,000 transplantations from France to Poland by September 1, so the children were essential, and that was not the only reason why the children were essential. If that cold-eyed Jew, Frau General von Rhode, would have it no other way, she could come to him on her knees. He had waited six years. She had filled his mind for six years and she had treated him as though he were dirt and less than dirt. She had run from him, screaming. Let them take her Jew child in the razzia. Let her come to him, then, and plead with him. If she wanted her Jew child let her look at SS Colonel Eberhard Drayst as a man, as a human being with feelings, as a man who needed love just the way anyone else needed love.

Paule Bernheim had married Major General Wilhelm von Rhode, Junker auf Klein-Kusserow und Wusterwitz, when he had been a lieutenant-colonel, twelve years before. They had met in Paris. She was the daughter of Paul-Alain Bernheim, the greatest actor of France and one of the four greatest actors in the world—most certainly including the English. Veelee had been handsome and thrilling then and he had laughed with delight the first time she had tried to pronounce his name, Willi, making it Vee-*lee* and he had written to his sisters in Berlin that night announcing that henceforth Veelee would be his name. She was a Jew and she had married a wonderful man who, somehow, had been born a German and that accident of his birth, not hers, had bent her in two then had twisted her out of all original shape then had hammered upon her and had beaten her into a vessel filled with fear. The Veelee of the dear days was gone. What stood there in his place was an exhausted soldier with one arm, one eye, and a hopelessly confused mind. The right side of his face was paralyzed. Only the glitter of his monocle in front of the empty socket brought any life to that ruined face. After five years of killing him they had given him back to her by making him Inspector of Communications for the Military Governor of France, stationing him in Paris. What meaning this no longer had to her, it had in shining, renewing measure for their son, Paul-Alain. For the eight miraculous short years of his life, Paul-Alain had been their reason for continuing.

Veelee and Paul-Alain went for a picnic on Sunday of the week Drayst planned his raid. They had lunch out of a hamper on a Bateau Mouche, then took a carriage ride through the Bois, because Paul-Alain liked to watch the soldiers salute his father. After the carriage ride they walked slowly back to the Royal Monceau and ate cake and lemon ice in the garden. Then Veelee changed into civilian clothes so he would not have to spend the rest of the day returning salutes, and they went to see a film on the Champs-Elysées.

When he said good-bye to Paul-Alain that evening, Veelee told him that he wouldn't be able to see him for more than a week because he was going on an inspection tour. Paule wasn't at home when they returned to Cours Albert I, so she didn't hear this news, and Paul-Alain, being a busy and forgetful child, didn't remember to tell her.

Veelee left the following morning in a light plane from Le Bourget for a detailed inspection of the communications installations along the Atlantic Wall from southern Belgium to the Contentin Peninsula. No posts were to be advised in advance of his arrival; he had decided to appear at each irregularly, so that his inspections could not be anticipated. His headquarters in Paris would know only where he had been the day before, but not where he could be reached on any given day.

On Wednesday afternoon, the Duquesa de Miral's driver took Paule's bags from her apartment to the car to begin Paule's first vacation in over ten years. As often seems to happen to children on the occasions of their mothers' departures, Paul-Alain had gotten a stomachache and been put to bed. Paule wavered between going and staying, but Clotilde, Paul-Alain's nursemaid, and Mme. Citron, the housekeeper, reassured her. At last, Paule instructed them that if Paul-Alain wasn't better by the following afternoon Clotilde was to call Doctor Sebire. She told herself that she was being overcautious; as a matter of fact, Paul-Alain looked so well that she suspected he was teasing her.

Paule also reminded Clotilde that if there were any problems, she could ask General von Rhode for a family ruling. She herself would be back early on Monday morning. Clotilde quite understood everything, but still Paule hovered in the doorway explaining, more to convince herself than Clotilde, that this was her first vacation in ten years, that the sun might help her cough, and that she would be gone only for five days.

Still, her heart had sunk at the actual moment of leaving Paul-Alain; it was the first time that they had ever been separated. Finally she sighed and started toward the front door, still going over details with Clotilde. She did not know the address of this place they would be visiting and undoubtedly it would not have a working telephone, but since General von Rhode and the entire German Army were at Clotilde's disposal, it wouldn't matter.

When Paule finally crossed the threshold, she stopped and turned back; clicking across the marble on her heels, beautiful and crisp in a new suit, she returned to Paul-Alain's room.

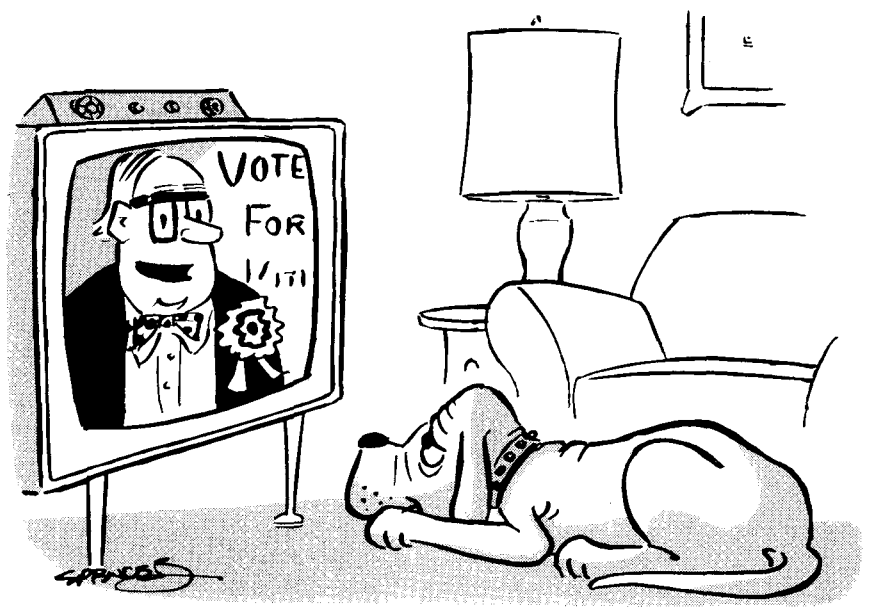
"I don't know how it happened," she said, "but I didn't kiss you good-bye."

"I thought of it," Paul-Alain said dreamily, "but the front door is such a long way off."

"You know I'd walk straight across France for a good-bye kiss from you," his mother replied, and she lifted him into her arms and held him, kissing him softly again and again.

The *Cie. du Métropolitain* bus, with a police driver, seventeen passengers, and four uniformed police guards, stopped in front of the building at Cours Albert I at 6:10 on Thursday morning. The sky was reflecting the soft morning light; it would be a clear, hot summer day. Two policemen got off the bus, a young one with acne and an older man with the eyes of one who had looked at his problems through a tall bottle the night before. He examined a card in his hand as they entered the building. When they had disappeared, a third policeman left the bus and paced up and down nervously. It was the ninth stop they had made since the razzias began at four A.M. "Take it easy, Grosjean," the driver said to him. "It's all in a day's work." Grosjean glared at him.

None of the seventeen passengers in the bus could communicate with each other or with the policemen, except in cases of parents and children. They were all foreign-born Jews who had fled to France for sanctuary and they were gabbling in German, Lithuanian, Italian and Hungarian, and in dialects of some of



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You are no doubt wondering what my party means to you, as an individual."

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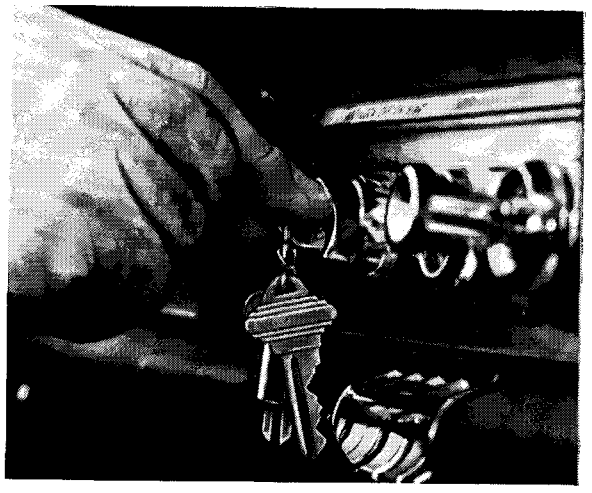
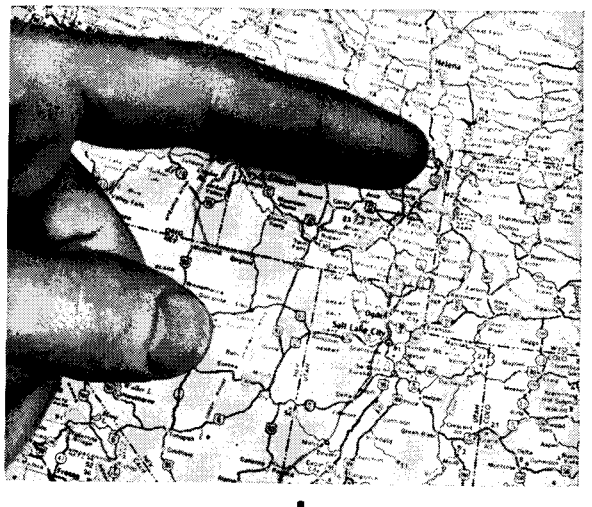


Start something pleasant

and get carried away;

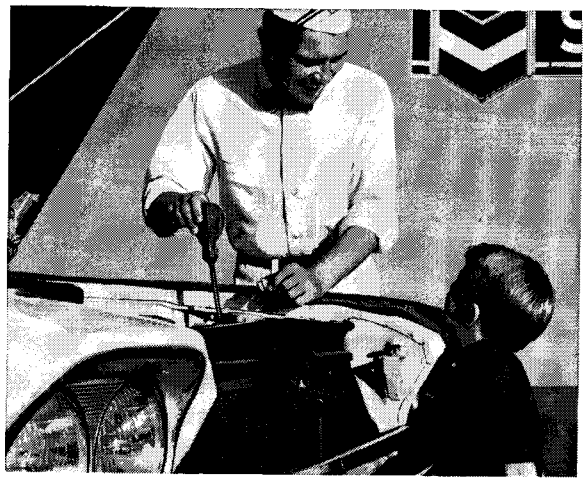
cruise here,

there,



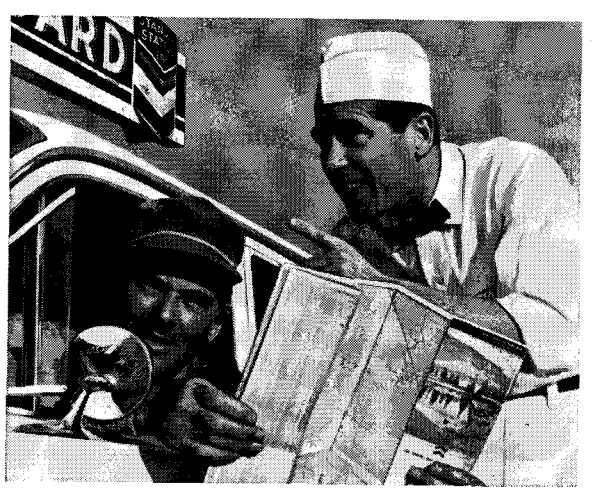
anywhere

(and back again)



you'll find friendly faces

and fresh supplies



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At the sign of the Chevron

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We take better care of your car

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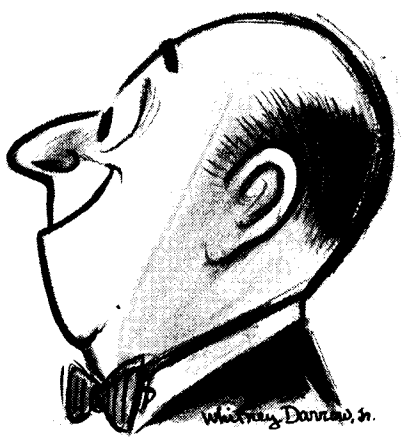
for Murine



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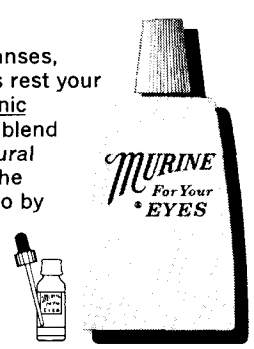
Handy new squeeze bottle. Also glass bottle with dropper.



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those languages. Because they could not speak or understand French, there had already been misunderstandings, and these promised to get worse as the day wore on.

Cours Albert I was stately in its elegance. It had once entertained Henri IV at a dinner party given by Nicolas Chabouille. Its plane trees filed along the river bank from the Pont des Invalides to the Pont de l'Alma.

Mme. Citron was startled and indignant when she opened the front door and found the two policemen. She wore a peignoir and her nightcap was askew on her head. "Are you drunk?" she said, thereby offending the older policeman. "Take your hand off that doorbell—there's a sick child here."

The older policeman looked at the card again. "Paul-Alain Rhode-Bernheim."

"What about him?"

"Is he here?"

"Of course he's here. Where else would he be?"

The young man with acne was peering past Mme. Citron at the magnificence of the apartment. The older one shrugged. "Bring him out, please," he said. Both men were feeling ill-tempered because they hated the duty, and because Grosjean—and his talk about principle—had been making it worse for them all morning.

"Bring him out? He is sick. He is a little boy eight years old."

Clotilde heard Mme. Citron as she came rapidly across the entrance hall in a flannel nightgown, without slippers. "What is it, Madame?" she asked.

"These *flicaille* have Paul-Alain confused with some criminal of the same name."

"Listen, Madame," the acned young man said. "Is he a Jew?"

"Yes."

"Then there is no mistake. This is a razzia for Jews."

"My God, his grandfather was Paul-Alain Bernheim!"

"Where was he born?" the young policeman asked.

"In Germany."

"Then get him out here, please. This is taking too much time."

"Please," Clotilde said. "He is a sick little boy. He has been awake most of the night with a fever. Please."

The young man shouldered his way between the two women. "All right, if you won't bring him out we'll take him out. We're only doing our rotten job."

"Where is the boy?" the older one said sharply to Mme. Citron.

"This boy's father is Major-General Wilhelm von Rhode of the General Staff of the Military Governor," Clotilde said angrily, but the older policeman looked at her sadly and said, "It's no use, dear. This is an SS operation. Now, do you want to dress the boy or will we?"

Clotilde's eyes filled with tears. "We will dress him," she said firmly. She moved down to Paul-Alain's room, Mme. Citron trailing behind in bewilderment. The young man shouted after them to move quickly, please.

Clotilde asked Mme. Citron to get Paul-Alain ready while she called the general. She went to the telephone in the study, dialed the number of the Royal Monceau and asked for General von Rhode. He was not in. Well, when would he be in? The hotel did not have such information. When she called the Hôtel Majestic, the number rang thirty-one times before anyone answered, and when she asked for General von Rhode the voice said that generals did not appear until 8:30 at the earliest and hung up.

Clotilde ran along the hall to Paul-Alain's room. It still smelled of the paregoric she had given him for his stomach during the night, and she could hear his querulous voice from the bathroom. He was complaining about having been woken, but his voice was dull and apathetic.

"I'll dress him now, Madame," Clotilde said. "You go out and talk to them, please. Offer them a glass of wine and try to take their minds off him." Muttering, Mme. Citron left the bathroom as Clotilde knelt in front of Paul-Alain and nuzzled his soft cheek. "You are going to have a great adventure, Paul-Alain," she said.

"My stomach hurts. I feel dizzy, Clotilde."

"That's the way it is with soldiers and with generals. Often they don't feel well before a battle, but they must be brave all the same."

"A battle?" he asked dully.

She finished dressing him. "Like a battle. You will be playing prisoner-of-war." She wiped his face with a cold, damp cloth. His skin was hot and dry. "In war, these things happen," she said, large tears falling down her cheeks. "They always come for the men, you see, and that is why I cannot go with you. But it will be for only a short time, because the moment I tell your Papa he will land on their backs with both boots and they'll be sorry they ever did such a thing. You'll see."

"Will they let me lie down?"

She fought her tears and her fear and her panic at not being able to save Paul-Alain. She drew him to her tightly. "I know you will be a good boy, Paul-Alain, because you want to make your mother and father proud of you." She stood up and took his hand and they walked down the corridor.

The older policeman scrawled his name and number across a slip of paper, ripped the page off the pad and handed it to Clotilde as a receipt for the merchandise. Then he took Paul-Alain's hand, and in an instant they were gone.

"What are we going to do?" Mme. Citron asked over and over again. "What will we do?"

Clotilde ran to the door and raced into the hall to lean over the balustrade. "Please! Where are you taking him?" she yelled into the stairwell. "Where will he be?"

"None of your business!" the young cop shouted up at her in a fury of conscience. She ran back to the apartment and read the slip of paper. "They are from the commissariat in the rue Clément-Marot," she told Mme. Citron. "I can't read his name, but that is all General von Rhode will need to know."

"What did the general say when you told him?"

"I couldn't reach him. Not until eight-thirty."

"Two hours? Oh, Clotilde, Clotilde. His stomach was so hard and swollen."

Clotilde set her jaw. "I will go to the Hôtel Majestic and wait until he comes there," she said grimly. "That will be the quickest way. Such a little boy! My God, what is happening to France?"

The bus reached the Vélodrome d'Hiver at 1:23 P.M. with ninety-one passengers. Paul-Alain was sitting on the long backseat between a large, brown man who spoke steadily to everyone in Csángó, a Hungarian dialect of Bukovina near the Carpathians, and a despairing Italian woman who wept unceasingly. The air was foul and the summer sun pounded on the roof. The bus had been forced to move slowly, stopping frequently, and it seemed to wait longer and longer while the police assembled its cargo. Shortly before noon Agent Grosjean had ripped off his tunic and cap, flung them on the street and walked off cursing toward the Boulevard Haussmann.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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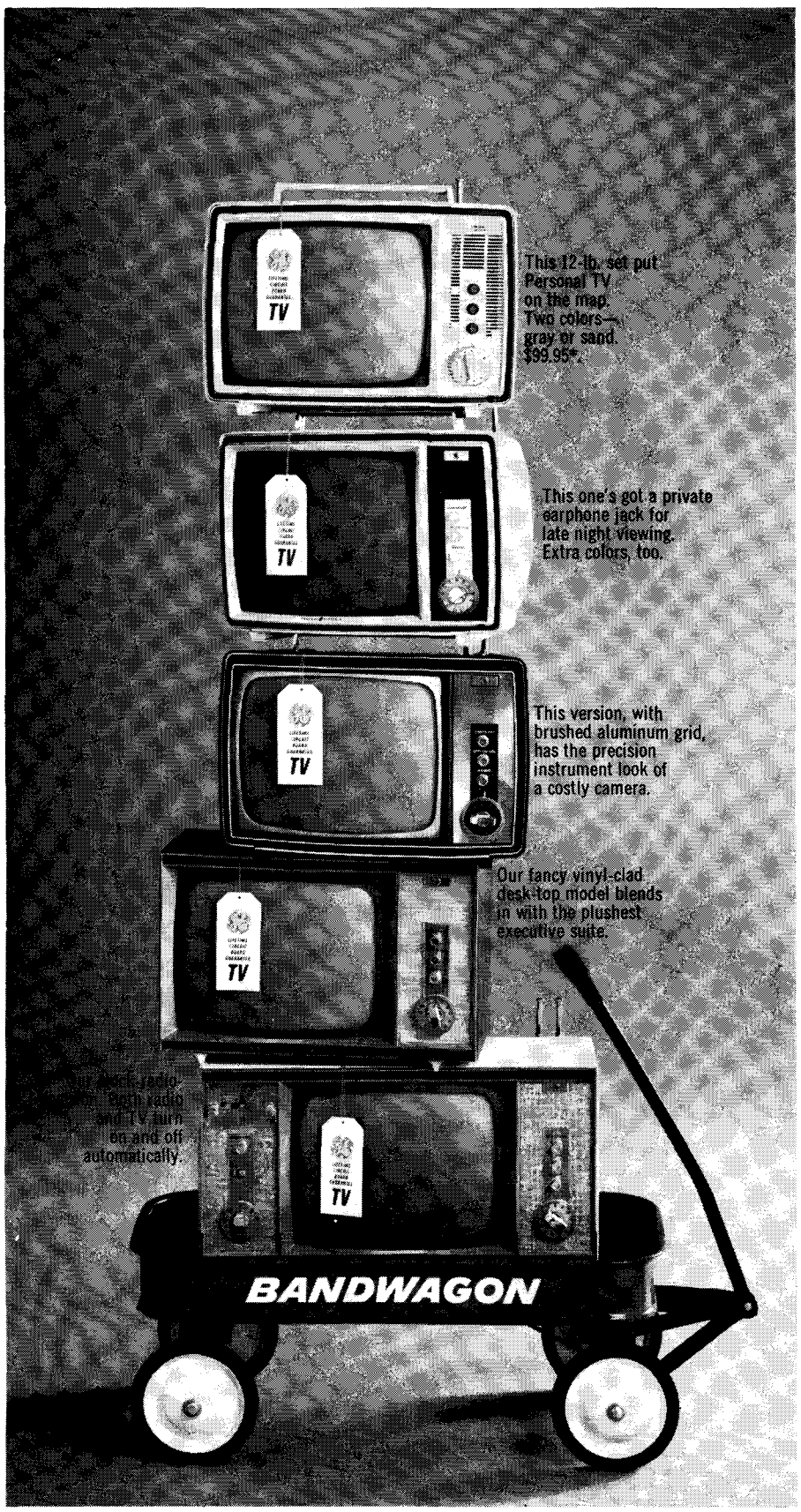
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

An Infinity of Mirrors

Paul-Alain sat listlessly, battered by the strange sounds and smells all around him. He stared dreamily out of the window as the bus started and stopped, but he did not pay much attention because they did not seem to be going anywhere. Images of shimmering people in soft focus hovered around and above him. He sweated heavily.

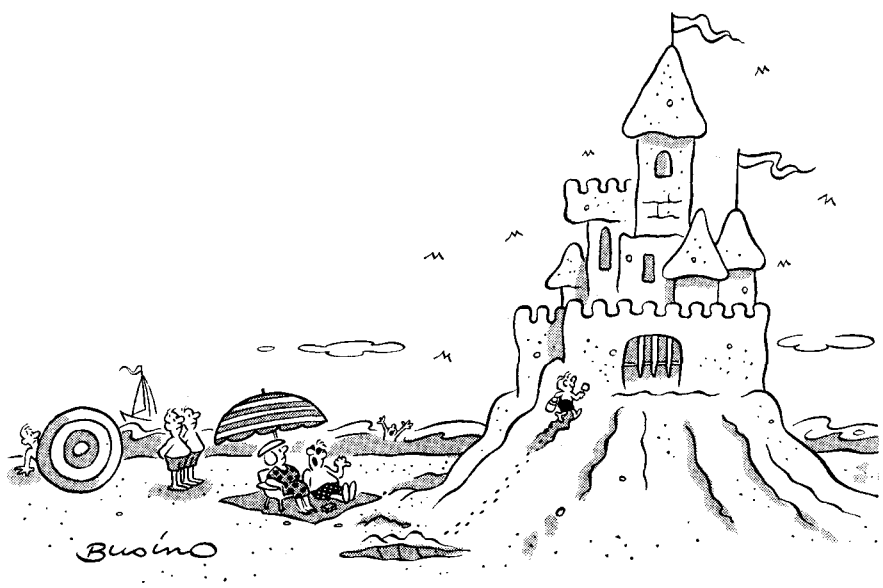
At 8:30 Clotilde approached the barricade guarding the military headquarters at Avenue Kléber. When an armed guard stopped her, she said she worked for General von Rhode and that she brought an urgent message for him. He asked for her pass. She did not have a pass, she said, but it was a matter of life and death that she see General von Rhode. The guard said he could not admit her without a pass. Well, would he telephone from the sentry house so that General von Rhode could approve her admission? General von Rhode had not passed the checkpoint that morning, so there was no point in calling him. Then could she see General von Stuelpnagel? The Military Governor was a close friend of the family, an old, old friend, he would be very angry with the soldier if he were not told what had happened to General von Rhode's son. Did she have a pass? No, but it was an exceedingly urgent matter. The sentry was sorry, but she would have to have a pass. Would he call General von Stuelpnagel from the sentry house? That would not be possible. How could she reach either general? She must send a written request and the matter would be given fullest attention and a reply issued within five days.

Clotilde walked slowly toward the Etoile, tearing a small handkerchief into small pieces as she walked, staring at the Arc de Triomphe but not seeing it, and trying to decide what to do next. Finally she went to the post office behind the Hôtel Majestic and sent a telegram to General von Rhode, spelling it in German with difficulty. She paid for the telegram, then she walked home as quickly as possible, to wait beside the telephone.

The telegram was delivered to General von Rhode's office within an hour and the duty sergeant placed it on the thin pile on the secretary's bare desk. It remained there unopened, because the secretary had been given leave during the general's absence from Paris and all correspondence was being handled from the general's other office in the Hôtel Meurice.

The Vélodrome d'Hiver had opened in 1910, on the site of the old Galerie des Machines. It was built to be used for bicycle races, but in time, after the craze for six-day bicycle races had passed, the enclosed stadium was used for ice hockey and for political meetings. In 1931, it became the Palais des Sports, though no one referred to it by any other name but the Vélodrome d'Hiver until after the razzias. It had a capacity of 20,000 people, who sat on stone steps as in an ancient amphitheater. Since the Occupation the Vélodrome had stood idle, and its facilities had fallen into rusty disrepair. In the agreement to lease the premises to the Germans, the only restriction the owners made was that no one wearing ordinary shoes be permitted to walk upon the banked board track. This obligation was strictly observed by the Germans who, in their thorough way, made a recording in French, which was to be broadcast over the public-address system whenever the danger threatened.

On the Thursday evening, July 16, 1942, of the first big razzia, when 12,884 Jews, including 4,051 children under fourteen years of age, most of whom could not understand French because they were refugees from seventeen different nations speaking forty-two dialects, were locked into the arena, the loudspeaker system went wild with outrage. Over and over again the same message poured down upon these bewildered people in a language few of them understood: "*Attention! Attention! Walking on the board track while wearing shoes is strictly forbidden. Attention! Those who walk upon the board track with shoes on will be immediately and severely punished.*" Police, who were extremely resentful of the assignment, were posted with leaded sticks all around the edge of the board track to beat back the people who doggedly kept walking on the boards with shoes.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why can't he build sand castles like other kids?"

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An Infinity of Mirrors

The Gestapo checkers were more angry with the French police than with the Jews when they discovered how miserably the French had failed to meet the minimum requirement of 22,000 ordered by Berlin. Colonel Drayst had actually been hoping for 28,000. The Gestapo's handling of the Jews became more brutal as the evening wore on and a yield of only 12,884 was confirmed, and they did everything but spit upon the police who had let them down.

That was the tactical dispute. A greater strategic argument between SS Colonel Drayst and the Vichy brass was raging in Drayst's office. The French wanted the children stored in orphanages around Paris. The Germans pointed out not only that there was inadequate space in segregated orphanages but that they could not tolerate having other children contaminated by Jewish children. The argument was extended to Pierre Laval in Vichy and to SS Captain Dieter Wisliceny, Eichmann's aide in Berlin. The specter which clouded both sides of the argument was transport. When Wisliceny said that the problem had become overwhelming for Franz Novak, the transportation executive, Drayst asked maliciously if the razzias had come as a surprise to Novak. Suddenly Eichmann's voice bellowed into the telephone; Drayst was not to criticize Novak, who had accounted for more Jews than Drayst would in a lifetime. Novak was fighting Ley, the Wehrmacht, the Ministry of Transportation, the Ministry of Agriculture *and* the Reichsmarschall, who was diverting trains for loot which should be carrying Jews instead. If the interference and the criticism continued, Eichmann said that he would ask that the matter be brought directly to the attention of the Fuehrer.

Drayst interrupted to ask for an official decision on the French objection to shipping children under sixteen years old to the extermination camps. Wisliceny's voice broke into the conversation to demand hotly how the French could take such a stand when only three weeks ago the Reichsfuehrer SS had honored France with the top priority for the elimination of their Jews only because the Vichy government's legislation had shown such insight into the Jewish problem.

Eichmann cut in again. "Drayst, I must be protected on this—a scandal could come out of this."

Wisliceny said he would like someone to explain to him the difference between a ten-year-old Jew and a forty-year-old Jew. Drayst said he would report the Vichy position as soon as possible. "Heil Hitler!" he shouted into the phone, and hung up.

Because they had taken their shoes off, the Quakers' assistance teams were permitted to move the very sick to the infield at the Vélodrome d'Hiver. Most of the internees had brought no food with them, and though the Secours National offered to feed them this was refused by the police until the end of the second day. The Red Cross was authorized to provide medical aid under special conditions. The sick could be evacuated only by permission of the doctor at the prefecture, who had to be consulted in each individual case by telephone. When he was told that one child had caught scarlet fever and that two others had measles, he replied that the symptoms of the diseases, as described to him, were not clear enough. As a result, an epidemic of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and measles broke out in the packed arena.

Due to haste or oversight, the French police and the Gestapo had neglected to check on the water-supply system in the Vélodrome. After the 12,884 had been locked into the stadium, it was discovered that only one faucet worked. It was not until late Friday morning before the matter could be brought to the attention of anyone with the authority to send for a plumber. When the plumbers did arrive on Saturday afternoon it was discovered that the supply of drinking water could not be increased. For the same reasons, there were only six working toilets available for the 12,884 people.

The internees were ordered to sit on the cold stone tiers all around the track. The others packed into a thick ring in the circle outside the board running track, and those who were clearly dying lay on rows of stretchers all over the infield. Paul-Alain, huddled behind a screen of men and women, had seated himself on the floor with his back to the wall in front of the first tier of seats of the arena. His fever was high; the shapes around him seemed to move in slow motion and soft focus, as through a steam of smells, and the inexorable sound of the strident warning from the loudspeakers, repeating over and over its message which pierced his ears and hammered at his nerve ends, produced steady physical pain. "*Attention! Attention! Walking on the board track while wearing shoes is strictly forbidden. Attention! Those who walk upon the board track with shoes on will be immediately and severely punished!*"

Because of the wall at his back, Paul-Alain was able to sleep fitfully. The thousands on the stone tiers had to work to sleep and work to stay awake. They fell over forward; they slumped unconsciously on their neighbors; they got cramps and exchanged body lice.

Only the most experienced among the perpetually persecuted had known enough to insist upon their right to bring food. The Gestapo had expected to move the internees out to the transit camps more quickly, but the argument between Berlin and Vichy was still raging. On Friday afternoon at 1:30 the Quakers' teams were allowed to bring in food, but this was no more effective than the one water faucet; the prisoners, particularly the children, were so frantic with thirst that food didn't interest them at all.

On Thursday and Thursday night many of the children had been diverted by the novelty of their surroundings. They had made friends despite the language barriers and organized games in little communities in all parts of the arena. Little girls had made doll houses out of luggage or rolled a ball back and forth among friends, and the boys had played football with wadded newspapers. But by Friday the oppression had become too much even for the children. The plumbers worked frantically, as perhaps they had never worked before, from 2:30 in the morning until one o'clock the next afternoon, but the pipes were either rotten or had been ripped out, and when they finished there was still only one faucet to quench the thirst of a long line of never fewer than 1,100 parched and patient people who filled hats, shoes, and bottles to take back to their families, and then returned to stand in the line again. On Saturday morning, another water source was added when firemen connected a hose to a city hydrant and

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ran it into the arena. With only six toilets, children and sick people could not wait, and small children could neither be washed nor changed.

Thirst in that airless auditorium was a worse pain than hunger, and Paul-Alain's sense of heat was magnified by a rising fever. He dreamed of water, but he was aware that he was drinking in a dream and he would cry out and wake up wild-eyed. The sounds all around him had dropped below the level of language. A young policeman had to be clubbed into unconsciousness near the main door when he tried to shoot a Gestapo agent who said that one water tap was good enough for 12,884 Jews, and that it was even generous because, after all, they had been expecting 22,000. Hysterical, shouting, shrieking women walked up and down the stone tiers yelling the names of lost children, unable to ask anyone for help in Ivrit, Yiddish, Tagvy, Lithuanian, Ladino, Lamut, German, and Romanian in this Babel of despair.

The dying began on Friday evening, at first from scarlet fever, advanced tuberculosis, and pneumonia. Thirty-two were dead by eleven P.M. Friday, and the bodies lay in the heat for fourteen hours while the sun the following day pounded upon the metal roof of the arena, and the body heat and the breathing of the living halved the available air. No guard would stay inside the place because of the heat and the stench and the terrible noises which burst from the throats and hearts of the 12,884 caged human animals.

The only illumination was a single work light which hung from the ceiling over the infield. The public-address system never ceased its mindless shouting: "*Attention! Attention! Walking on the board track while wearing shoes is strictly forbidden. Attention! Those who walk upon the board track with shoes on will be immediately and severely punished.*"

One hundred and twenty-six children and adults had died by Saturday afternoon and thirty-one babies were born, alive and dead: The old people prayed over them.

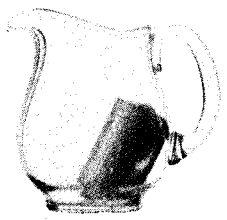
Paul-Alain had departed into his memory. He was reliving afternoons with his beautiful Mamma. He was riding in the open carriage through the *bois* with his thrilling Papa, and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of soldiers were saluting. His hands never relaxed their tight grasp upon his lower stomach. His eyes could not have been seeing their surroundings anymore because he was continually smiling.

On Saturday the police came in hasty force and herded over 4,000 of the people out of the arena. But they refused to allow anybody under sixteen to leave because the matter of their disposition had not yet been settled. Mothers were brutally beaten with leaded batons when they tried to drag their children along with them. Approximately 4,000 adults and all 4,051 children were left behind in the Vélodrome. Most of the adults were the sick, the mad, and the aged. On Saturday evening the Red Cross was allowed to send in a team of six people, who spoke only German and French among them, to offer to take messages to the outside from the remaining internees. Fifteen volunteers from the Quakers and the Secours National were permitted to move among the heaps of people to look for the ill and, when they found them, to try to decide which ones most needed a doctor. After a horrified survey the three agencies protested to the police, who reported back to Drayst, who finally agreed to allow doctors to go in—providing they were Jewish doctors—because there were sixty-one cases of measles, 130 cases of whooping cough, and 184 cases of scarlet fever, and there was no way to isolate these cases. Late on Saturday night the Jewish doctors received an authorization to evacuate the most gravely ill, but the French police countermanded the order on Gestapo instructions.

While the children watched death after death on one side of them and birth after birth on the other, in the heat of a most arid hell, arrayed on stone shelves, lying among their bodily foulness, the great voice called down from heaven: "*Attention! Attention! Walking on the board track while wearing shoes is strictly forbidden. Attention! Those who walk upon the board track with shoes on will be immediately and severely punished.*"

Paul-Alain was hemmed in by four sisters from Alsace, each one over seventy; by a huddle of eight unrelated children, three with scarlet fever, two with measles and two with whooping cough; and by

Who ever heard of putting ice cubes in orange juice? Who ever heard of sipping it from tall, frosty glasses on a crickety summer night? Who ever heard of serving O.J. to company, or taking it on picnics, or going fishing with it? You, that's who! You heard it here. And you've got to admit it's not a bad idea. O.J.—genuine fresh-frozen Florida orange juice. Natural flavor, natural vitamin C. Thank goodness for thirst!



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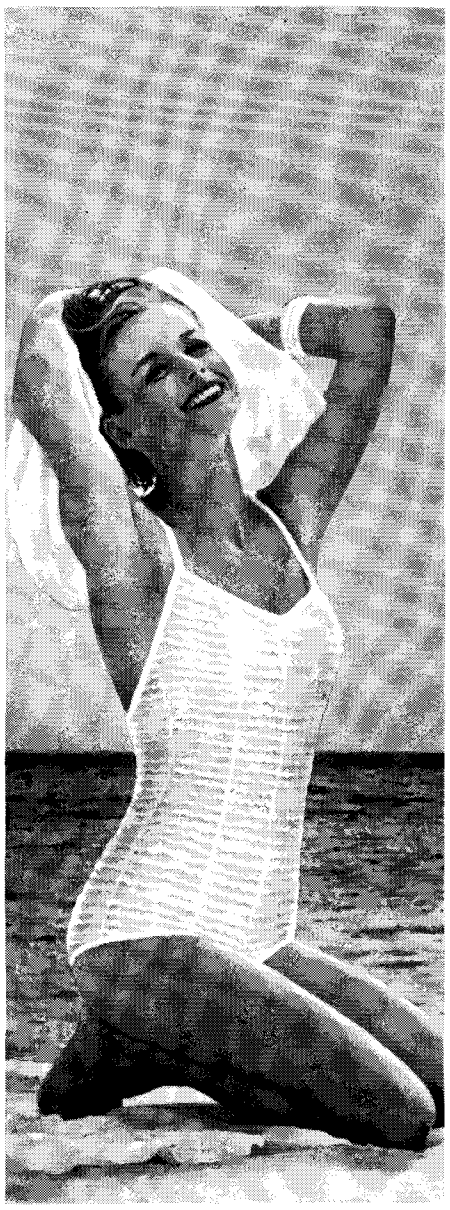

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An Infinity of Mirrors

two stout men in their fifties who sat, starkly mad, facing Paul-Alain, strapped by hand and foot to a heavy wheelbarrow and singing something tonelessly over and over again in a strange dialect. They saw nothing outside their minds, for they had been arrested in a mental hospital at Argenteuil.

The screen of bodies around Paul-Alain prevented the Quakers from finding him until 2:45 A.M., Monday. He had not eaten nor drunk since Thursday, his eyes shone like torches, his clothes were sodden with filth, his skin was red, burning hot and dry, and he whimpered fitfully as he slept clutching his right side.

The doctor knelt beside Paul-Alain for five minutes. "Scarlet fever," he said, looking up at the red-eyed Quaker woman with the crumpled face who had been working without sleep for three days, "and acute appendicitis. It may have burst. His temperature is forty point five and if the evacuation order does not come in an hour I will have to operate on him here."

He stood up, lifting the boy, and they walked with him across the board track, each of them wearing shoes, to an empty spot under the dim, hanging light over the infield.

The Red Cross finally got word to its Swiss headquarters, which demanded that the French and Germans look upon the horror in their midst. The evacuation order was given by SS Colonel Drayst at 3:10 A.M. on Monday.

Paule had had a glorious holiday. The weather had been marvelous and, as always, the Duquesa had been a perfect companion.

They had left the Loire valley at seven o'clock on Monday morning and Paule was back at the Cours Albert I at twenty minutes to ten. She was glowing with sunburn and euphoric as she slipped her key into the lock and entered the apartment, bursting to see Paul-Alain again.

"*MADAME!*" Mme. Citron's scream sent Paule into rigidity in the doorway. From every corridor it seemed that footsteps and sobbing were racing toward her. Clotilde reached the entrance hall first, stopped short, and stared haggardly, her face swollen and the color of porridge, her hair uncombed. She was unable to speak, and Mme. Citron and the waitress and the two housemaids silently stood in the other doorways like corpses. Paule stared at each one in turn while a fear greater than any she had ever felt flooded her mind and stopped her heart. She wheeled again to Clotilde.

"What has happened to Paul-Alain?"

"They took him away."

"Who?"

"The police."

"When?"

"Thursday morning."

"Thursday? *Thursday* morning?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know, Madame. I don't know, I don't know, I don't know." Clotilde was weeping bitterly.

"But his father ——"

"The general is away. I tried and tried. I went to his hotel, I went to his office. I have telephoned, I have sent a telegram, but ——"

"Oh, my God. Oh, my God."

"He was so sick when they took him, Madame," Mme. Citron moaned. "We tried to make them stop ——"

"Sick?"

"His little stomach was hot and hard and swollen. He had a fever."

"Who took him? You must know that?" She still stood in the doorway.

"The police gave us a receipt," Clotilde said. "They were from the rue Clément-Marot."

"Did you go there?"

"No, Madame, you see ——"

"Clotilde, how could you not go there?"

"I told them who Paul-Alain's father was, Madame ——"

"We told them who his grandfather was, Madame," Mme. Citron sobbed.

"And they said it was no use because this was the SS. There has been an enormous raid. They have taken thousands and thousands of Jews."

"Weren't they looking for me? Were they looking for me and they took him? Oh, my God, my God."

"No, Madame. They asked only for him, only for him."

"They had his name on a card," Mme. Citron said. "I answered the door and they looked at this card and they asked me for him."

Finally Paule moved. She ran into the main salon, took up the telephone and rattled the hook frantically. "Military Headquarters for France," she said. When the military operator answered, she spoke in German in a loud, harsh, parade-ground voice. "This is Frau General von Rhode. Get me General Stuelpnagel. At once!" Waiting, she covered her eyes with her hand and whimpered and then fought for control of herself.

At last, the Military Governor came on the telephone and was greeting her warmly when she interrupted him. "My husband is not in Paris, as you know. I have been out of the city for four days, on a holiday. Yes. Thank you. On Thursday morning the SS had the police arrest my son. He is eight years old." She listened, then gave him her address. Her voice quavered, but she was able to control it. "Thank you. Thank you, General. I shall be waiting on the street in front of the building."

General von Stuelpnagel walked rapidly from his desk to the door of his office and flung it open. "Send a car to Frau General von Rhode and bring her here at once." He gave the address. "Then get me the head of Security Police and send Ernst or Blanke in here on the double. Then send out an alarm to every communications post on the coast ordering General von Rhode to report to me at once." In pain, Stuelpnagel walked back to his desk. Rhode's father had been his great benefactor; Rhode was his friend and protégé, Rhode was the old army. They had killed Jews before his eyes, and they had laughed in his face when he had complained, but it had never come to this. Rhode had given his country almost everything—an arm, an eye, a face, and now a son who was a child. It had come to this.

The telephone rang. It was Drayst, the Security Police leader.

"Drayst?"

"Good morning, Herr General."

"On Thursday morning the eight-year-old son of General von Rhode of my staff was taken by the French police in a Jewish raid. His absence was not discovered until a few moments ago. You have one hour to report that child's whereabouts to me or you will be shot." He slammed the telephone back into its cradle.

Blanke came into the room at a half-trot. "Yes, sir."

"General von Rhode's eight-year-old son was taken in the raids last Thursday. Who took him? Where? Where is he now? What is his condition?"

"Where did he live, sir?"

"Cours Albert I."

"Then he would have been taken by one of two of the three commissariats in the eighth *arrondissement*, sir—either from the rue Cambacérès or from Clément-Marot. In either case he would have been taken to the Vélodrome d'Hiver, the reception center from which the Jews were to have been redistributed to transit camps. However, there has been a disagreement between the French police and the Gestapo in the case of the children. All of the children are still at the Vélodrome d'Hiver."

The Commander's confidential clerk appeared in the doorway. "I have General von Rhode on the field telephone, sir," she said. Stuelpnagel sat down very slowly, wheeled in his chair and picked up the green telephone.

"Rhode?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you?"

"Veules-les-Roses, sir."

"Plane with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rhode, ten minutes ago your wife telephoned to say that the SS had taken your son ——"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Your wife will be in my office almost immediately. I suggest that you return to Paris at once, I shall send Blanke with her when we locate the boy, and Ernst will be standing by to escort you. I have nothing more to report now. Return to Paris immediately." He hung up.

When the confidential clerk ushered Paule in, Stuelpnagel put his arms around her, as a father would. "Now Germans know every shame," he said. Crisply he turned to Blanke. "Herr Blanke is our specialist," he said. "He believes that he has located your son and he will take you to him now."

Blanke clicked his heels and made a short bow. "Does Madame have a picture of her son?" he asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"Over four thousand children were taken in the raids. Several photographs would be helpful in finding him."

"Four thousand children," General von Stuelpnagel said in a cracking voice. "That is how we make war now."

The staff car shrieked to a stop behind the GFP weapons carrier at the main entrance of the Vélodrome d'Hiver. Six soldiers and one sergeant leaped out, machine rifles at the ready. Blanke tried to help Paule out of the car, but she streaked past him and sprinted across the sidewalk. The military police raced in ahead of her and opened a hole through the two layers of policemen barring the door. Two soldiers pinned the French police to each wall with their rifles and the sergeant pulled open the front door. Paule darted across the short foyer and into the arena. Ten feet inside she stopped, threw back her head and screamed at the top of her lungs, staring with utter horror at the 8,000 internees, smelling the sweat, urine, and feces, smelling and staring at death.

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" Blanke said, his head turning slowly as he tried to see everywhere at once. He pulled Paul-Alain's picture out of his pocket, and as Paule ran forward into the crowd of bodies laid out on stretchers in the infield, Blanke stumbled dazedly forward and began to look as systematically as possible among the crowd.

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An Infinity of Mirrors

Veelee had felt almost healed in the dark places of his mind since he had come to Paris and had rediscovered Paul-Alain. The boy had nearly cleansed him of the killing he had done and seen. Lately his mind could retain the things which seemed far more real than the real world. Paul-Alain allowed him to think of the future.

In the hospital Veelee had been afraid that he had lost control of himself forever. He had wept helplessly at the sight of wounded men, and once he had become hysterical upon being introduced to a Colonel Poll, because the man's name sounded the same as Paule's. He had been badly frightened all during the journey to Paris, hardly able to control his conviction that the train was about to separate into its thousands of parts as it raced along the rails. At the Royal Monceau he had slept in a chair with a cocked pistol in his lap, because he had begun to imagine that he was those two British Commandos that he had killed in the desert, and he knew that Rhode was coming slowly over the rise to kill. Veelee had not been able to talk to anyone about these things because he knew that they would send him away from Paris and Paule and Paul-Alain. He had been as steady as steel when General von Stuelpnagel had received him, nodding affably and agreeing to everything, but he was not able to distinguish the words that the General was saying. Before his eyes, von Stuelpnagel's eyes had seemed to fill with tears, and since this was impossible Veelee was sure the war was getting to him.

Every night at six o'clock the general would saunter into Veelee's office and take him across the street to the officers' mess at the Hôtel Raphaël and pour two whiskeys into him. Still, Veelee supposed he was doing his work well enough. It was the work of a senior officer in a rear-area command, and that had become instinctive to him years before. After seeing Paule again and noticing the scars and changes in her face he decided she had suffered more than he; he had only endured the mutilation of his body, whereas she had suffered the murder of her hope. They were lost to each other in a billowing cloud of smoke of loss and regret, but they still had what their love had produced, Paul-Alain, to keep them together *until somehow all things could heal.* Paule loved him still—even he could see that, he told himself—and he loved her more than ever before. His mind and his body were shapeless and purposeless and no longer of much use, but in time their loss would be healed by Paul-Alain.

His son. His Paul-Alain. The best of the goodness of both of them. What a fine boy. His father's friend—his own friend—von Stuelpnagel had given the boy a decoration ribbon he had found in his desk; he had pinned it under the boy's lapel with a great air of secrecy and then had beamed down at Paul-Alain because he was such a fine boy. But now Veelee was becoming confused again because he could not understand what the general had meant about the SS. Were they starting that Youth Movement nonsense in France? Had they taken the boy to some youth camp? Not that it would hurt him—outdoors all the time, cold showers, plain food.

The car was on the main road to Paris from Le Bourget. Ahead of them, coming from Paris, a convoy of trucks was turning off, and as they passed he could see that the trucks were jammed with civilians.

"What's all this?" he asked the driver.

"There have been very big Jewish raids, sir," the driver said. "I think this convoy is taking them to the transit camp at Drancy about a half-mile up that side road."

"Poor devils."

"Pardon, sir?"

"I said it's a rotten way to fight a war."

"Yes, sir."

Veelee reached the Hôtel Majestic at 12:30 P.M. to find Stuelpnagel waiting. He was very pale and his square jaw was held firmly outthrust. "The Security Police have located the boy," he said immediately.

"Located?" A strange choice of word—one doesn't locate a pupil in a classroom or a boy in a youth camp.

"Rhode, I ——"

"What is happening, sir?"

"A car is waiting to take you to fetch your wife so that both of you can ——"

"But what has happened to Paul-Alain?" The general saw that Veelee had not yet comprehended what the SS had done. "Rhode, something terrible has happened," he said slowly. "Your son was taken in the widespread Jewish raids which began last Thursday."

"A *Jewish* raid? *My* boy?"

"We thought he would be found at the Vélodrome d'Hiver, where your wife is now. But early this morning he was removed to the transit camp at Drancy because he has become ill."

Veelee turned away from him and ran for the door. "Rhode, wait!" the general said loudly. "There is no way for me to reach your wife at the Vélodrome. Pick

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her up and then go to Drancy. Ernst will see to it that you get the boy out instantly, but he'll need his mother—his mother must be there."

As Veelee ran out of the room the horizon inside his head began to tilt again. The long corridor offered blank patches in his vision, and he walked unsteadily to the lift repeating his son's name over and over again within his head. As he came down the steps Ernst took him by the elbow and guided him into the car. He fell as he was getting into the seat, but he pulled himself up at once as Ernst got in beside him and the car roared out into the Avenue Kléber.

Ernst found Blanke, and Blanke found Paule. Veelee stood on the board track under the barrage of sound from the loudspeakers, staring dazedly at the carnage all around him. Peering through the murk, he was unable to decide whether he was looking for Paule or Paul-Alain. "Sergeant!" he yelled, and the sergeant who had accompanied Paule came running up.

"Sir!"

"Bring the police officer in charge to me."

"Yes, sir."

Blanke found Paule high up on the stone tiers. Her dress had been soiled where she had vomited, and she was weeping silently and breathing in great shuddering gasps from the exertion of moving up row upon row of the stone steps shouting Paul-Alain's name. She had talked to people in the five languages she knew and showed them Paul-Alain's picture, but they had either stared back at her in bewilderment or had begged her for water.

"We have located the boy, Frau General," Blanke said.

"Thank you, Herr Blanke. Where is he? Take me to him, please."

"He has been moved to Drancy."

"To the transit camp? My God, then we must go. What if they should ship him? What can we do if they ship him before we get there?"

She began to pick her way down the tiers of stone. Blanke overtook her and went ahead of her so that she could support herself on his shoulder as they descended. "Your husband is here," she heard him say, and as she looked down she saw Veelee standing on the board track towering over the police and the soldiers around him, his gray-white hair gleaming like a helmet, immaculate in his black uniform and boots, his left sleeve pinned neatly back, the monocle fixed in his eye. When she came close she saw that his single eye was wild and his face frantic to overtake what he was aware that everyone but him clearly knew. He put his arm around her and she clung to him. "My mind doesn't take this in at all," he said into her ear. "It comes, but then it slips away. It's Paul-Alain, isn't it? But Paul-Alain in such a place as this?"

"He isn't here, my dear," she said. "Come with me. We will find him now." She took him by the hand and led him toward the exit as the loudspeakers screamed, "*Attention! Attention! Walking on the board track while wearing shoes is strictly forbidden. Attention! Those who walk upon the board track with shoes on will be immediately and severely punished.*"

Suddenly the GFP sergeant stood in front of Veelee. He was holding a gun in the back of a police officer. "The police commander, sir," the sergeant said.

"What about him?"

"You sent for him, sir."

"Ah? Oh, yes." He turned to the police officer. "Turn off that recording," he ordered.

"I cannot," the policeman said. "That record is playing on Gestapo orders."

"Sergeant."

"Sir!"

"Issue axes to your men and destroy this board track."

"Yes, sir." The sergeant saluted as Veelee strode away and got into the waiting car beside Paule.

Drancy, the transit camp from which Jews were shipped to the extermination camps in Poland, sat on a plateau in the northeastern section of Paris. Around it were vacant lots littered with rubbish and a few low cottages and high-chimneyed factories. The camp itself, a mass of dark bulky buildings, took the overall shape of a large horseshoe, and covered approximately eighteen acres. Originally intended to be used as workers' flats, each building had four floors and a staircase whose landings opened into single large rooms which had been designed for twelve beds and into which either 60 adults or 100 children were now crammed. They slept on planks covered with straw; in the winter, the police tried to steal the planks for firewood. Male internees were separated from female, and then the groups were sorted by the French Physiognomical Police. This was a special squad composed of experts who could spot Jews on sight without needing to check their papers, and could even separate them into social ranks.

The camp's black market, which was controlled by the police, was necessary for survival because each inmate's daily ration was two ladles of soup, a quarter of a pound of bread, and two Jerusalem artichokes. For a price, food parcels could be sent in from the outside for people who could not help getting hungry while they waited to be shipped off to be gassed to death.

The camp was guarded and administered by the French, and the commanding officer was an officer in the French army. The Germans dealt only with such exceptional matters as deportations and hostages, and the internal organization of the camp was left to the prisoners. For three years there were never fewer than 5,000 Jews at Drancy; it was a small eddy in which they paused briefly before being whirled off centrifugally into the extermination camps.

Paule and Veelee found Paul-Alain on the second floor of a room in Drancy's great horseshoe, off the landing of *Escalier Zazous*. There were ninety-three other sick and dying children in the room, covered with lice and scabies and sleeping fitfully on urine-soaked straw. Paul-Alain opened his eyes as his mother and father knelt on either side of him, gave a cry of joy, and smiled. As Paule bent over him, murmuring her love for him, he managed to touch her cheek lightly with his hand. Then his hand slipped downward and clutched the lapel of her suit. As it slipped off and fell to the straw, he died.

Blanke was waiting when Paule came out into the courtyard at Drancy. Ernst had taken Veelee to sit in the car. Paule's face was such a shock of horror that Blanke began to weep. He did not make any sound, but his face contorted and the tears rolled over his cheeks and fell upon his uniform. Paule watched him. The dumbness left her eyes and a concentration of intelligence took its place. She went to him.

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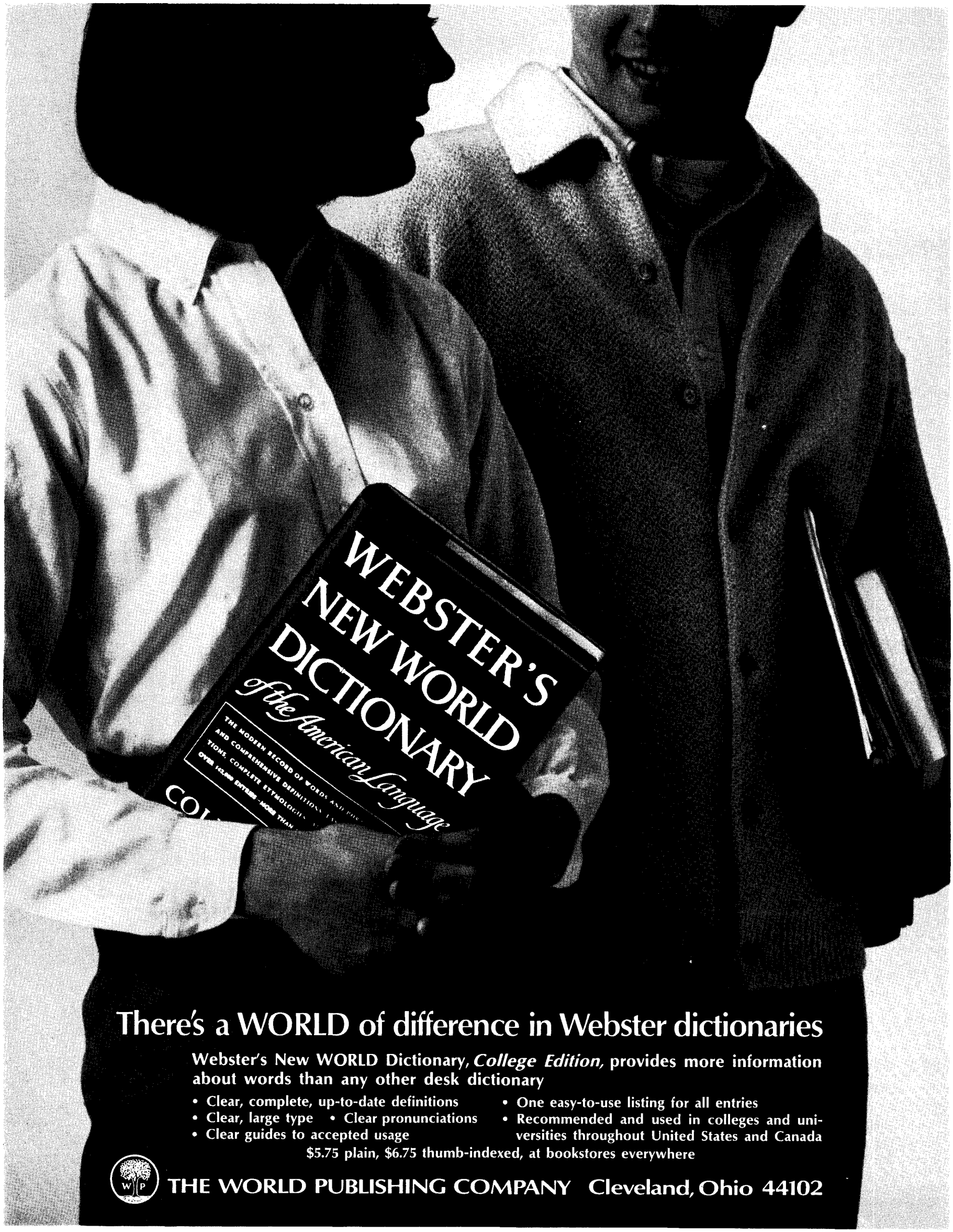
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An Infinity of Mirrors

"I thank you, Lieutenant Blanke, for everything you did and tried to do for us today," she said in German.

"Anything," Blanke answered. "I would do anything."

"The general and I need your help again, Lieutenant Blanke."

"I would do anything. I would cut off my hands if I could change what has been done by us. I would be ——"

"Can you bring me the name of the man who ordered the arrest of my son?"

"Yes, Frau General."

Hitler's pervasive corruption surrounded her. His contempt for moral laws had convinced her that there was no longer any law, moral or civil, criminal or protective. His screamed demonstrations that force was the law and that force was on the side of wrong and that wrong was right had entered her pores with the hatred she felt. From Norway to Greece he had brought this moral change and, in the end, it could be seen that murder was *not* the worst thing he had done; his most transcendent evil was the corruption with which he had contaminated the living.

Paule heard, again, in her mind the jackboots of the storm troopers who had paraded before her the first day Veelee had brought her to Berlin so many years ago, along the platform of the Friedrichstrasse Station, calling for the death of all Jews. She felt the freezing fear she had felt then, and she could see that across all those years she had been pulling that fear toward her like a rope, hand over hand, until she had found out what had been weighting the awful end of it—her son's corpse. Paul-Alain was gone, forever gone. Dead because he was a Jew—incredibly, incomprehensibly dead because he was a Jew.

Colonel Drayst was wearing nothing but a light silk dressing gown. He had finished the draft of his general order, and now he sat under the green reading light at the large desk in his commodious suite at the Avenue Foch headquarters, rereading what he had written.

20 July, 1944
To: IV 4b *SECRET! ! ! !*
MEMORANDUM: *on the increase in arrests of Jews in France.*
1: JEWISH PERSONALITIES TO BE ARRESTED
(a) *All persons who are Jews to be arrested without regard to nationality or other circumstances . . .*

At 9:12 P.M. Drayst was interrupted by the ringing of his private telephone. He lifted it apprehensively.

"Colonel Drayst?" The voice was intimate and inviting, and he could not believe his ears. It was Frau General von Rhode! It was difficult for him to control his breathing, and he opened his dressing gown with his free hand. The calls he had been making to her had finally taken effect.

"But, lovely lady, how did you get this telephone number?"

She laughed deliciously. "My husband is not the Nachrichtenfuehrer for nothing, Colonel."

"May I help you in some way, beautiful lady?"

"I want to see you." What a feeling it was! What a feeling!

"Why?"

"You know why. You have told me why a hundred times. Do you remember Berlin? When I had to pretend I didn't care? Don't you remember, my dear?"

"Oh yes."

"I want to see you tonight," she pleaded.

"Yes!"

"At ten-fifteen?"

"Where?"

"Your quarters is the only place that is possible."

"Yes, yes. Ten-fifteen."

"Will you be alone. There must be no one there. I cannot take such a risk if anyone is even near."

"Yes, I will wait for you. I will be alone."

Paule and Veelee rode up in the lift in Drayst's building without speaking. Veelee was in uniform but he carried an army rifle. They left the lift at the fifth floor and Paule, carrying a suitcase, led the way to the large double door at the end of the hall and knocked on it softly.

"Come in, lovely lady, come in," Drayst's voice said, and the door began to open. As Veelee crossed the threshold, Drayst was smiling. Veelee drove the butt of the rifle directly into Drayst's mouth with all the force of his single powerful arm. Teeth scattered on the floor and Drayst was driven backward almost fifteen feet before he fell unconscious on the floor. Veelee moved forward and stood over him, using the rifle on the body like a pile driver. Paule moaned and spun away, turning her back on the gaping face. When he tossed the rifle on the bed Paule turned around, but she could not look at the body on the floor or at Veelee. She swayed for a moment, and then she lifted the suitcase and crossed the room with it to Drayst. Kneeling beside him and forcing herself to look down at his broken face, she began to sob. She poured styptic collodion over him, turning his head to one side so that neither the astringent nor the blood could choke him. Her tears fell on him as she handled him tenderly. Then she opened a can of penicillin powder and sprinkled it liberally into what had once been the shape of a human mouth. An extraordinary swelling of the tongue, gums, and lips had started. Drayst would not have been able to talk comprehensively for many weeks even if he were going to live that long, and his face was no longer recognizable.

Paule took a large roll of bandage from the suitcase and, sitting on the carpet beside Drayst's head, began to bandage him carefully, attaching gauze tampons to the bandage so that they would absorb the blood. While she bandaged, Veelee took a suit of civilian clothes from the suitcase and struggled with his one arm to put them on Drayst: a bright pink shirt and a clip-on bow tie, socks and yellow shoes, a loudly checked suit with padded shoulders, and a checked cloth cap. When Paule finished bandaging she took over, and in a few minutes the disguise was complete. Together they lifted Drayst to his feet. His legs would not support him, so they dragged him to the door, Paule carrying the suitcase, down the corridor and into the lift.

The building was silent; Drayst lay on the floor of the elevator as limp as a scarecrow, cap jaunty over his bandages which gave him a widely outlined clown's mouth in wet red. On the street floor they dragged Drayst across the marble floors, rolled him down the steps, and threw him

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What do you suggest for my husband, who gave me a new septic tank for my birthday?"

ASK...

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Primary Function of Specific Ingredient	PAZO	Most Heavily Advertised Brand	Petroleum Jelly
Pile Tissue Shrinkage	√	√	
Lubrication	√	√	√
Antiseptic Action	√	√	
Pain Relief	√		
Itch Relief	√		

Use the most modern way to soothe and shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery, PAZO suppositories.

The PAZO FORMULA

Also available in ointment form.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF GROVE LABORATORIES

NEW WAY TO STOP FAUCET LEAKS

Note imbedded Nylok® plug — locks screws automatically
SEXAUER EASY-TITE
Note Fiberglas backing— resists closing squeeze

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★ 9-in-10 washers are fastened with too long or too short screws, thus loosen and destroy themselves. Leaks quickly follow!

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★ **Used with NEW, HEAT-RESISTING 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE WASHER — made of super-tough, pliable compound, (not rubber or fibre). Reinforced with vulcanized layer of Fiberglas, they resist distortion and splitting from shut-off grind and squeeze.**

★ **Faucet leaks repaired with 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE washers and SELF-LOCK screws outlast ordinary repairs "6-to-1"!**

Only "1-in-10" Plumbers are "SEXAUER" AUTHORIZED QUALITY PLUMBERS who carry "OVER 4000" 'SEXAUER' TRIPLE-WEAR REPAIR PARTS, including WORLD FAMOUS M-U-L-E K-I-C-K products for pepping up sluggish drains, restoring glisten to TOILET BOWLS — and lustre to chrome bath and kitchen fixtures.

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onto the floor in the back of the car. The shattered face was trying to talk, but the sounds which came out were hardly human, and certainly not words.

The car flew Veelee's pennant, and Paule moved it across the deserted city at high speed.

The car climbed the rue Lafayette. It slowed down at the checkpoint in the Porte de Pantin, and Veelee leaned forward into the searchlights. The sergeant of police waved them on and the car moved out into the Rue de Paris.

"I am frightened," Paule said, staring at the road.

"Why not? Hitler is still alive."

"Not that. No more." She shuddered. "I know I don't understand yet what we are doing tonight—but I am frightened of what will happen when I do."

Veelee's voice became hard. "We accomplished what we had pledged our honor to do."

When the car stopped at the gate, Veelee ordered the duty sergeant to take them to the Officer of the Day.

Drancy was run by Totenkopf battalions. The Officer of the Day was an SS Sturmbannfeuhrer whom Veelee addressed by the army rank of major, which made the man stand taller. Between them the duty sergeant and Veelee manhandled and dragged Drayst into the orderly room and dumped him into a chair. Paule entered behind them and sat in a chair on the other side of the room, ignoring the major and staring at Drayst with desperate gratitude. Drayst was making mewing sounds at the Sturmbannfuehrer, a man whom he had known for almost ten years. His eyes were alive with a terror that demanded to be understood, but no one except Paule even looked in his direction. He reached up and pulled at the sergeant's tunic with his left hand and almost had his wrist broken by a downward slash of the sergeant's hand.

"Here is a very, very special Jew, Major," Veelee said. "He is a special guest who is now in your hands at the personal order of the Military Governor."

"Yes, Herr General!" The Sturmbannfuehrer had never seen a combat general before. Veelee unbuttoned his left breast pocket under the dazzling rows of combat ribbons and removed the splendidly authenticated papers for Drayst which Blanke had had made up for them. "His papers," Veelee said, and handed them with a bow to the Sturmbannfuehrer.

"Yes, Herr General."

"When does the next train leave for the East?" Veelee knew the answer, but he wanted to have it confirmed. "Where does it go?"

"At thirteen-eleven, Herr General." The Sturmbannfuehrer looked at his watch. "In forty-nine minutes, to Auschwitz." The check-suited, bandaged figure on the chair made a series of disgusting sounds, and the sergeant cuffed it with a heavy backhand. "It will leave from Bobigny, which is directly adjacent."

"When does it reach Auschwitz?"

"Between sixty hours and four days, sir. Depending. This train has been routed through Nancy and Strasbourg into Stuttgart and Nuremberg, then to Dresden, Breslau, and Kattowitz to Auschwitz. It is a very heavy, extremely crowded train." The major smiled down at Drayst. "He will just fit into it." Drayst made more noises. "He sounds like a drowning duck," the Sturmbannfuehrer said. "You may be sure, Herr General, that he will travel with the first selection and that there will be no delays about his personal final solution at Auschwitz."

"The Military Governor asked me to see him actually put on the train," Veelee said.

"Very good, Herr General." The Sturmbannfuehrer made a ceremony of selecting exactly the right seal for the papers, then stamped each of the copies smartly and, keeping one copy, handed the others to the sergeant. "Load him," he said. The sergeant saluted and grabbed Drayst and half lifted and half carried him to the door. The Sturmbannfuehrer clicked his heels loudly and made a slight bow to Veelee.

The sergeant pulled Drayst to his feet and flung him out of the room; Veelee nodded his good-night to the Sturmbannfuehrer; the officer clicked his heels and bowed as they left the shack.

The Sturmbannfuehrer made some notations in his charge book, recorded Veelee's instructions, and then turned to the orderly who was typing at the back of the room and shouted that he wanted to send a telegram.

As the Sturmbannfuehrer spoke, the orderly typed:

RF SS
SICHERHEITSDIENST
21ST JULY 1944

IV J 225A
NO. 7
TO: REICHSSICHERHEITSHAUPTAMT REFERAT IV4B HERRN OBERSTURMBANNFUEHRER EICHMANN (OR DEPUTY IN CASE OF ABSENCE)
BERLIN
ALSO:
TO: THE INSPECTOR OF THE ORANIENBURG CONCENTRATION CAMP
TO: THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AUSCHWITZ
ON 21 JULY 1944 TRANSPORTATION TRAIN NO. 1901/31 HAS LEFT THE DEPARTURE STATION LE BOURGET DRANCY IN THE AUSCHWITZ DIRECTION WITH 1224 JEWS.
THE PERSONS AFFECTED ARE IN ACCORDANCE WITH DIRECTIVES.
THE LEADER OF THE TRANSPORT IS SERGEANT-MAJOR GELDWASSER WHO HAS BEEN GIVEN THE LIST OF NAMES IN DUPLICATE.
RATIONS AS USUAL ISSUED FOR SEVEN DAYS PER JEW.
URGENT: PROCESSING OF JEW 563872 CAR 1184 MUST BE EXPEDITED AT EARLIEST BY SPECIAL ORDER, MILITARY GOVERNOR FOR FRANCE AND EXPEDITION CONFIRMED TO UNDERSIGNED.
JOACHIM NOLANDER
SS STURMBANNFUEHRER

Paule and Veelee held each other's hand as they watched Drayst being dragged out of the truck at the railroad siding. Drayst struggled violently as he caught sight of them and screamed through his bandages at them, his hands and arms outstretched and shuddering. The two SS men opened the padlocks on Car 1184 and rolled the door back. Under the single electric bulb on the siding scores of pale faces stared out of the freight car at them. None of them spoke or made a sound, but their eyes accused God.

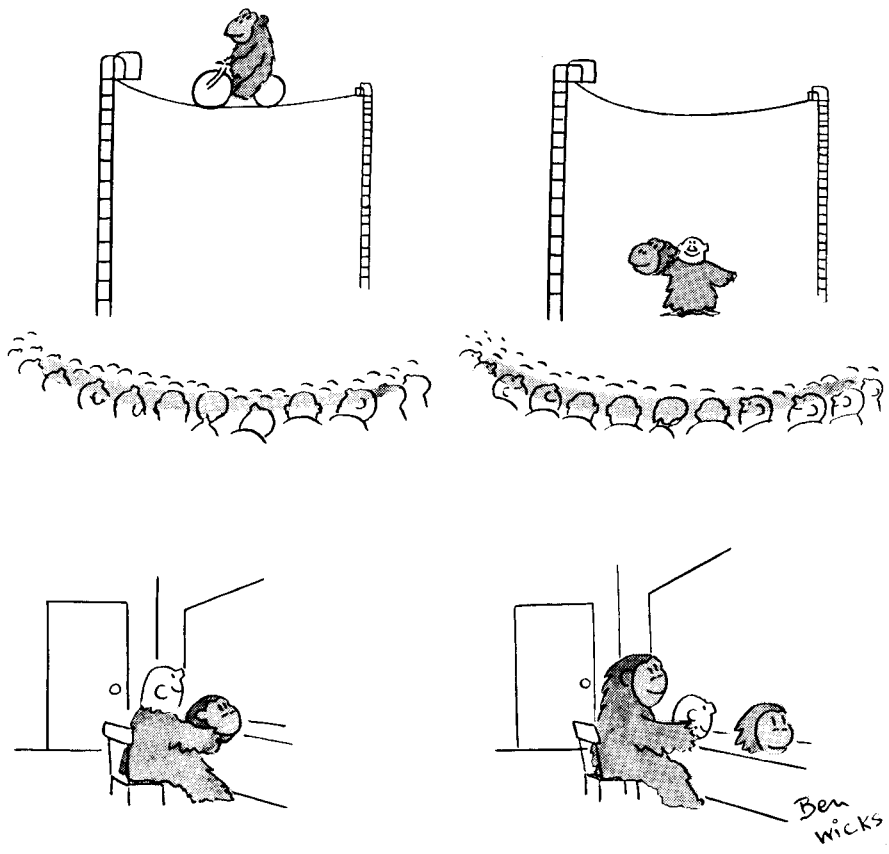
"No!" Paule cried out. "No! No!" The sergeant dragged Drayst toward the open train as Paule ran toward them. Using all of her strength, she tried to pull Drayst and the sergeant back with her, begging them to stop. As the sergeant rammed Drayst into the mass of bodies, Drayst spun, his eyes pleading with Paule. A bleating cry exploded from his throat, but the sound was muffled as the door was slammed shut. She could still hear him as the two SS men snapped the padlocks.

Paule ran to Veelee and held his shoulders, shaking him. "What will we do?" she sobbed. "For the rest of our lives, what will we do?"

He stared at her stolidly, unable to comprehend her change. "We have killed a monster," he said at last.

Her eyes were deadened. "We have become the monster," she said as the train began to move and Drayst's sounds melted into the noises of furious steam.

THE END



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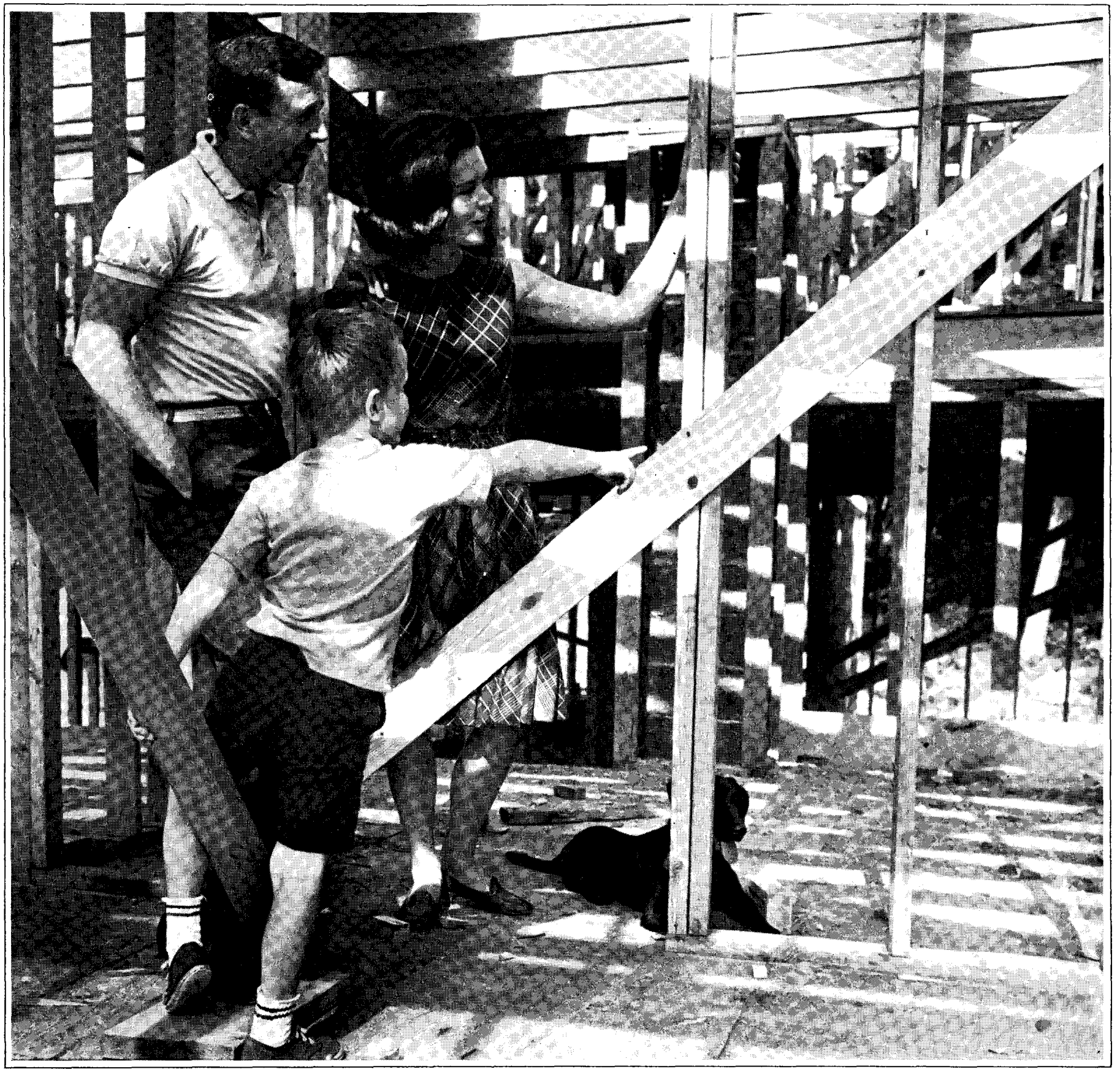

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The house on the corner

A friend i

By John O'Hara

It went all the way back to a day when George Wentz came home from shoveling the snow off the neighbors' sidewalks. "How much did you make?" said his father.

"Ninety cents," said George.

"For how many sidewalks?"

"Oh, gee, I don't know."

"Well—was it two? Four? Six? Eight?" said his father.

"It sure wasn't two, and it sure wasn't four. At least six. Do you want me to count up?"

"Wouldn't that be a good idea? You made ninety cents, and that could be a lot of money if you got it for one sidewalk. But if you did six, that's fifteen cents a sidewalk. And if you did nine, that's a dime apiece. Count up and see."

"Well-l-l, starting with our house, Mama gave me a dime. That's one."

"One sidewalk, one dime," said his father. "Then who?"

"Mrs. Williams, fifteen. Mrs. Chester, ten. She didn't want the whole thing shoveled, just a path. It sure looked funny, just a path, and all the others swept clean. Let me see now. After Mrs. Chester, Mrs. O'Brien, fifteen. Next to them is the Reveres."

"And they have Jake Loomis to shovel theirs," said his father.

"No, I did it," said George.

"Where was old Jake? That's supposed to be part of his work."

"I don't know, but when Mrs. Revere saw me cleaning Mrs. O'Brien's she called to me and said would I clean hers."

"A man-sized job, all the way around the corner," said his father.

"And the driveway."

"And the driveway? How much did you get for that?" said his father.

"Twenty-five cents."

"A quarter? For the whole thing? The front sidewalk, and around the corner, and the driveway? A quarter for that? Is that all?"

"That was the most I got from anybody, a quarter."

"But the work. How long were you at it?"

"That took me the longest."

"Who paid you? Mrs. Revere herself?"

"No. Mr. Revere."

"Oh, *Mister* Revere. He came out and graciously bestowed upon you the enormous sum of twenty-five cents. What did you say to him?"

"What did I say? Oh, you mean did I say thanks? Yes."

"Tugging at your forelock," said his father.

"What?"

"Just an expression," said his father.

Amy Wentz called from the dining room. "Supper's ready, you two."

"Be there in a minute," said the elder Wentz.

"No, now," said his wife. "It's on the table."

When they were seated George Wentz's father said to his wife, "Well, did you hear what Franklin Revere paid George for clearing his sidewalk and his driveway?"

"Twenty-five cents," said Amy Wentz.

"I have a good notion to go up there and tell him what I think. The boy should have got at least a dollar for that work. Twenty-five cents! Old Jake Loomis is no fool. He's not going to break his back on a day like this. I'll bet you Jake had a look out the window and went right back to bed—with a bottle of hooch, most likely."

"I wouldn't put it past him," said Amy. "But you're not going to say anything to Franklin Revere, do you hear? We're in no position to go around making enemies of people like the Reveres."

"Why not? They don't own us," said Wentz.

"I didn't say they did," said Amy. "But they come closer to owning us than we are to owning them."

"Nobody owns anybody in this country," said Wentz.

"No, but some people own their own houses and some people are paying rent."

"And others are mortgaged," said Wentz. "To the hilt. But the Reveres don't happen to hold our mortgages, and they don't have any financial control over us whatsoever."

"Ethel Revere was a Stokes, and who do you have to go to when you need money? Her brother, at the bank. So let's not start something because they underpaid George seventy-five cents."

"All right, all right," said Wentz. "But the boy's never going to do any more work for them, shoveling snow or anything else."

"I doubt if the opportunity will come up again," said Amy.

But it did. A few days later there was another heavy fall of snow, and the last thing Ben Wentz said to his wife before leaving for work was that under no circumstances was George to clear the Reveres' sidewalk. Shortly after ten o'clock the

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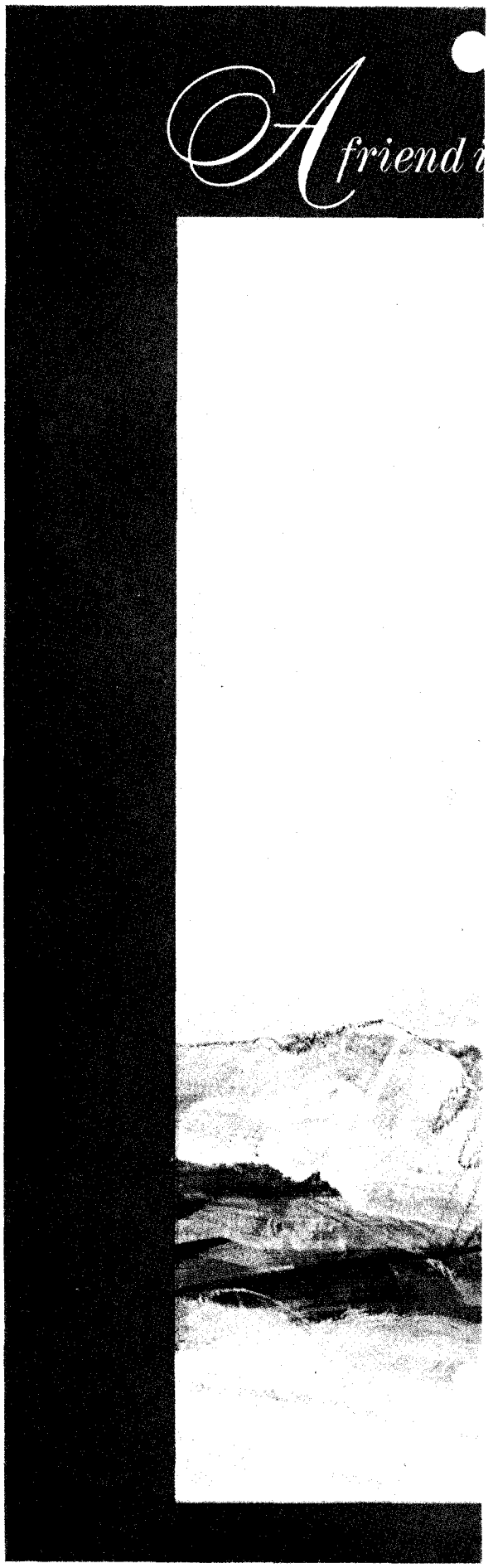

Illustration by Neil Boyle

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seful as long as he's entertaining, but a good enemy can be made to last for life.

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House on the Corner

Wentz telephone rang, and it was Ethel Revere. "Amy, this is Ethel Revere. I was wondering, when George gets home from school this afternoon, could he come and clear our sidewalk? He did such a good job the other day, and Jake Loomis is staying home."

"I'm sorry, Ethel, but George won't be able to," said Amy.

"Oh, dear. I was really counting on him. He more or less promised. Franklin was so pleased the other day, and he told George he could have the job any time Jake didn't show up."

"You mean the job of shoveling snow?"

"Yes. Of course I didn't mean Jake's other work. Jake *is* a good gardener, and of course George has to stay in school."

"And George isn't going to be a gardener," said Amy. "He's going to study architecture."

"Oh, good for him," said Ethel Revere. "Well, you don't know any other boys in the neighborhood that I could ask?"

"I don't think you'll get anybody to do it for twenty-five cents," said Amy.

"Oh, *that's* why we can't have George," said Ethel. "Well, we could make it fifty."

"That's not enough, either."

"Then what do you think would be a fair price?"

"A dollar seventy-five," said Amy.

"A dollar seventy-five?"

"A dollar for today, and seventy-five additional payment for Tuesday," said Amy.

"*I* see. Holding us up, eh?"

"No, not holding you up at all, Ethel. Only getting a fair price. You won't get a man to clean your sidewalks and driveway for under a dollar. If you think you can, you're free to try. But we didn't call up and ask you to hire George. You called us."

"Very well, Amy. I'm sorry to've troubled you. Good-bye."

All day the Reveres' sidewalk and driveway was covered with snow, until late in the afternoon when Amy saw two colored men with shovels and ice-choppers on the job. She recognized one of the men, Peter Lejohn, who was a porter at the bank, and the other man might easily have been Peter's brother. Whoever they were, they were grown men and Amy guessed that each of them was getting at least $2 for his work. . . .

That was the start of it. Thereafter, whenever Ethel and Franklin Revere had to pass the Wentz residence on foot, they would nod and utter the greeting appropriate to the time of day, but without adding any names. This would occur three or four times a year, but the years multiplied the number of times and the combination of times and years hardened, solidified, the relationship between the Wentz family and the Reveres. There was nothing as dramatic as a feud between them, and nothing approaching cordiality. George Wentz came home from his last year at Princeton, having lived twenty-three years on the same block as the Reveres, and had never been inside their house. He brought with him a friend.

"Who lives in the big house on the corner?" said Adam Sturgis.

"People named Revere. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Revere."

"Mr. and Mrs. Gotrocks?" said Adam.

"Not *the* Mr. and Mrs. Gotrocks, but they're well fixed. She has the money. He comes from Maryland somewhere."

"It's a nice house," said Adam.

"Yes it is," said George. "At one time it and one other house were the only houses on the block. The houses in between—our house, for instance—were built on ground that used to be a grove of trees. That was before I was born, but my father remembers it. He used to play there. They used to come and have picnics under the trees. It was almost like a public park, but then I guess the land got too valuable and the trees were cut down and they put up sixteen or eighteen small houses. Income producers. Although we never paid rent. My father bought our house when he and my mother got married. Subject to mortgages, of course, but he finally paid them off. I guess that's why we never had a car. My father and mother gave up a lot to own their own home. There were two things they were determined on. To own their own home, and send me to college."

"Well, you helped there. It didn't cost them much to send you to college."

"No, but they were ready, in case I didn't get any scholarships. In a way, I suppose the help I got at Princeton paid off the last mortgage, indirectly. And my father had the satisfaction of owning his own home the last year of his life."

"And knowing you were all set. Phi Bete junior year, he didn't have to worry about you," said Adam.

"He worried enough. I'm sure he never made more than three hundred a month, and he had to keep up appearances."

"Is that all? He owned a jewelry store," said Adam.

"It's Wentz's jewelry store, but my father didn't own it. It was owned by his older brother and my grandmother. My father was never anything more than a clerk. A combination clerk and bookkeeper. He had to wait on customers and keep the books. If they had a good year, the extra profit was cut up between my uncle and my grandmother, and maybe a small Christmas present for my father, but it was never much. My uncle liked the dames and the booze. Oh, the store made good money. Uncle Lou had a wife that knew how to spend it, too. But my father saw very little of it. He handled it, and that was about all. Handled it, is right. A clerk in a jewelry store has to have his hands clean and his fingernails just right. I remember every Sunday evening, my mother used to give my father a manicure. Every Sunday evening. My uncle had his manicured at the ladies' beauty parlor. The barbershops in town didn't have manicurists then. But my mother was my father's manicurist. As a matter of fact, she got good enough to give manicures to some of her friends. She never said so, but I'm sure she picked up a few dollars that way. Just from friends. They did a lot of things like that. My father kept the books for a couple of little stores. He'd bring their books home, or rather they'd bring them to our house. My uncle never knew my father did that. Little stores like Miss Jenny Albright's. She had a store in the front room of her house. Sold yarn and things like that. Linens and handkerchiefs. My father kept her books for her. A hundred and twenty dollars a year. And Joe Orsino, had a shoe-repair shop on Second Street. My father charged him more, twenty-five a month. Three hundred a year. And he got something for being financial secretary of his lodge. He never told me how much that was, because everything about the lodge was secret. But it was probably two or three hundred a year."

"But you were never actually poor," said Adam.

"Compared to some, no. Compared to others, we were worse than poor. There was never a time when we didn't have enough to eat in the house, that's true. The cheaper cuts, but unskimmed milk. My mother used to want to deal at the Bell Store. It was a cash-and-carry chain store. But we had customers among the grocers and butchers, and believe me they put the pressure on people that bought at the Bell. And they were right. Why should they buy an engagement ring from us if we were spending our money at a store that was slowly putting them out of business? An early lesson in economics for me, when my father told my mother we had to stop buying at the Bell. One of the few times I ever heard them fight. 'Let Lou Wentz make up the difference,' she said. Money was the enemy in this house."

"It must have been," said Adam.

"But there's nothing like a common enemy for keeping people together. We missed a lot. Do you know that in four years at Princeton I've yet to see New Haven? My father used to say, 'All your friends are going up to Yale. It won't break me to treat you to one game there.' But I'd think of the train fare, and the tickets to the game, and meals for a girl and me, and it would just about amount up to a suit of clothes. My suits, Adam. Not yours. And I'd refuse. Then in junior year he sent me a check and said this was the last time I'd be able to see Princeton beat Yale on their own home ground, the Yale Bowl, and he insisted I go."

"But you didn't go. I remember. They beat the hell out of us, too," said Adam.

"No, I didn't go, but I didn't tell him. I wrote him a letter of thanks, faking it as if I'd gone. And I kept the money, fifty bucks, and that year I gave them both pretty decent Christmas presents. As it happened, that turned out to be my father's last Christmas alive. My mother asked me how I could afford such nice presents, and I told her I'd saved up my winnings at bridge. She gave me a look and she didn't say anything, but *she* knew I'd never gone near New Haven. That little gold bar pin. I got it wholesale through the store. She wears it all the time."

"What did you buy your father?"

"A cashmere sweater. He was wearing it when he died. He was down-cellar, tinkering with the oil burner, and he started up the stairs and got about half way. Heart attack."

"You know, George, I have a confession to make," said Adam.

"Go ahead," said George.

"Ever since we've been friends, a little over three years, the one thing I had reservations about was your being a student of the dollar. I knew you weren't Rockefeller, but you used to get these letters from Wentz's jewelry store. Wentz's. Jewelers and Silversmiths, Established 18-something. And I used to think, well he doesn't have to play it *that* close to the vest. It was very hard to pull you loose from a buck. And then I thought, well, the Pennsylvania Dutch. Not notoriously spendthrift. So when you invited me here, frankly I came out of curiosity as much as anything else, and I fully expected to be met with a 1915 Pierce-Arrow. And when I saw that house on the corner, I thought it was going to be yours."

"Well, I guess I was stingy," said George. He laughed.

"You were never stingy in your life, you dumb bastard."

"Pretty stingy. There were times when I could have spent more than I did. But I'm not going to change right away, Adam. I'm pretty sure of getting the Prix de Rome, and I've had offers of jobs. By the time I'm thirty I should be making pretty good money, and then maybe I'll be able to do what I want to do. What I really want to do."

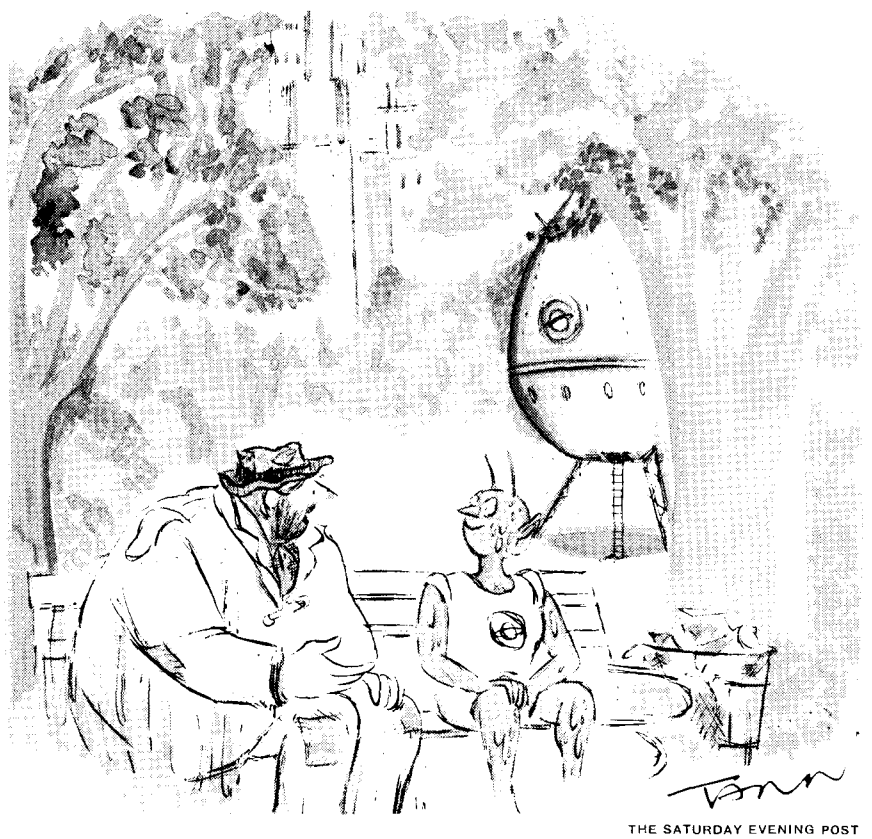
"Which is?"

"Give my mother the keys to that house on the corner."

"Why?"

"Because those bastards, they used to go by this house and they'd just barely speak to my father and mother. Just barely speak to them. And for no reason at all."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"OK, friend, you drive a hard bargain, but as President of Earth, I'll let you have the Northern Hemisphere for Twelve-fifty cash."

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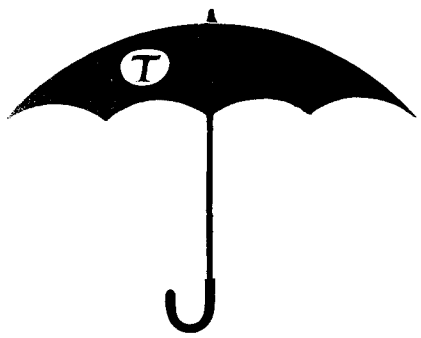

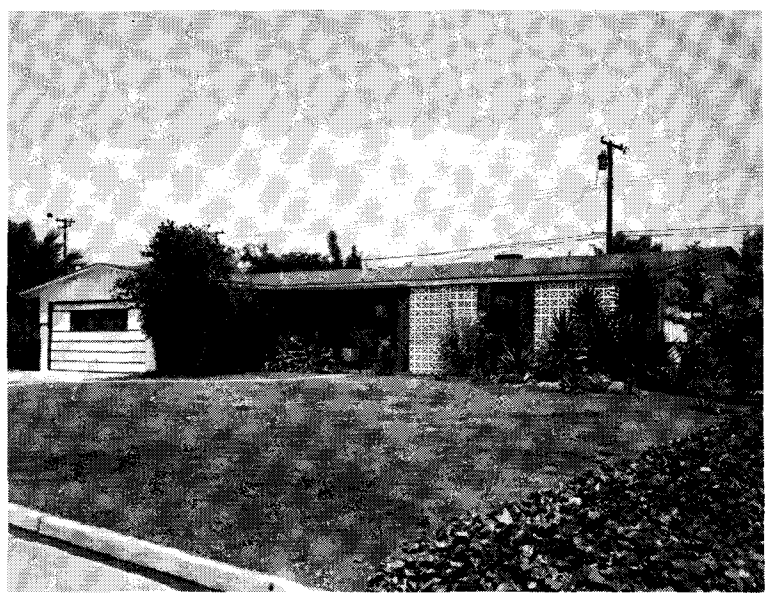

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By FRANK X. TOLBERT

THE

Public contributions have

Marie Tippit looks down on a bronze head of her husband, presented to police department by Dallas welder-sculptor Louis Lee.

The President was dead, his body already gone from Dallas. Upstairs in a third-floor room of police headquarters they still had a man named Oswald under questioning. Downstairs in the same building was the patrolmen's duty roster posted on a bulletin board, and you could find the name of J.D. Tippit on it. Only now there would be no more duty for Tippit. He lay in a funeral home, shot to death by Oswald the day before. His widow and three children could be seen on television across the country, their eyes swollen from crying, their faces numb with loss, their personal tragedy linked with that of the nation.

That's the way it was in Dallas on November 23, 1963, when, while a stunned world mourned, the first letters started to come into the city post office. Many were addressed, simply, "Mrs. Tippit, Dallas, Texas." Or to "The Policeman's Widow." None had a street address, because J.D. Tippit, like all other Dallas policemen, wasn't listed in the telephone book. Postmaster William B. Hudson talked it over with Police Chief Jesse Curry and then ordered all the Tippit mail forwarded to police headquarters.

By November 25 the letters already numbered in the thousands. Mail trucks carried the special sacks into the police basement garage where, the day before, a man named Ruby had stepped through police lines to shoot Oswald. They were brought upstairs in the same elevator that had delivered Oswald to his death. They were put in a third-floor conference room. There a lieutenant, three rookie policemen and three auditors spread the mail out on a heavy oak table and began an opening and sorting operation that would be their full-time work until March—and a part-time job even today.

They went to work removing a fortune from Mrs. Tippit's mail. It came in dollar bills, in checks, in coins from children; it came in amounts as big as $25,000 and as small as three cents. Some letters contained no money, just words of sympathy and compassion. All were read and filed away, along with receipts for the money, in cardboard file boxes. By mid-January there were 29 boxes, stacked almost to the ceiling of the conference room. The money was deposited in the city treasury in Mrs. Tippit's name. Later it was transferred to bank accounts.

"It wasn't long before we knew Mrs. Tippit would be a very wealthy widow," said police captain Glen King. "Over $200,000 came in the first two weeks."

Early in January, Internal Revenue Service Commissioner Mortimer Caplin announced that all the money would be tax-free. The decision seemed to increase the flood of contributions. By now mail from around the world began to find its way to that room in the Dallas Police Department. Letters from over 60 countries brought expressions of sympathy—and gifts of foreign currency, bank drafts, international money orders. Policemen

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ODD FATE OF OSWALD'S OTHER VICTIMS

enriched the widow of slain policeman J. D. Tippit, but she has little use or desire for her new wealth.

around the world were particularly moved by the Tippit tragedy. As one police official explained in a letter, "We are sending this money because we know how much it would mean to our wives if what happened to J.D. Tippit should happen to one of us."

As the mail finally dwindled to a few letters a day, the auditors ran their totals. The figures are far from final even today, but when the tide of sorrow had ebbed, it left Mrs. Tippit with over $650,000.

Marie Gasway Tippit, 35, is a tall, trim woman with beautiful blue-gray eyes. Although she is now one of the wealthiest women in a wealthy city, she is still a shy, modest person who is determined to go on living and bringing up her children as her husband would have wished.

The Tippit children are Allan, an athletic, 5-foot-11 14-year-old who was especially close to his father; Brenda, a pretty 11-year-old with dark brown hair and gray eyes; and Curtis, a self-reliant, five-year-old towhead.

When J.D. Tippit died, he left a $12,000 mortgage on his $14,000 home. He also left a $228-a-month police pension, a $5,000 insurance policy and a 1961 Ford Falcon station wagon. Today the family has no debts but Marie Tippit says, "That little Falcon is going to be our only automobile until it plumb wears out. There will be no expensive cars or mink-skin coats or such in this family. I'm going to do my best to keep my children's tastes as simple as they was when J.D. was with us. My husband loved his kids, but he thought it did them harm and took them from religion to indulge them. He set a plan for them that I aim to follow.

"We're going to stay here in this little home with all its dear memories. J.D. wanted the kids brought up here. My husband and I grew up on farms in Red River County, and were married up there when I was eighteen and he was twenty-one. We were always happy together. He made the decisions. I depended on him completely. So did the children. We loved him so much. He was so kind and patient and willing. He made a home. It would be too much of a shock to me and the kids to move away from here. My friends and my children's friends are here. Here is where we'll stay."

The home is a small, three-bedroom, air-conditioned house on the southern outskirts of Dallas. The exterior is pink brick with white wood trim. The small attached garage is usually so filled with two bikes, a big lawn mower and garden tools that there is no room for the car. The backyard, separated from the neighbors' yards by a stockade fence, runs down to a spring-fed creek where oak, cottonwood and pecan trees grow.

J.D. and his son Allan built a tree house in a tall oak in the backyard and ran a steel cable from it to another big oak down the hill on the creek bank. There's a pulley with a short, thick rope attached for taking a 50-yard ride down the cable. Allan and his father had a lot of fun with this gadget, but the boy says he hasn't wanted to ride it since his father's death.

Inside the house, little has changed. A worn sofa, a single upholstered chair and a television set are in the living room. There is a table and chairs in the dining room, but no rug. Tippit was always going to buy new furnishings, but the money came slowly on a policeman's salary. For all of his 12 years on the force, J.D. had to moonlight to support his wife and children. He worked in a barbecue stand on his two days off each week and he worked several nights a week as a guard in a movie theater.

A few new things have come into the house since the last time Officer Tippit walked out of it. In the corner of the dining room, suspended from the ceiling, is a string of tiny carved birds, the gift of some Japanese schoolchildren to the Tippit youngsters. Over the living-room sofa is an oil portrait of Tippit, painted after his death by a Dallas artist from old photos. Marie Tippit says it "is just like J.D." There is one other thing—a color photograph of President and Mrs. Kennedy and their children, which hangs in the dining room. In the lower corner, in the fine hand of the dead President's wife, is a personal message from one widow to another.

J.D. (the initials were his only given name) was 38 when he died. He was a big athletic, cheerful man. He had seen some rough action during his 12 years of police work. He was, by nature, slow to draw his gun or club, preferring to subdue trouble with his strength. A few years ago he tangled with a drunk who was assaulting a woman with an ice pick. J.D. took stab wounds in the stomach and one knee. The knee wound was serious, and an operation was necessary. He was still limping on the day he died.

"On that day he ate in a hurry at home," Marie Tippit remembers. "He said he had best take only a half hour for lunch because the squads were busy, with President and Mrs. Kennedy in town.

"My husband was away from his family a lot because of his side jobs, so when it didn't interfere with his patrols, he came home for lunch, mainly so he could spend an hour with me and little Curtis.

"I wouldn't have picked police work for J.D. if it was my doing. Two brothers of mine were peace officers and that was enough for me. I know it means hard work and danger and trouble, and even the boss policemen don't make good money. Still, I didn't try to turn my husband from police work for he loved it.

"I don't know why. On that day I was uneasy about J.D. He came in for lunch limping from that ice pick. It reminded me of trouble, I guess. I was feeling real blue. When he finished eating and kissed me and told me he had to run on account of the President was parading downtown, I tried to stall him. His patrol wasn't downtown where the President was, anyhow. I kept talking to him and delaying him all I could. I followed him out to the patrol car. Then he left. A little more than an hour later, when I was already crying over the President, they called me and said J.D. was dead."

Marie Tippit's torrent of mail has contained more than money. Some people have asked if she plans to remarry. Men have proposed. All this brings only one response. "J.D. and I went together since high school. We stayed sweethearts after we were married. There'll never be another man for me."

After the Tippit fund climbed into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, the tone of many of the letters changed from sympathetic to envious and downright bad-tempered. The police screened out most, but not all, of the nasty messages.

Tears appear in Marie Tippit's eyes when she reads letters which criticize her grammar. One woman wrote, "I heard your terrible grammar on television. It is a disgrace. In a few months you will have forgotten your poor husband. . . ."

Some letters meanly inquire, "What are you going to do with all that money?" Others offer glowing investment opportunities—and still others bluntly ask Mrs. Tippit for a share of her fortune.

"About the money," Marie says, "my husband's good friends on the police force and the lawyers will advise me what to do. Still, even after I get the advice, I'm going to think it out. I'm still in a kind of daze. J.D. made all the decisions in this house, and I sure wish he was here to make these. I know we now have more money than the kids and I need for the kind of life we plan to lead in this house. Our home is paid for now, and the boys have scholarships for Texas A. & M. I know I will make some trust funds for my children. On the rest of my plans I'll take a long time to think it over and then will work it out the way I think J.D. would have done."

Marie Tippit's day-to-day life revolves around her children and the Beckley Hills Baptist Church. She has no household help, but keeps the home spotless herself. When she has time, she answers some of the thousands of letters she has received.

She won't show the letters from Jacqueline Kennedy. "I sure wouldn't want her showing my letters to other folks," Marie Tippit explains. But Mrs. Kennedy's inscription on the picture in the dining room is for all who come into the house to see. It says, in part, "There is another bond we share. We must remind our children all the time what brave men their fathers were." THE END

Mrs. Tippit at home with her three children: Curtis, 5; Allan, 14; and Brenda, 11.

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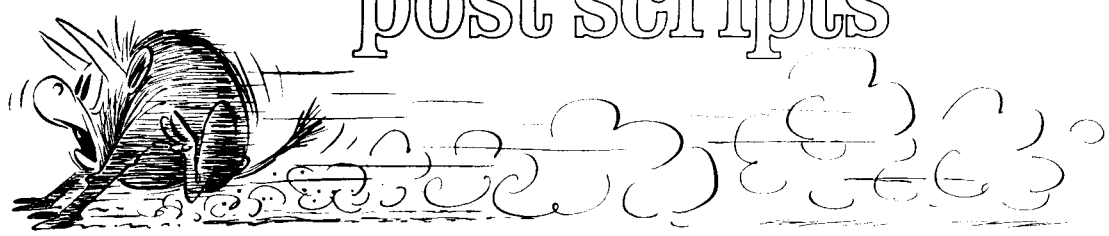
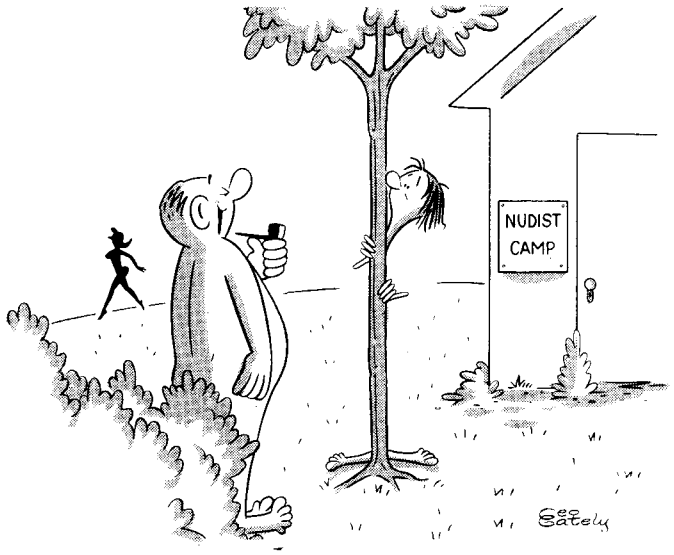
post scripts



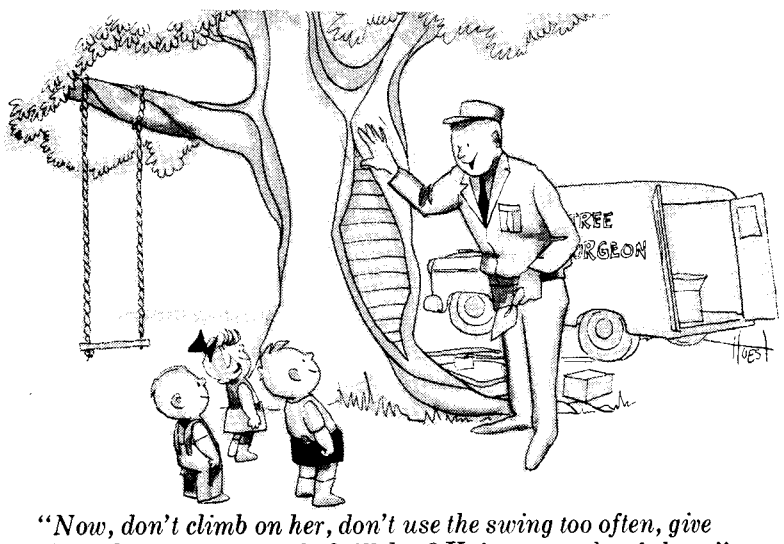
"Well, shall we cast a spell?"

"Dan got them all with insecticides."

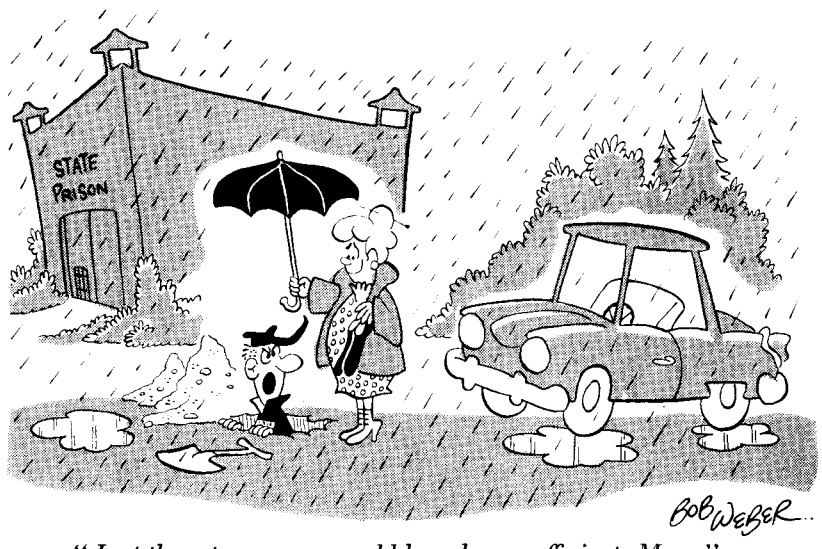


"Come now, Miss Figby—your figure can't be that bad."

"Mr. Henderson won't be coming into the office today."



"Now, don't climb on her, don't use the swing too often, give her plenty of rest, and she'll be OK in a couple of days."



"Just the getaway car would have been sufficient, Mom."

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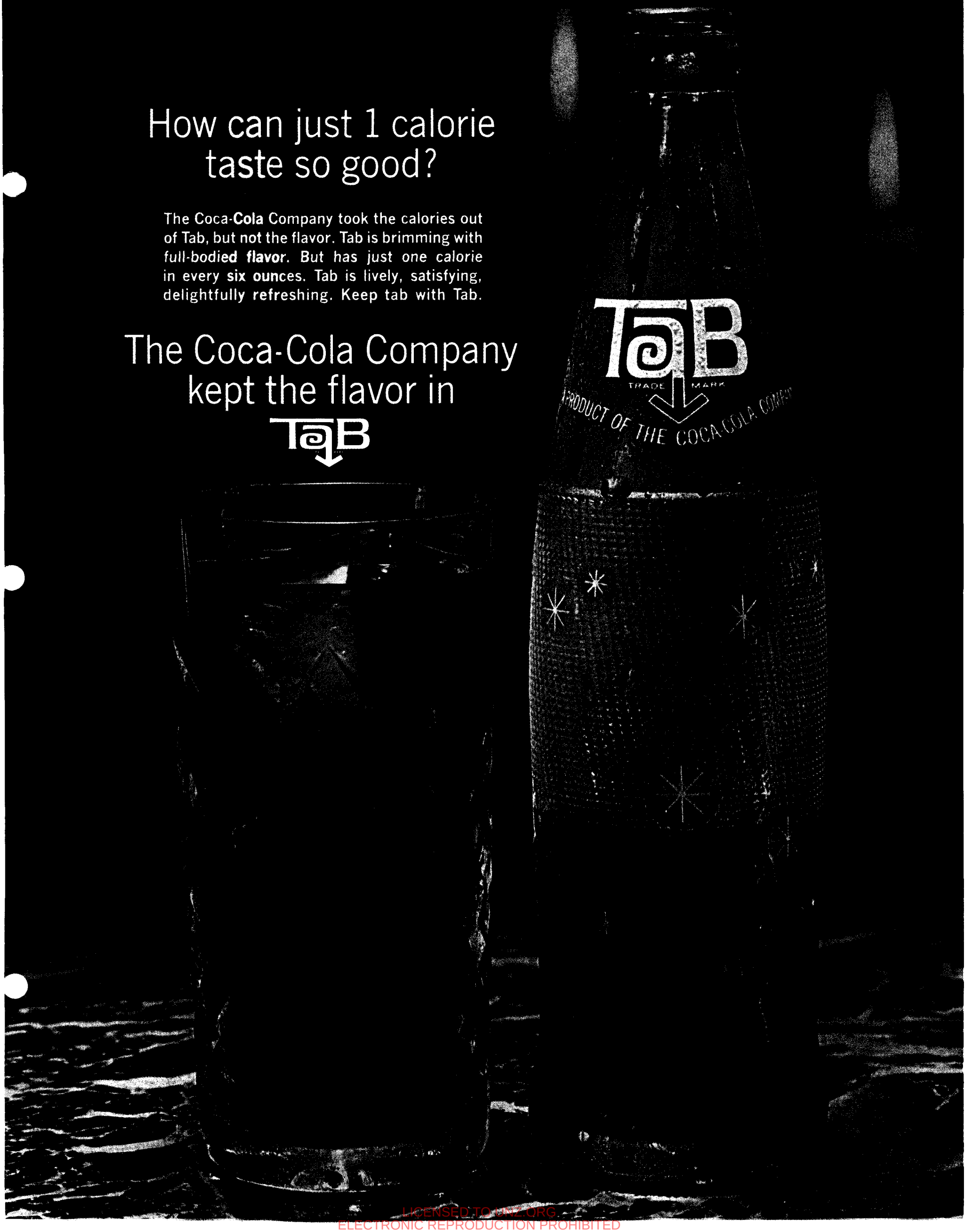
How can just 1 calorie taste so good?

The Coca-**Cola** Company took the calories out of Tab, but not the flavor. Tab is brimming with *full-bodied* **flavor**. But has just one calorie in every **six ounces**. Tab is lively, satisfying, delightfully **refreshing**. Keep tab with Tab.

The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in TaB



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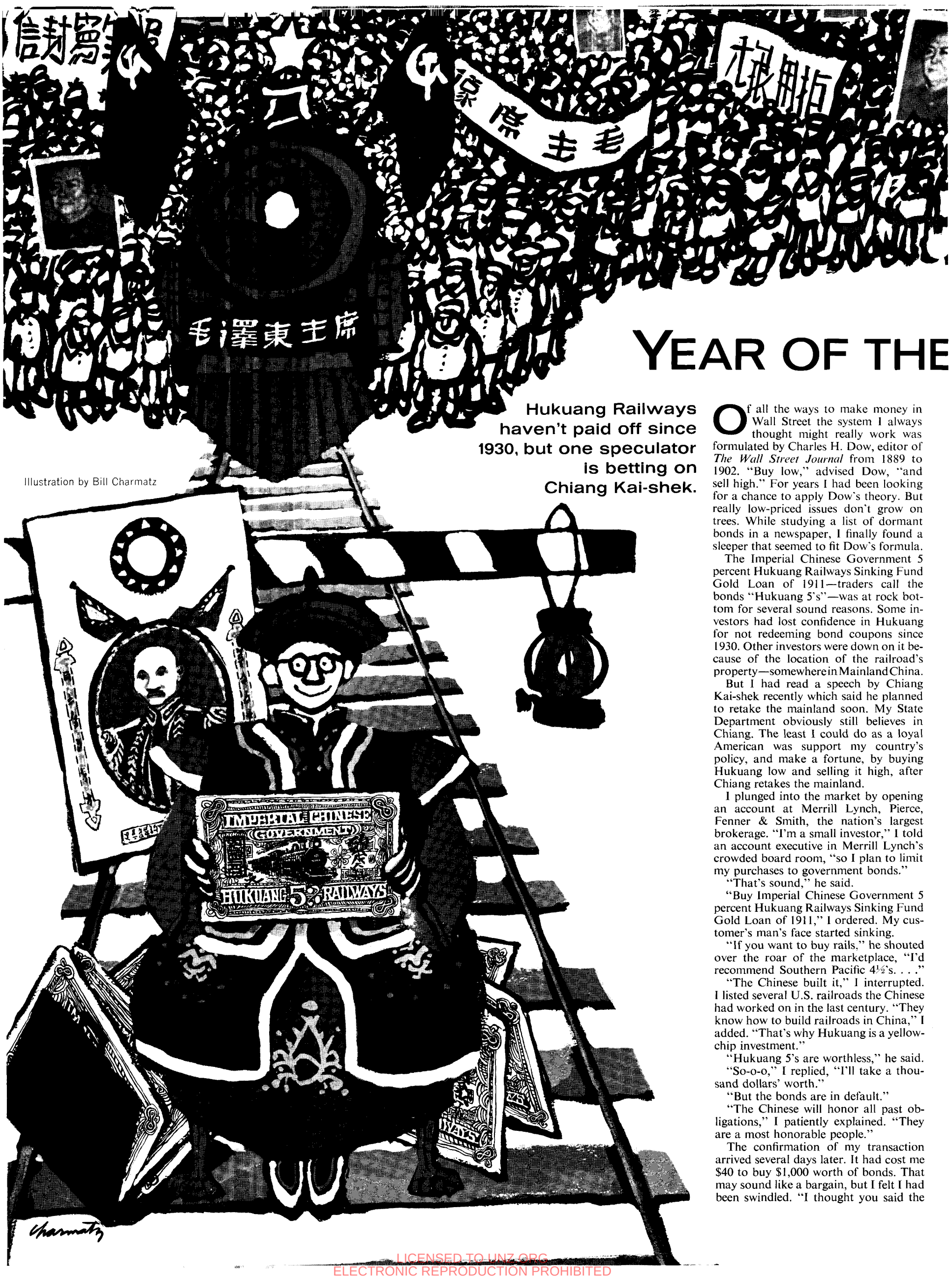
YEAR OF THE

Hukuang Railways haven't paid off since 1930, but one speculator is betting on Chiang Kai-shek.

Illustration by Bill Charmatz



Of all the ways to make money in Wall Street the system I always thought might really work was formulated by Charles H. Dow, editor of *The Wall Street Journal* from 1889 to 1902. "Buy low," advised Dow, "and sell high." For years I had been looking for a chance to apply Dow's theory. But really low-priced issues don't grow on trees. While studying a list of dormant bonds in a newspaper, I finally found a sleeper that seemed to fit Dow's formula.

The Imperial Chinese Government 5 percent Hukuang Railways Sinking Fund Gold Loan of 1911—traders call the bonds "Hukuang 5's"—was at rock bottom for several sound reasons. Some investors had lost confidence in Hukuang for not redeeming bond coupons since 1930. Other investors were down on it because of the location of the railroad's property—somewhere in Mainland China.

But I had read a speech by Chiang Kai-shek recently which said he planned to retake the mainland soon. My State Department obviously still believes in Chiang. The least I could do as a loyal American was support my country's policy, and make a fortune, by buying Hukuang low and selling it high, after Chiang retakes the mainland.

I plunged into the market by opening an account at Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the nation's largest brokerage. "I'm a small investor," I told an account executive in Merrill Lynch's crowded board room, "so I plan to limit my purchases to government bonds."

"That's sound," he said.

"Buy Imperial Chinese Government 5 percent Hukuang Railways Sinking Fund Gold Loan of 1911," I ordered. My customer's man's face started sinking.

"If you want to buy rails," he shouted over the roar of the marketplace, "I'd recommend Southern Pacific 4½'s. . . ."

"The Chinese built it," I interrupted. I listed several U.S. railroads the Chinese had worked on in the last century. "They know how to build railroads in China," I added. "That's why Hukuang is a yellow-chip investment."

"Hukuang 5's are worthless," he said.

"So-o-o," I replied, "I'll take a thousand dollars' worth."

"But the bonds are in default."

"The Chinese will honor all past obligations," I patiently explained. "They are a most honorable people."

The confirmation of my transaction arrived several days later. It had cost me $40 to buy $1,000 worth of bonds. That may sound like a bargain, but I felt I had been swindled. "I thought you said the

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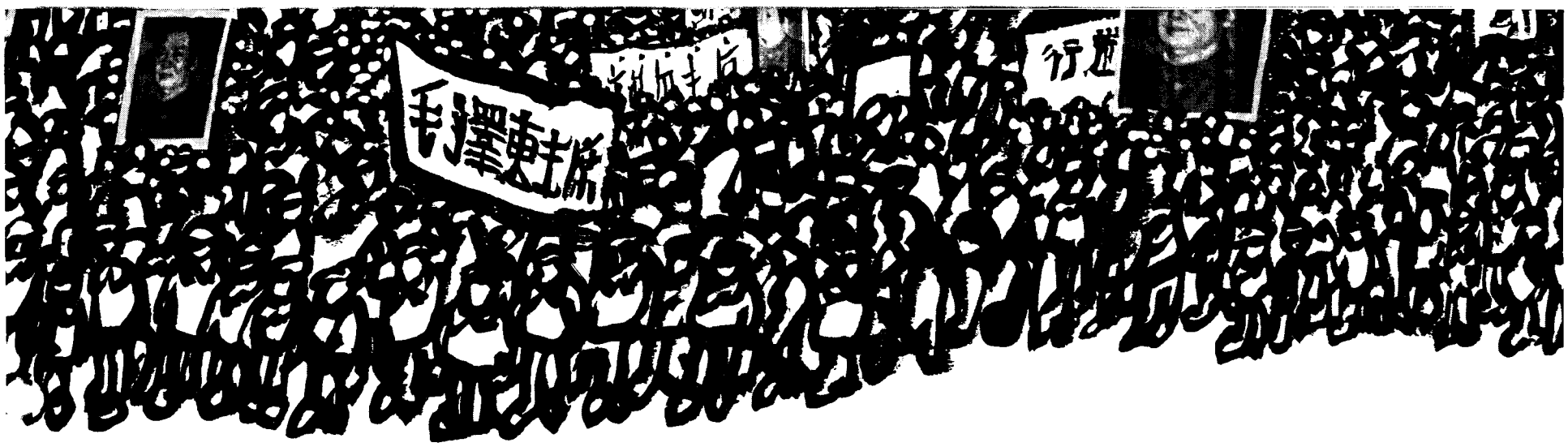

By Marvin Kitman

BULL IN WORTHLESS CHINESE BONDS

bonds were worthless," I protested to my customer's man on the phone.

"Wait till you try to sell them," he said, estimating that I might get $20. But I was buying a long-term investment and this was no time to worry about selling.

"If I buy a lot," I asked, "will you get them for me wholesale?" He explained that Merrill Lynch didn't make the market in foreign securities; they simply bought the bonds at prices demanded by the investors and dealers who held them.

The high cost of getting in on the ground floor had made me as nervous as a bull in a China shop. I went to dinner that night at a Chinese restaurant, my head filled with facts and figures needed to plot my next move in the treacherous market. A message in my fortune cooky read: "This Is the Year of the Bull." I interpreted that as the Chinese way of telling me to buy more Hukuang. The next morning I again called my customer's man. "How's Hukuang doing?" I asked.

"It's still worthless," he said.

"Buy another thousand."

The confirmation slip on my second order threw me into a panic. The price had risen to $45, a gain of 12½ percent. At this rate, I soon wouldn't be able to afford any more worthless Hukuang bonds. "When I buy worthless bonds," I told my customer's man, "I expect them to stay worthless—at least until I finish buying them."

Hoping to clear things up, I wrote to the Chairman of the Board, Hukuang People's Railways, in China.

"As a humble bondholder, I would like to know what management is doing to drive up the price of your bonds on our great Wall Street.

"We in New Jersey have had no news from China in 15 years. Has the population explosion aided your passenger revenues? How's business in the dining cars? I hope people are still eating every hour." I clipped the most recent uncashed coupon—due date December 15, 1930—and enclosed it for redemption.

The chairman never answered my letter, which seemed like a hell of a way to run a railroad. To find out why American investors were being kept in the dark, I called another chairman, Mao Tse-tung.

I dialed 2-1-1 and said, "Operator, get me China. I don't have the area code." She switched me to the overseas operator.

"Where in China, sir?" asked Operator 248 in Oakland, Calif.

"Peking."

"I'm sorry, sir, we don't have service to Peking, only Shanghai."

"Do you mean to tell me a progressive people's republic like China still doesn't have phones in its capital?"

"I wouldn't know, sir. Would you like to call someone in Taipei? We have service to many cities in Nationalist China."

I explained it wasn't the same thing. "Could you call Shanghai and have my party come to the phone? I'll hold."

"May I have your party's name and address?"

I spelled Mao Tse-tung's name but admitted I didn't have the exact address.

The operator said she would see if she could call without an address. I waited several minutes and a voice came on.

"Hello, Mr. Mao," I said.

"This is your operator's supervisor," the voice answered. "Shanghai says your party is not at his office today."

"Try his home phone, too."

My operator's supervisor said they would have to try again tomorrow. The lines to the mainland were only open between 5:30 and 6:30 A.M. China time.

A different Operator 248 called me the next night during dinner. "On your call to China," she said. I wiped my face with a napkin. "All right, put Mr. Mao on."

"Your party is still not available. He's left his office for the day."

"How could my party have left for the day? It's only 6:30 in the morning in China. Keep trying. My financial future depends on this call."

For two weeks, overseas operators 248 interrupted my dinner hour with excuses for not being able to reach Mao Tse-tung. I was beginning to feel like an awful dupe of Wall Street. Could this be Mao's way of telling me Hukuang was out of business? Since all Chinese railroads look alike, he easily could have merged a profitable Hukuang with some other line, which was losing money. I decided to pursue my investigation in this country.

I contacted K.T. Hu, director of the Nationalist Chinese Investment and Trade Office in New York, who said he would be willing to discuss my investment problems.

"How much did you pay for these bonds?" asked Mr. Hu, after we exchanged formal bows. "One dollar?"

When I showed him my confirmation slips, he looked at me as if I were a rich American. "Don't you own any Hukuang?" I asked.

"It is not a good bet," he said, peering at me inscrutably through steel-rimmed glasses. "It is like a lottery ticket."

"But we're going to retake the mainland soon. Then the price will shoot up."

"Ah-h-h," Mr. Hu said. For the first time he seemed to understand my strategy. He looked out of his window at the setting sun for a long time. "That is true," he said. "But it is a long way yet. What can I do for you now?"

"Is there really a Hukuang Railways?"

Mr. Hu walked to a large map of Mainland China on his wall and pointed with a long-nailed finger. "It is here," he said. "It runs from Canton to Changsha."

"Is it a big railroad?" I asked.

"Like your Pennsylvania Railroad. It is the main trunk line to Peking."

My judgment had been vindicated. I was part-owner of the Chinese Pennsylvania Railroad. As I stood up to leave, I must have loomed as large as Commodore Vanderbilt in Mr. Hu's eyes. "Perhaps you are interested now in nice investments on the Taiwan Stock Exchange," he said. He took out a pocket abacus from his desk drawer and a list of late market prices.

I let him in on a good thing as I walked to the door: "Buy Hukuang."

"Lots of luck," Mr. Hu said, bowing me out of the office. There was something in his voice which bothered me. Was he hinting we might never recover my railroad? Before buying any more, I decided it would be prudent to visit the Republic of China Embassy in Washington.

"I'd like to pick up a timetable of President Chiang's plans for invading the mainland," I told the receptionist at the embassy. I took a Hukuang bond out of my briefcase and started to explain my mission. She promptly led me into a waiting room filled with Chinese vases, oriental rugs and portraits of President Chiang as a young man. A short Chinese soon walked briskly into the room and introduced himself as Johnson Chang, counselor in the embassy's political-affairs section.

"We are not in a position to redeem your Hukuang bonds at this time," he said, without even asking a question. "The Ministry of Finance, I assure you, is sympathetic to your claims, and at this very moment is working out a formula to satisfy all bondholders."

"I'm not selling Hukuang," I said coldly. "I'm buying. As an American speculator, I didn't come all the way down here from New Jersey to hear defeatist talk. I just want to find out when Chiang Kai-shek is going to retake the mainland." Mr. Chang stiffened. "We are ready now to throw out the foes of democracy in our homeland. But international conditions are not right yet."

I gave Mr. Chang a loyalty test. "Are you now, or have you ever been, a Hukuang bondholder?" I asked.

"I am only a poor civil servant," he said uneasily.

I asked one more question: "Can you at least tell me what the Republic of China's G-2 knows about the condition of my railroad?"

"The Communists claim they have made all the trains run on time," he answered, "but we don't believe anything they say." Mr. Chang added that the Nationalists weren't even sure there was a Hukuang Railways anymore.

I couldn't believe my ears. Here was one of the largest railroads on the mainland, and apparently the Nationalists didn't even know if it existed. If anybody would know what was really going on in China, it would be my State Department.

"Is this the China Desk?" I asked a girl sitting at the first desk in the State Department's offices.

"No, this is the reception desk," she said. She directed me to the Office of Far Eastern Affairs, where a specialist in mainland affairs, Arthur Dornheim, was manning the China Desk. When I told him I had been buying Hukuang, he seemed interested.

"Whatever made you do that?"

I explained why I was banking on Chiang. Dornheim looked at me with a stupefied expression. "Is there a law against backing my country's China policy?" I asked.

Having established my right to know what was going on, I began picking the China Deskman's brain. "Before they took control, the Communists' policy was to blow up railroads. Is the railroad picture in China improving?"

"Yes," Mr. Dornheim said. "The Communist policy today, as far as we know, is to build up their railroads."

That was the most encouraging news I had heard—so encouraging that I couldn't resist calling Merrill Lynch and ordering a third Hukuang bond. I discovered the price had gone up again, to $50.

I gave my customer's man a chance to prove he knew his worthless bond market. "What's driving up the price of Hukuang?" I asked him.

"You are," he replied.

I still can't believe one small investor can rig the market in an entire Imperial Government's bonds, but I've stopped asking questions. I have also canceled a projected trip to China to look over my investment. My paper profits, after all, have already zoomed 25 percent, so Dow was right. But I don't want to find out anything about current management that would undermine confidence in "Hukuang 5's." THE END

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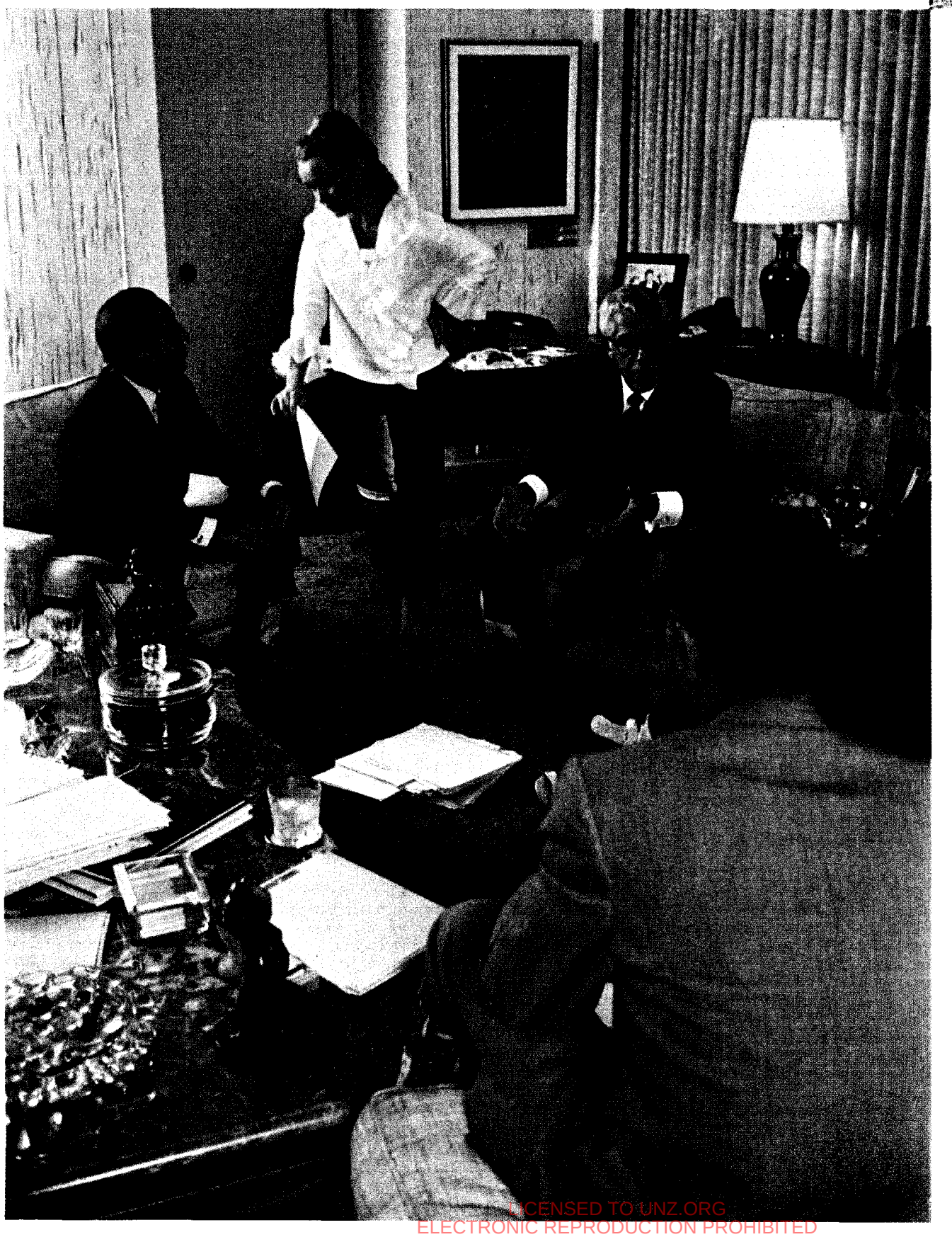
THE UNSINKABLE DEBBIE REYNOLDS

After a relentless, hard-sell campaign that lasted one year, she landed a film role that no one at the studio thought she could play. The result has proved a revelation to those critics and fans who looked upon her as a syrupy, all-American kewpie doll.

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS / PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER



The cameras were rolling for the final scene of Debbie Reynolds's 29th movie. They dollied in for a close-up of the dimples, cleft chin and twinkling green eyes long familiar to her worshipping fans. As she tilted her head upward and embraced leading man Harve Presnell, a whisper of trumpets, French horns and violins swelled to a crescendo. The kiss was duly recorded in Panavision and Metrocolor. When director Charles Walters yelled "Cut! Print it," Debbie mechanically broke the clinch and jumped off a stool that had elevated her five-foot one-inch frame to the level of the six-foot, four-inch Presnell.

Film audiences, of course, will never witness the stage mechanics necessary for this critical smooch. They are seeing, however, a different Debbie Reynolds. For at the age of 32, Miss Reynolds has cast off the role of girl-next-door to play the title role in *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, a musical saga about a moderately complex and indefatigable social climber. The result, her most impressive film, is astonishing those customers who gagged on the butterscotch Debbie of other years.

That Debbie even managed to land the lead in the $4.2 million production is a tribute to the tenacity that has prompted some associates to label her "the iron butterfly." To get the coveted *Molly* part—for which M-G-M officials originally wanted Shirley MacLaine—Debbie and her associates embarked upon a hard-sell campaign for a full year before the picture began shooting. Almost every working day Debbie, her manager and her agent badgered key personnel at M-G-M with telegrams, phone calls and visits. Debbie's husband, shoe tycoon Harry Karl, even sweet-talked the film's producer while both men were boiling in a Beverly Hi' steam room. Debbie not only agreed t. take a screen test, a concession considered beneath a star of her stature, but offered to pay for it herself. In one moment of supreme frustration she declared she would work for no money at all. "No one at the studio wanted me for it," Debbie recalls. "They had no eyes for me. The

Clockwise, agent Al Melnick and Debbie, husband Harry Karl, press agent Richard Carter and lawyer Sol Marcus talk shop.

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trouble is, when you grow up in Hollywood, people always see you the same way as when they first worked with you. You're not allowed to grow up. This industry types actresses, categorizes and files them. To some of those guys I'm still the kid who played tuba in the high-school band."

No one realizes better than Debbie that she is no longer the all-American kewpie doll. She has been married twice, borne two children and suffered two miscarriages. Her figure shows signs of expanding, creases line her neck and, like many adults in their 30's, she finds herself increasingly prone to colds and viruses. She has even become disenchanted with her studio-given first name, which replaced her true one, Mary Frances, when she was a teen-ager. "The name Debbie is a detriment," she says. "It was certainly no help in getting *Molly Brown*."

What did help Debbie was her relentlessness. "I hear people in this town say, 'You stink,' just so long, and then I have to go out before an audience and prove to myself that I don't," she says. The testing ground for Debbie was a night-club floor at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. In December, 1962, she began a seven-week engagement that enraptured visiting Los Angeles critics. On their heels came a contingent of Metro executives, who had been worn down by Miss Reynolds's entreaties. They saw her, and were entranced. Debbie provided the clincher by agreeing to waive her customary 10 percent of a film's gross revenues. By requesting only $200,000, a bargain price, Debbie proved irresistible.

She was able to scale down her salary because of her marriage to Harry Karl, a multimillionaire 18 years her senior. When she wed Karl in 1960, 21 months after her divorce from her first husband, singer Eddie Fisher, Debbie forfeited $1,250 monthly alimony. This loss was cushioned by Karl's ownership of Karl's Shoe Stores, Ltd., a flourishing chain of 314 shops operating in 17 states. Headwaiters and sommeliers knew Karl as a $20 tipper. Then, as now, he showed an affection for diamond pinky rings, white-on-white shirts and overshined alligator shoes. He also had a fondness for publicity, some of which was provided by his first wife, actress Marie (The Body) McDonald, whom he married twice and divorced twice. Miss McDonald made headlines seven years ago, while she was still Mrs. Karl, by purportedly being kidnaped from her home and abandoned in the desert. Life with Debbie has been far less complicated.

The Karls reside in a 13-room Beverly Hills château chockablock with antiques. From the outside the white-stucco home resembles a cross between a pretentious steak house and a mortuary. There are parking places for a dozen cars in a semicircular driveway. A white scalloped canopy leads to huge black double doors equipped with a loudspeaker.

Inside, curtains in the master bedroom open at the push of a button to reveal a wide-screen view of the Los Angeles Country Club golf course. There is a solarium for nude sun bathing, a rubbing table for Debbie's daily massage, a professional barber chair for Harry's haircuts, a steam room, indoor gardens and 10 television sets.

A garage has been converted by Debbie's father, formerly a carpenter with the Southern Pacific Railroad, into a private projection room with a CinemaScope screen. Between-reels refreshment is available from a custom-made soda fountain which has beer, cola and ginger ale on tap.

Near a free-standing fireplace in the living room hangs an early Renoir, placed opposite a 15-foot-long couch. Also within view is Eternal Spring, a sculpture by Rodin depicting two lovers embracing. The den is decorated with a photograph of Debbie and Harry flanking the late John F. Kennedy, and a second photograph, framed in leather, which Lyndon B. Johnson has inscribed, "To Harry and Debbie with warmest regards." Both of these souvenirs are dwarfed by a lighted oil portrait of Debbie and the two children of her first marriage.

The house, in fact, is a curious temple of self-worship. The bedroom is dominated by an oil portrait of Harry in an ascot and yellow alpaca sweater. Gracing the guest room is a lighted canvas of Debbie. Her bathroom, which features a step-down tub in lilac-grained marble, holds framed photographs of Harry and Debbie. Todd Emanuel Fisher, age six, has a portrait of his mother over his miniature workbench. Carrie Frances Fisher, age seven, lives in a room furnished with pink carpeting, pink wallpaper, a pink television set and a studio portrait of Debbie. Not many pictures exist of the family all together. "Harry thinks he's so homely," says Debbie, "he's afraid to have his picture taken."

The Karls' establishment is protected from trespassers by two armed guards who patrol the grounds from dusk to dawn. The house is further secured by burglar alarms on every window and an intricate installation of electric-eye beams linked to a private protection service three miles away. Three full-time servants carry warning devices in their hands when they answer the door.

These precautions date from an upsetting incident two years ago. At nine o'clock one evening, when Harry was away on business, Debbie lay curled up in a shortie nightgown on her 100x100-inch bed, studying a script for *How the West Was Won*. She heard shuffling noises from the balcony outside her window and eventually the shattering of glass. "I didn't scream at all," she recalls. "When you're scared to death, you don't scream, because you can't speak. I stood there, it seemed like twenty minutes, but, of course, it was probably just for seconds, until I finally realized somebody was breaking in."

She rushed to the intercom that connects every room in the house and cried for help. The intruder, who had cut a wire fence to gain admittance, heard the shouting servants running upstairs and escaped. That night a uniformed guard stood by, and Debbie slept in the children's room. But the ugly memory lingers. "If Harry isn't around, I just can't sleep upstairs," she says. "I come down and sleep in a portable guest bed with my children. I hear every noise, even with the guards. It is silly for me to be that spooked, but I am."

What the prowler could have carted off from the bedroom besides Debbie is problematical. All her jewelry, except for a massive, pear-shaped diamond engagement ring, is cached in a Beverly Hills safe-deposit box. "It's a shame that if you want to collect things and have a lovely home, you have to constantly worry," says Debbie. "The crime rate

Debbie romps at home with Todd Emanuel, six, and Carrie, seven. Both are offspring of her marriage to singer Eddie Fisher.

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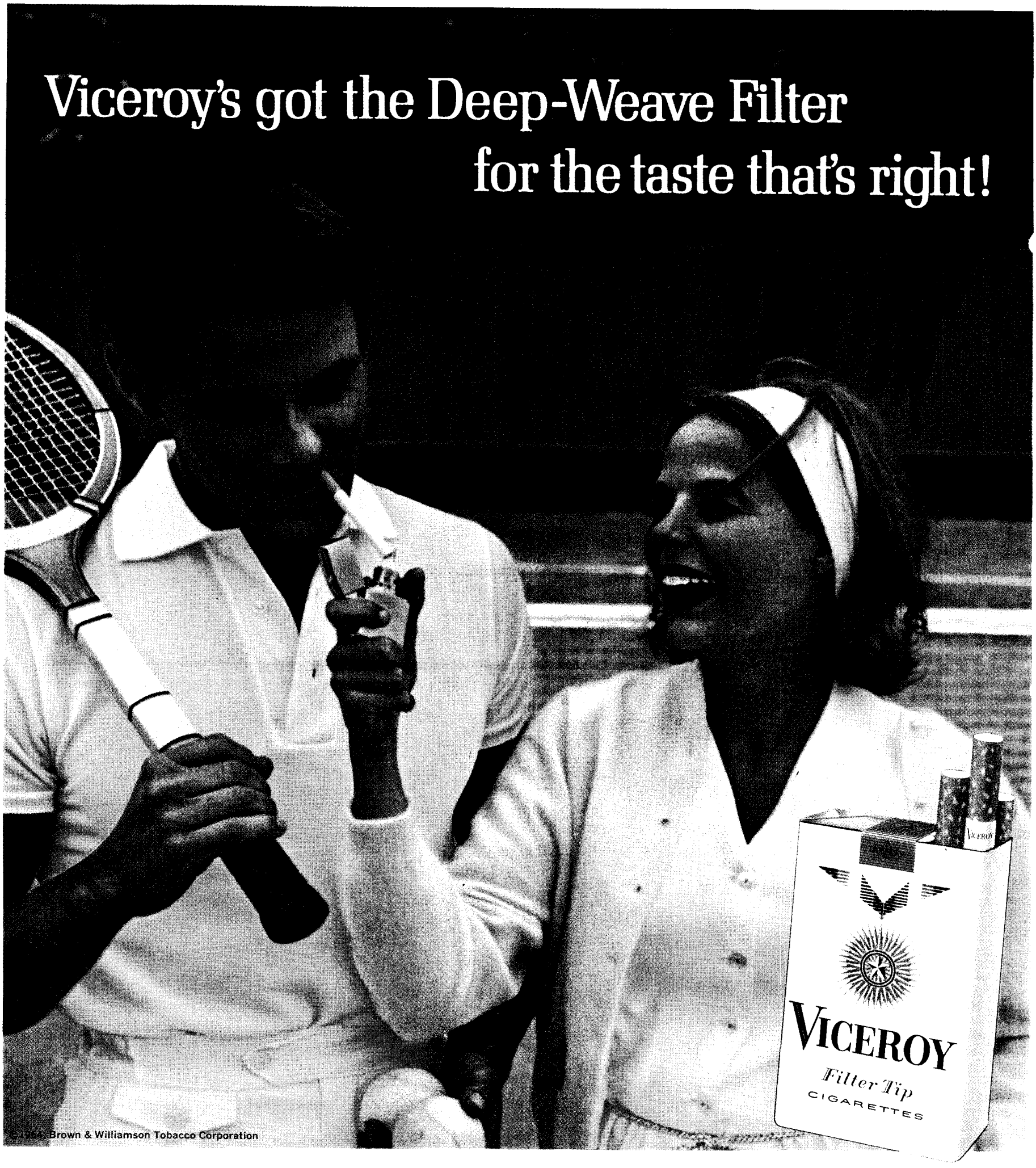

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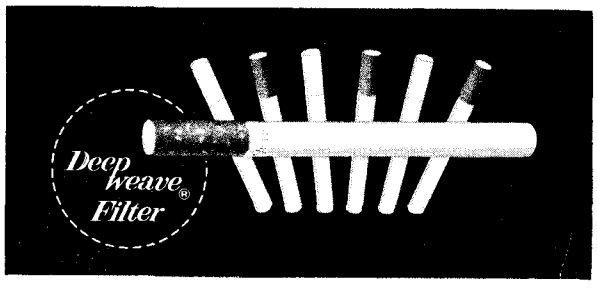

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is getting so terrific, you're afraid to buy anything." She admits a gnawing feeling that "somebody is liable to hit me in the head walking down a dark alley."

She also is obsessively fearful about the possibility of her children being kidnaped. Once they were photographed nearly as often as the British royal family, but not long ago Debbie began vetoing most publicity pictures of them. She is also wary about allowing photographers into her home and unwittingly exposing the floor plan of her house.

Debbie's penchant for privacy does not deter her from playing the role of vivacious hostess. Last fall two dozen friends, including Jack Lemmon, Judy Garland, Edie Adams and Glenn Ford, met in her cavernous living room to toast evangelist Billy Graham. The press reported that Debbie offered sherry to her guests, but that everyone respectfully turned teetotaler for the occasion. The evening ended with a prayer.

For those who restrained themselves in the presence of Graham, there was a return invitation to a more peppery party the week before Christmas. Debbie played Sammy Davis records, synchronizing her lip movements to the lyrics of songs. She was joined later by Broadway musical star Bobby Morse in a lip-sync to the score of *Hello, Dolly!* By the time things adjourned at four in the morning, Morse was impersonating Carol Channing, while Debbie mimed all the male voices. "I'm a ham," admits Debbie. "My husband says that when I open the refrigerator and the light goes on, I do twenty minutes."

It was Debbie's talent as a mimic that launched her in show business. Born in El Paso, Tex., but reared in Burbank, Calif., she entered a Miss Burbank talent-and-beauty contest at the age of 16. The talent portion was a snap. For several years she had been moving her lips to records at local Job's Daughters, Elks and Boy Scout benefits. She did the same to a Betty Hutton recording, *His Rockin' Horse Ran Away*, and scored heavily with the judges. Her appearance in the beauty competition was not as overwhelming. "I weighed about eighty pounds," she recalls. "I was so skinny, sweaters just fell off me. I borrowed my girl friend's high heels, and I had a hole in the seat of my bathing suit."

Like the heroine of a second-rate movie script, Mary Frances Reynolds was named Miss Burbank, 1948, winning a blouse, a scarf and a screen test at Warner Brothers. Within three months she was signed to a $65-a-week contract, although her only previous experience had been twirling a baton at high school and playing tuba, French horn and bass viol in the Burbank Youth Symphony. She had never appeared in a single theatrical at school.

At Warner's she was given the typical publicity buildup. "I didn't want to be called Debbie, but that's the name Jack Warner gave me," she says. "He didn't like Mary Frances or Frannie, which was my nickname, and he didn't even like Reynolds. It was going to be Debbie Morgan. At the time, Dennis Morgan was the big star at Warner Brothers. I don't know how he came up with Debbie. I think he saw a dog going across the street and asked its name."

They finally settled on Debbie Reynolds, and she made her debut in *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*, but was dropped from her contract shortly after its release. She did, however, catch on at M-G-M, where she was paid $300 a week, given a term contract and a spot in Metro's high-school class of 1950. One of her classmates was Elizabeth Taylor. They took final senior examinations together when they were 17.

Three years later Debbie was confronted with an advanced acting problem, her first on-screen kiss in a film called *Susan Slept Here*. "I dated very little and I was always very young for my age and very inexperienced," recalls Debbie, who lived with her parents until her first marriage. "The only kisses I had had were chicken pecks, and the boys ran. So I had to kiss Dick Powell, and I didn't know how to do it. I was so nervous I closed my eyes, missed his mouth and kissed his nose. Then I lost my balance and bumped into him. Twenty years old, and I didn't know how to tilt my head."

It must be assumed that she repaired this gap in her knowledge by the time she wed Fisher in September, 1955. The marriage of "America's sweethearts" was all

"You serious?"

love and kisses, at least as reported in the tabloids and movie magazines, until Eddie opted for Debbie's former classmate, Miss Taylor. The Reynolds-Fisher marriage finally ended in divorce in February, 1959. In a strange, compensatory twist, Debbie's film career gained incredible momentum almost overnight. A sympathetic figure, she became a great attraction at the box office. Her income, $75,000 annually before the divorce, soared to nearly a million dollars.

For years Debbie refused to discuss the details of her breach with Fisher. A ghost-written book of her reflections and homespun homilies, published in 1962, *If I Knew Then*, skirted any direct reference to either Eddie or Liz. When NBC's Jack Paar brought up the subject on his late-night television show, Debbie silenced him by removing some of his clothes right on camera.

The first public Fisher-Reynolds reunion since the divorce, therefore, came as quite a surprise. It happened last October at a $100-a-plate charity dinner for the Thalians, a fraternity of show people who support a clinic for emotionally disturbed children. Debbie, president of this group for the past seven years, persuaded Eddie to perform at the banquet after the scheduled star singer, Andy Williams, developed a sore throat.

Their joint appearance before an audience of 1,200 at the Beverly Hilton Hotel was treated less than charitably by some of the press corps. "Eddie responded too generously, singing on and on until it was getting very near bar curfew time," according to one writer. "She kept trying to flag him off the stage."

Out of such molehills are made the mountainous circulations of movie magazines. "He didn't stay on too long," says Debbie. "We were kidding. We know each other's timing, and we were horsing around. It was fun to see the two of us getting along together in life, letting bygones be bygones." To requests to pose together afterward, however, Debbie delivered an emphatic rejoinder. "I have to visit my sick mother," she said.

Ever since the news of the Reynolds-Fisher-Taylor triangle, Debbie has been particularly suspicious of the more predatory members of the press. "Once you've been hurt by people and hammered at, you become immune, as much as you can, to criticism," she says. "I have placed a wall around myself."

Late in 1962 one columnist peeked over that wall and exhorted the Karls to "pipe down on those atomic tiffs. Neighbors are making tapes and plan playing them all over Beverly Hills." Although no neighbors live within 50 yards of the Karls' house, the item caused some mild reverberations. "When Harry read that, he got awfully mad," says Debbie. "And I said, 'Darling, nobody likes to write about a happy couple. What are they going to write? That we're so happily married that you and I have the greatest marriage since 7-Up?' Isn't that dull? I shouldn't like his mother, he shouldn't like my mother, we should have great big fights. Intrigue! We've both had about enough intrigue in our lives, and we finally have a wonderful, peaceful life together."

To further establish their candidacy as this year's happiest Hollywood couple, Karl presented Debbie with a thoughtful third-wedding-anniversary gift: an $18,000 Facel-Véga sports car. It fits snugly between the Rolls-Royce and their leather-topped Cadillac limousine in their four-car garage. On their first anniversary Debbie received a framed scroll which carried Karl's tenderest reflections on a year of wedlock. At this date even Debbie's dangerous penchant for cracking shoe jokes—she calls him "The King of the Crepe Soles"—has failed to jeopardize their union.

Now that Debbie has finished filming her latest picture, *Good-bye, Charlie*, she plans to curtail movie activity for the remainder of the year. She has passed part of this summer in her Palm Springs home, assured that its magnificent view will never disappear—Harry purchased the lot next door and planted a tropical garden to preserve the vista. The dry desert air is perfect for Debbie's pollen allergy (she is also allergic to dogs and cats) and Harry's asthma.

For her anticipated return to film-making next year, she has acquired the latest in Hollywood status symbols, a 34-foot, $40,000 trailer to shuttle her from studio to studio. Painted beige, it is furnished in French provincial, complete with parquet floors, area rugs, stereo, built-in tape recorder, oversized clothing closets, French prints, oven, refrigerator filled with her favorite brand of black olives, bar, living room, bedroom and a bathroom decorated in green, gold and white. "When they built the studios," says Debbie, "they didn't plan on people going to the bathroom. I just got tired, after being in this business sixteen years, of walking four miles to get to one." Her colleagues on *Molly Brown* found a novel method of solemnizing Debbie's habitual grousing over ladies'-room facilities. At the end-of-picture party, they awarded her a portable toilet, with her name printed on the seat.

That Debbie will always be guaranteed creature comforts became even more certain last year with the formation of Harman Productions, a corporation which she heads. Harman has purchased a potentially profitable hospital for over one million dollars, has invested in a $2.5 million theater-in-the-round and plans to produce television pilots. Debbie has little to do with the company, other than lending her name, but foresees the time when she can assume a more active role. "I figure about eight to ten more years," she says. "Then I'll be finished in show business."

As a further hedge against the future, Debbie also is slowly emerging as Hollywood's answer to "Dear Abby." Her syndicated radio show answers questions concerning steady dating, overprotective parents and the advisability of wearing falsies. And her thoughts on teen-age marriages, unfaithful husbands and the use of profanity will soon be appearing in newspapers under the heading "Date with Debbie." In her new advisory capacity she denounces kissing on first dates ("It makes a girl feel cheap") and tight sweaters, while supporting regular church attendance, good manners and the natural look in makeup.

The responsibility of dispensing opinion, however, weighs heavy. "I write sort of an advice column," she says, and then adds with her characteristic wink, "but to tell the truth, I'm really not one to give advice, am I?" THE END

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PORTRAIT OF AN EXTREMIST

By Trevor Armbrister

FIRST THE LITTLE PREACHER DROVE THE MOB TO FRENZY. THEN HE WATCHED IT RUN AMOK.

The short, curly-haired man with the black string tie steps into the main square of the city. Stripping off his jacket, he dons a vest emblazoned with the Confederate flag, grabs a microphone and hops onto a bench. Behind him is a banner with a picture of a rattlesnake and the legend DON'T TREAD ON ME. For a moment he pauses, his cool, dark eyes surveying the crowd. Then he speaks. The words rasp harshly from the loudspeaker.

"Martin Lucifer Coon. That nigger says it's gonna be a hot summer. If he thinks the niggers can make it a hot summer, I will tell him that 140 million white people know how to make it a hotter summer! This great, sleeping white giant is waking up. They ask me, do you believe in violence? If it takes violence to defend our Constitution, the answer is . . . YES."

Deep-throated cheers erupt from the crowd. Young men in dungarees and T-shirts, their faces leather-browned by the sun, their arms gaudy with tattoos, clap in vigorous agreement. A bald old man in a blue sport shirt raps his cane delightedly against a bench. A fat, faded blonde in a checkered gingham dress waves a Confederate flag above her head. A young girl in pink slacks drops a dollar bill into a small, gray cup on the speaker's bench. The speaker looks down, grinning. Across the street stand clusters of white-helmeted policemen, their arms folded.

The speaker, the Rev. Charles Conley (Connie) Lynch, resumes his harangue, talking faster now. Tiny beads of sweat begin to form on his brow. "Let me tell you something. . . ." The tone is urgent, almost hysterical. "I love this republic and I love this country and I love the very principles down to the Constitution, but this bunch of gangsters in Washington has violated it, has committed every act, from the top level of treason right on down, against the white people, against God, against this nation. Remember the words of Jesus Christ, who said, 'You can't love two masters.' You love the one . . . and you HATE the other. . . ."

Thus, with short, jabbing sentences, with screams of bitter indignation, Connie Lynch goaded his listeners this June in the old Slave Market of downtown St. Augustine, Fla. Thus, the 51-year-old, self-proclaimed evangelist inflamed a city already tense with racial hatred.

Already there had been sharp conflict between local whites and Negro and white integrationists. When demonstrators attempted wade-ins at St. Augustine's public beach, whites followed them into the water and beat them with fists and clubs. When demonstrators jumped into the swimming pool of a segregated motel, the owner poured two jugs of acid into the water. Twice, the leader of the demonstrations, the Rev. Martin Luther King, was arrested, then released.

Under an American flag inverted to protest the Civil-Rights Act, Ku Klux Klansmen parade during St. Augustine's racial strife.

On June 25, the day after Connie Lynch arrived in St. Augustine, there was another "wade-in" and more fighting. That evening Lynch called a rally in the Slave Market. Speaking to a mob of 800 whites, many of them from outlying areas, he cried, "I favor violence to preserve the white race. . . . Now I grant you, some niggers are gonna get killed in the process, but when war's on, that's what happens."

Rebel yells broke out, and the mob surged to attack a column of 200 demonstrators parading through the plaza. A hail of bottles, bricks and stones struck the demonstrators, and night sticks cracked on skulls. Whites beat several Negro women and tore off their clothes. Police seized four of the segregationists, but the crowd forced the police to let them go. Thirty Negroes and three whites were seriously injured. When it was over, the mob returned in triumph to Lynch's rally.

In the nights that followed, Lynch's voice rang out in the Slave Market, and armed whites and Negroes hunted one another in the streets. Shots were exchanged, and men were wounded. The city of St. Augustine was wounded too. The scars will take years to fade.

Listening to Connie Lynch, it is easy to dismiss him as a crank. His manner is frantic. His speech is often incoherent. His Biblical quotations are often inaccurate. It would be reassuring to think of him as a local phenomenon.

Yet Connie Lynch is important precisely because he is not a local phenomenon. He is, instead, an apostle of extremism. He is a completely dedicated professional agitator whose mission is apparently to intensify racial distrust into hatred. In fulfilling his mission Lynch travels 75,000 miles a year in a coral-colored 1958 Cadillac. He has appeared

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Rabble-rouser Connie Lynch harangues a crowd in St. Augustine, Fla.: "I favor violence to preserve the white race, . . . Now I grant you, some niggers are gonna get killed."

at racial battlegrounds: Little Rock, Ark., Oxford, Miss., Albany, Ga.; Birmingham, Ala. And he will drive wherever future trouble beckons. "Wherever I speak," he says with pride, "I put teeth into the white people. I stiffen their resistance."

The menace of Connie Lynch and of the scores of others like him lies not in what they say, for countless persons are uttering similar diatribes with no appreciable effect. Lynch's talent is in knowing where to say it, and how. Lynch knows where trouble is threatening, where the balance is delicate, where the rabble is ready to be roused.

"Lynch is a fireball," says a veteran Florida law-enforcement official, "one of the best I've ever heard. He advocates violence without ever getting himself involved. He never quite says, 'Git that nigger,' but he says the next thing to it, and he makes the crowd believe he's ready to jump off that platform and *do* something." The official pauses. "I don't think you could say Lynch is the direct cause of violence. He's just the catalyst. He sees a vacuum, and he steps right in."

There are vacuums in many places, North and South. St. Augustine is simply an example. A pleasant, sunny community of 15,000—23 percent of whom are Negroes—it has always been a sleepy town preoccupied with its past. And it has always depended for its income on the streams of tourists who come to ride along the bay front in horse-drawn surreys, to visit its Castillo de San Marcos National Monument and 23 other historical attractions.

St. Augustine is also a rockbed of conservatism. Says Mayor Joseph A. Shelley, a prominent physician who won a Bronze Star at Normandy on D-day, "There is more awareness of Communism in this county than in the rest of Florida." A florist proudly displays an "Americanism Award" his shop won because "We do not sell Communist goods." By a drugstore cash register are stacks of *American Opinion*, the John Birch Society magazine. "We would sell more of them," a saleslady sighs, "if people would only wake up." Down the street from Goldwater headquarters, in the office of the Florida Coalition of Patriotic Societies, two middle-aged women gravely discuss Communist infiltration of the civil-rights movement.

St. Augustinians maintain their city has been "as liberal on the race question as any in Florida." They point out that Negroes have been voting since 1896, that Negroes have served as policemen, that Negro doctors and dentists have many white patients. The city has a Negro section, Lincolnville, but there are also 11 other areas where Negroes and whites live side by side. Last May all municipal facilities were integrated without incident. And in September, Negroes attended previously all-white schools, again without incident.

Yet the people of St. Augustine had received storm warnings. Nearly a year before the Florida Advisory Committee to the U. S. Civil-Rights Commission had called the city a "segregated superbomb" with a "short fuse." It had recommended steps to answer Negro grievances—charges of police brutality, and discrimination in employment and public accommodations. The committee also pointed to the increased activity of the area's Ku Klux Klan. Nobody listened. Acts of violence—on both sides—increased. Negro leaders asked the city fathers for a meeting behind closed doors. Their request was denied. Voices of moderation grew faint. The clergy—with few exceptions—remained silent. The St. Augustine *Record* filled its pages with pictures of beauty queens. Businessmen who make up the city's "power structure" ignored the coming conflict. Martin Luther King, arriving there in May, called it "a battleground between the forces of good and ill will in our country."

Onto this battleground strode Connie Lynch. He had left California on June 5. He had spoken at Altus and Temple, Okla., at Decatur and Malvern, Ark., and for a while he had contemplated going into Mississippi. But then the racial strife in Florida began to make national news. "I decided to come to St. Augustine," he says, "because I felt it was the more needful place."

When he arrived in St. Augustine, his reception was enthusiastic. Connie Lynch knew how to exploit enthusiasm. Within a day he drove the crowds to frenzy. The riot of June 25 was the city's worst violence in a year.

Lynch succeeded in St. Augustine because he was allowed to. "He is the springboard to get where we want," says

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"There's gonna be a bloody race riot all over this nation...a bloodbath."

Connie Lynch

a cigar-chomping Lakeland, Fla., citrus grower. "He has to be extreme to raise his following to where it should be."

Lynch himself admits he is an extremist. He says his goal is to rid America of racial strife. The only practical way, he explains matter-of-factly, is to send the nation's 20 million Negroes back to Africa. He realizes that some Negroes might not wish to leave, and that forceful execution of his plan might inspire bloodshed. "I wouldn't blink an eye if it meant *every* nigger getting killed," he says.

"Our enemy," Lynch continues, "is not Russia. It is the infiltration of this seeping cancer of Communism, this silly ideology of race mixing and brotherhood." Integration, he says, will promote "mongrelization" and cause "the eventual destruction of the white race."

The cornerstone of Lynch's philosophy is his belief that Negroes are intellectually and emotionally inferior to whites. "All nonwhites," he says, "are Satan's children—devil worshipers who feed their children to crocodiles." He scoffs at "the black hordes of Africa, never able to build a civilization or write a language outside of their association with or enslavement to the white man. Any government that has any stability to it is a white-man's government."

Equally menacing, in Lynch's view, is the threat posed by the Jews. He blames them for the current civil-rights revolution ("The niggers didn't have the money or the brains") as well as for the depression, and he says he has evidence that Jews initiated the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the First and Second World Wars and the Korean conflict. "Now," he adds, "they're massing all the nonwhites against the whites."

This "conspiracy" would never have happened, he says, were it not for major political leaders who "played a part in the sellout of the country." Among them are Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. America's last great statesman, Lynch maintains, was Louisiana Governor Huey Long.

Lynch bases most of these views on his interpretation of the Bible. "There is no other book that presents more violence in defense of racial purity," he says. "I can cite passages that will curdle your blood." From his reading of the Bible, he has found that "Joseph and Mary were Aryans," that "Jesus Christ was not a Jew."

Other sources for his ideas include "common sense," his nose ("It tells me there IS a basic difference between niggers and white people"), *Mein Kampf* ("Hitler was a great man") and the U.S. Constitution. He is sure its framers never intended for Negroes to have any rights.

Why did Connie Lynch become a militant "champion of the white man's cause?" One of 10 children of a poor cotton farmer, he was born and grew up in Clarksville, Tex. The family moved often, and the constant traveling interfered with his formal education, which stopped at the ninth grade. Before he turned 21, he had visited 38 states, hopping rides on freight trains and earning money at odd jobs. "I saw the suffering of the soup lines," he says, "the people with the patches on their pants at the relief offices, and there seemed to be within me a spirit of indignation, a driving inspiration to do something about it. I started attending church. The more I listened to the preachers, the more I became convinced that they knew nothing."

In 1936 he moved to California. For several months he worked in dairies around Sacramento, "milkin' cows and doin' chores they gave me." In his free time he read the Bible. Finally, in 1936 he was ordained as a minister in the General Assembly of Jesus Christ, a 20-year-old Californian splinter sect. "I never attended no seminaries," he explains, "I just got my credentials."

Shortly after the outbreak of war in 1941, Lynch was drafted, sent to Camp Barkeley, Tex., for basic training, and then to Camp Butner, N.C. He was soon assigned to the Sixth Replacement Depot as a cook. In December, 1943, a gas stove exploded in his kitchen on the Pacific island of New Caledonia. His arms and back were severely burned, and he spent seven months in hospitals.

Back in California after the war he transferred from the General Assembly of Jesus Christ to the Church of Jesus Christ, Christian. Founded in 1946 by a former Ku Klux Klan rifle-team instructor named Dr. Wesley Swift, this fundamentalist splinter sect today claims 1.5 million members in the United States, another million overseas. "We recognize the differences in Biblical history between the races," Doctor Swift explains. "We definitely believe in the superiority of the white race." Adds Sharon Wendler, Doctor Swift's secretary, "We don't want to be taken over by cows, horses, or anybody."

It is presumably to thwart such a fate that the church recently organized what the Rev. Oren Potito calls "guerrilla-warfare units." These "survival groups," explains Potito, a St. Petersburg, Fla., minister who is president of the church's Eastern Conference, "are designed to defend the country in case of a take-over. We have regular rifle practice, and our members go on maneuvers with jeeps and boats in different places in different states."

For nearly 10 years Lynch served the church in California, officiating at marriages and funerals, visiting believers in hospitals, preaching at parishes in Bakersfield, San Bernardino, Pomona, Porterville and Mojave. He seldom remained at one location more than a few months. "I don't thrive too good when the ground's broke," he explains. "I like to go where the challenge is." In 1956 or 1957—he cannot remember the exact date—he became a "traveling parson."

"For all we know," says Doctor Swift, "Reverend Lynch has a fine moral background and is a constructive organizer." Adds secretary Wendler, "He's trustworthy. He's always been honest with the accounting of funds." Miss Wendler admits that "if people don't know what to expect when they first hear him speak, they can be shaken up," but she maintains that "responses to him are very favorable. We haven't heard from anyone who has found him offensive."

In early 1962—forever seeking new ways to combat the "evil conspiracy of race mixing"—Lynch became California organizer for the militantly segregationist National States Rights Party. "This organization," the California Senate Committee on Un-American Activities warned last year, "is . . . more potentially dangerous than any of the American Nazi groups, as it is interested in activities that are far more vigorous and direct. . . ."

Some of these direct activities soon got Lynch into trouble. After making a speech in San Bernardino one night in February, 1963, he and four uniformed compatriots stopped for coffee at a local diner. Some teen-agers heard them making disparaging remarks about Negroes and Jews and accosted them in the parking lot. In the melee that followed, one teen-ager was wounded by five pellets from a gas-propelled gun. On March 21, 1963, Lynch and two associates were found guilty of battery and disturbing the peace and fined a total of $1,200.

Such zeal eventually cost Lynch his post as state organizer. Says Dr. Edward Fields, a 32-year-old chiropractor and N.S.R.P. information director, "He organized his group with black belts, boots and helmets. This was not authorized." Fields adds that Lynch was asked to resign. "He raised more money than any other man we ever had. But he was too extreme. He scared away the more substantial elements of the community."

Recruiting Klansmen

Undeterred by this snub, Lynch offered his talents to the Ku Klux Klan, and soon became a close friend of J. B. Stoner, a Klan attorney and former Imperial Wizard of the Christian Knights of the Klan. There had always been a Klan in northern Florida, but in recent years it had been relatively ineffective. Now Stoner and Lynch set out to organize a more aggressive following. Throughout last September and October they held recruiting sessions, attended on some occasions by as many as 5,000 people.

Just before Thanksgiving, Lynch drove back to California and became active in a newly formed organization called the Christian Defense League. Operating from an office on the third floor of a building in downtown Los Angeles, the C.D.L. maintains "it is imperative for white Christians to unify to repeal the determined effort of the nonwhites to extinguish our race." Its handsome, three-color brochure, which rails against "the noxious liars who introduce bongo drums into our pulpits," advocates compilation of "Christian Buyers' Directories" and the labeling of staples and other food items with the C.D.L. cross-and-shield symbol.

Throughout the winter and spring Lynch spoke on behalf of both the C.D.L. and the Church of Jesus Christ, Christian. As summer neared, he made plans to drive east once more. His itinerary had been vague. But then St. Augustine had erupted. He knew what he had to do.

So engrossed is Lynch in promoting his philosophy that he has almost no personal life. He has no home of his own, and most of his worldly possessions are stacked in the trunk of his car. He has been married and divorced twice, and he has an 18-year-old son. He thinks the boy is in the Marine Corps, but he hasn't corresponded with his son for some time. This lack of ties to family or community seems not to bother him. "I get homesick for no place," he insists, "and lonesome for nobody." His one companion is Marie Calabria, a large-boned woman who keeps a scrapbook on his activities and who says, "Connie is one of the greatest men I've ever known."

Lynch admits that running his crusade raises problems. One is money. He receives no salary from his church and must rely on passing the collection plate at public gatherings. On many occasions the audience is poor and has no money to give him. When donations falter, he returns to California and works as a plasterer for a San Bernardino construction firm operated by Neuman and Rufus Britten, old friends who are active members of the National States Rights Party.

Another of Lynch's problems is that law-enforcement officials do not always take kindly to his exhortations. Last summer he was arrested for leading a white motorcade through a Negro section of Gadsden, Ala.; he has been held for investigation by police in Little Rock and Memphis; and he insists that the FBI ("Federal Bureau of Integrationists") is always harassing him. "I'm no stranger to a jail," he says. "I can sleep there as good as any hotel."

There are other disappointments as well. He has had as many as three speaking engagements canceled in one week—when irate citizens discovered the nature of his "crusade," and he has received scores of hate letters and threatening telephone calls. None of this discourages him. "I'm only pointing out the facts as they are," he says. "This is bound to make people mad. Real truth is always the most unpopular thing."

With Lynch, peace is an unpopular thing. But the semblance of peace that returned to St. Augustine within two weeks of the riot, he told a questioner last month, did not dismay him. He had stayed on as Florida Governor Farris Bryant sent state troopers to stop the violence; he had lingered even after white and black leaders agreed to a truce. The reporters and photographers left town, but Lynch had remained. He had been pleased by his reception ("I'm inspired really thrilled"), but he said there was sti a lot of work that had to be done in the city. Negroes would soon attempt to test the public-accommodations section of the Civil-Rights Act. Their efforts would be resisted. "There's gonna be a bloody race riot all over this nation," he said. "The stage is being set for the earth to get a bloodbath." And then his mouth hardened. His cold, dark eyes looked straight ahead. "When the smoke clears," he said, "there ain't gonna be nothin' left except white faces." THE END

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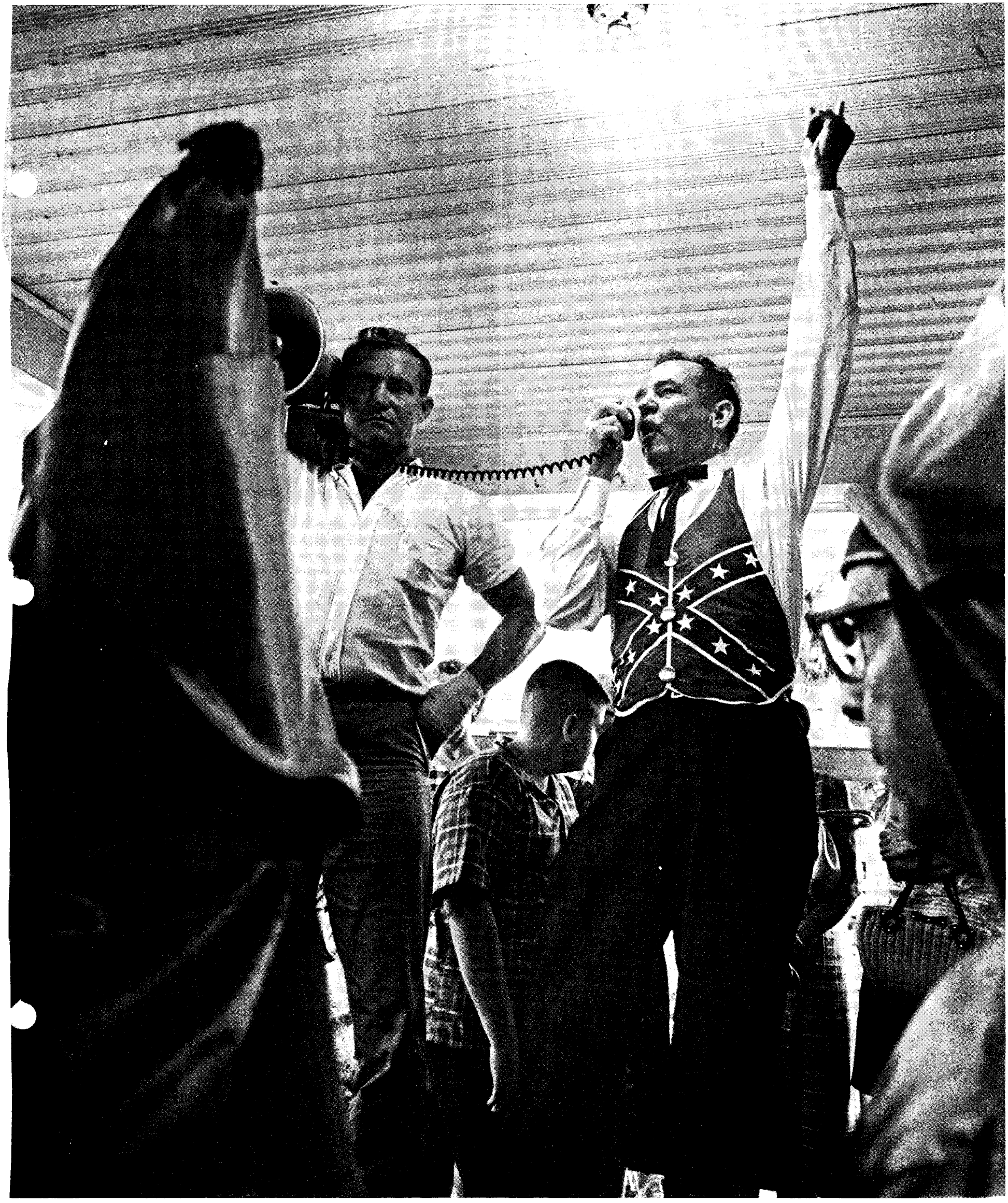

Hooded members of the Klan hear racist Lynch yell his incitements in St. Augustine's Slave Market. Even after the riot, Lynch held nightly rallies.

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EDITORIAL

A PLATFORM FOR L. B. J.

It is a general rule that Democratic conventions are more exciting than Republican conventions—the fighting is fiercer, the speeches are splashier, the spectacle more spectacular. This year may prove an exception. There seems little prospect that the headlines from Atlantic City will report a radical take-over of the Democratic Party, or that the TV cameras will show a governor hooted down by screeching galleries. Yet the publicity surrounding the nomination of Barry Goldwater obscured an important fact about the coming campaign: The Republican candidate will not be challenging a bevy of disorganized rivals but a highly organized President. And if precedents mean anything, an election campaign is fought on terms laid down by the incumbent President, not by the challenger, because the basic issue is always the President's own record.

For Lyndon B. Johnson, a good part of the record has already been enacted into law by that venerable, unwieldy, balky institution, the Congress of the United States. While most people's attention has turned to race riots, space shots, or simply a vacation at the beach, the 88th Congress has been grinding out one bill after another in one of the most fruitful sessions in years. Of the 30 items Johnson had put high on his priority list, Congress at this writing had already enacted more than 20, and was working at such speed it seemed likely to deliver most of the rest before it adjourns. As the Democrats convene in Atlantic City, this legislative achievement is the best platform they can offer their candidates.

Consider the high spots. It starts with the $11.5-billion-a-year tax cut, which Johnson got through Congress in February. It reached a climax with the Civil-Rights Act. But it also includes the first concrete action—some $900 million, to match state contributions—to rescue the commuter railroads so vital to our mushrooming urban centers. It includes the first foreign-aid bill (some $3.1 billion) to escape drastic cutting and passed with a minimum of haggling. It includes the Senate's quick passage of the $900 million antipoverty bill, the House's passing of the most far-reaching land- and water-conservation bill since the National Park Service was established in 1916, Senate passage of the Wilderness Bill (which the House passed last year).

What is Johnson's secret? It is not simply that he knows the ways of Congress—he was a Representative and a Senator for 12 years each. William McKinley served 13 years in Congress, and Harding, Truman and Kennedy all came to the White House by way of the Senate, yet none of them possessed the mastery of Congress that Johnson has achieved, seemingly almost without effort. Harding could not control his own boodling Cabinet, much less Congress. Truman made great political capital out of campaigning against the Republican-controlled "do nothing" 80th Congress, but after his triumph he was never able to get much of his own program through that Democratic Congress. Kennedy, who had been a "back bench" Senator preoccupied with higher ambitions, never worked very hard in Congress and never really understood its peculiar inner mystiques. As President he was able to get very little out of it. Even Franklin Roosevelt, with the greatest popular mandate in history, had great difficulty getting his favorite measures through Congress once the panic atmosphere of "the first hundred days" had subsided.

Johnson's magic is all his own. No doubt it derives from his experience, but what that experience proved was his own ability to achieve the *possible*—which after all is the chief art of politics—by wheedling here, threatening there, flattering here, frowning there, doing little favors, dancing with wives, first-naming kinfolk, always remembering the thousand-and-one trivial but important kindnesses that made his colleagues think of him as a loyal friend as much as a leader. In short, he was a master of human relations, of compromise, and of achieving whatever consensus could be achieved. And he has developed the same techniques even further as President.

Political Scientist John P. Roche of Brandeis University recently drew a sharp contrast between Kennedy's and Johnson's relations with Congress. Kennedy "had little affection or respect for Congress as an institution. . . . He flooded the Hill with splendid messages and proposals and then watched with angry resignation as they went down before the inexorable butchery . . . he considered [Congress] an anachronism, a living fossil cluttering up the landscape of efficient politics. As Lyndon Johnson's stunning performance indicates, however, Senators and Representatives will accept some pretty rough handling from a President who takes their function (if not their performance) seriously. Like other men, they too want to be loved. . . ."

It would be foolish, of course, to give Lyndon Johnson all the credit for every bill that gets through Congress. Much of the credit naturally goes to the members of Congress—Republicans, in many cases, as well as Democrats. Nor does a fine record of lawmaking mean that all is going well. Apart from the Senate's failure to clean up the Bobby Baker scandal and to police more realistically the ethics of Washington, this country faces great problems that still challenge both the President and the Congress. The war to save Vietnam from Communism has been going worse, not better; poverty and squalor remain a way of life for too many Americans; and the flames of racial conflict grow hotter with each passing week.

The campaign, in which the American people must finally decide between two sharply differing alternatives, has barely begun. The most fascinating aspect of American politics is just ahead.

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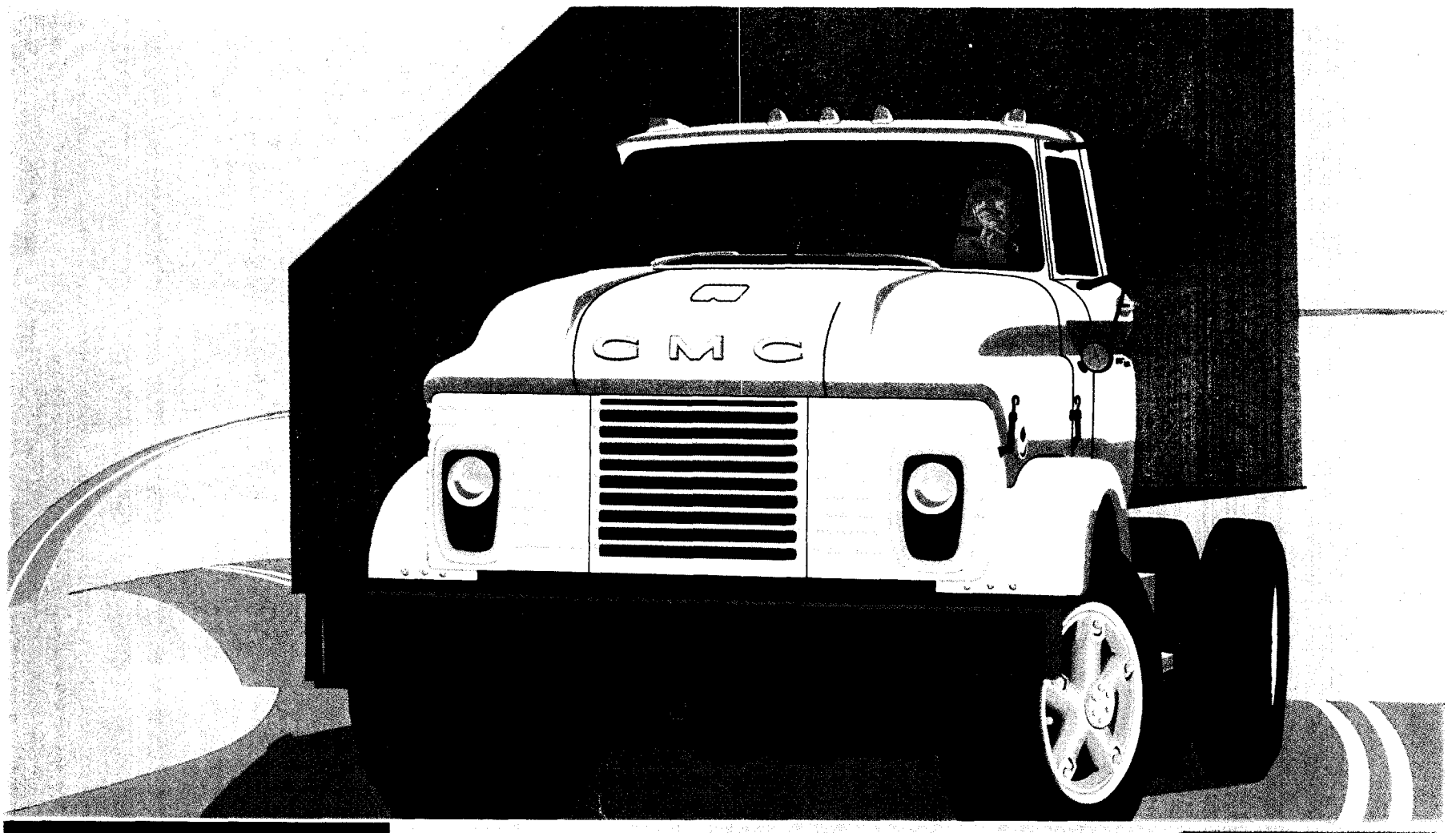

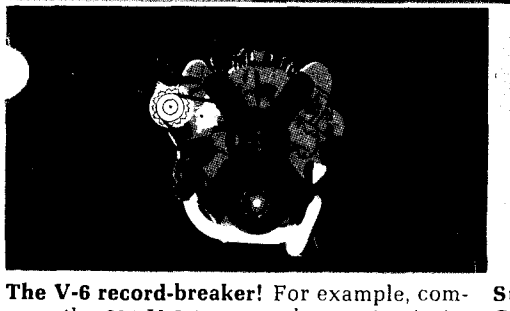

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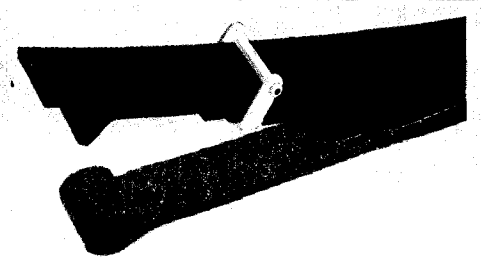

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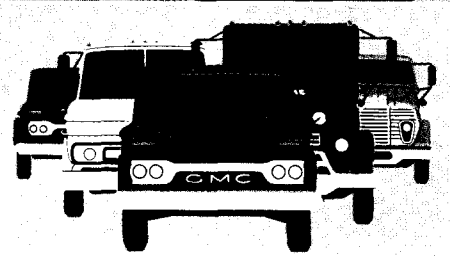

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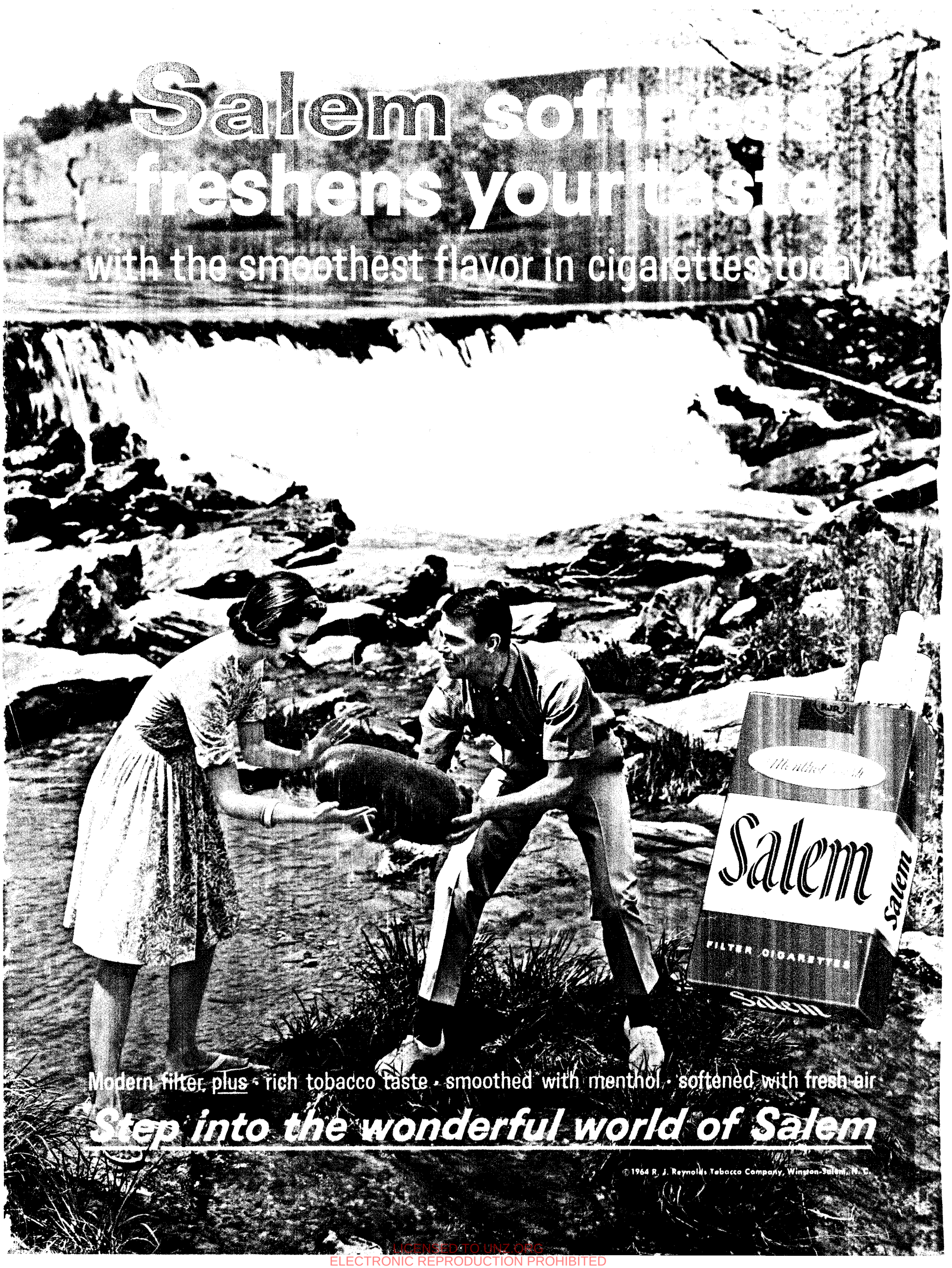
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